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ROBERT SCHUMANN

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS

BY

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

TRANSLATED, EDITED, AND ANNOTATED BY

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

With Portrait of Robert Schumann, photographed from a Crayon by Benedemann.

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of her son, did not comprehend the opposing [illegible]
his faculties. But we may often observe, that even

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

—o—

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

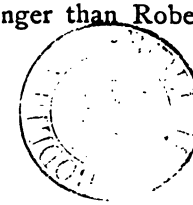
BORN at Zwickau, in Saxony, on the 8th of June, 1810, Robert Schumann was the youngest of five children, not one of whom, save himself, evinced artistic genius. His home atmosphere was so far fortunate, that his father, a well-known bookseller and publisher, possessed considerable talent for, and appreciation of, poetry (to which talent his translations of Scott and Byron bear witness); while his mother would seem to have been a sensitive and sympathetic woman, but for her opposition to Robert's choice of music as a profession. Had August Schumann lived beyond his son's early youth (he died in 1826), Robert's slowly developing genius, darkly struggling towards the light during his boyish studies, might have been sooner understood; his mother, determined to make a jurist of her son, did not comprehend the opposing bent of his faculties. But we may often observe, that even

the most affectionate eyes are so blinded by close resemblances in small things between members of their families, as to be wholly mistaken in regard to great differences in important qualities.

In reading Robert Schumann's sketch of Sterndale Bennett, we may infer something in regard to his own early trials and reflections, where he says:— "Those who, called by irresistible talent to a decided artistic vocation, have found good musicians and guides in their fathers, imbibe music with their mother's milk, and learn, even in their childish dreams; with the first awakening of consciousness, they feel themselves members of that family of artists, into which others can only purchase their entrance through sacrifice." After school and musical studies, and poetic and dramatic youthful attempts, Robert graduated at the age of eighteen, leaving school with high honours, but making a signal failure in the recital of his own poem, "Tasso's Death." He seems from the first to have displayed creative power, united to a lack of talent for reproduction. Then came a delightful tour through Nuremberg, Munich, &c., with his young friend Rosen; visits to Heine, Zimmermann, and the grave of Richter. After a year's residence in Leipzig, where he studied music under Friedrich Wieck, the famous singing and pianoforte master, and where he made many distinguished musical and literary friends, Schumann entered the university of Heidelberg as a law student. But not even the lectures of

the learned Thibaut (also well known as a music-lover, and author of the famous work, "On the Purity of Music") could inspire him with juridical enthusiasm. He became quite popular in society as a pianist, heard Ernst and Paganini for the first time, and began to sketch compositions, more formed and inventive than his early efforts,—among them some numbers of the "Papillons," and the Toccata in D major. The struggle between law and apparent duty and interest, on one side, and a decided artistic vocation on the other, was at last ended in 1830, when his mother gave her reluctant but final consent to his adoption of music—which she considered too unremunerative, in a pecuniary sense, to be desirable as a profession.

Taking lodgings in the house of Friedrich Wieck, at Leipzig, Schumann devoted himself with such ardour to pianoforte playing, that he even made mechanical experiments with his right hand, in order to hasten his proficiency; this operation lamed his hand, perhaps deprived the world of a great pianist, but turned Schumann more decidedly than ever to the study and practice of composition. His masters in this were Kupsch, and afterwards Heinrich Dorn, to whom he renders grateful homage in the poetical little review at page 260 of this volume. He remained an inmate of Wieck's house for three years, however; Wieck's daughter Clara, afterwards Madame Schumann, was then a precociously gifted and accomplished child, ten years younger than Robert.



It was during this residence in Leipzig, but at the house in Riedel's Garden, and afterwards in Burg Street, surrounded by friends,—the Wiecks, Ernestine von Frickau, a pupil of Wieck, with whom Schumann formed an engagement that was afterwards dissolved by mutual consent, Lyser the painter, Ludwig Schunke the pianist, the accomplished Madame Voigt (see "Reminiscences of a Lady," page 85), Carl Banck, Julius Knorr, and others,—that Schumann formed the plan of establishing his paper, the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," of which I shall speak at length hereafter. He also composed assiduously—though, so far, without any great success among publishers—during this period, when he sketched a symphony and pianoforte sonatas, wrote the Intermezzi, opus 4, some of the "Album Leaves," and published his "Impromptus on an air by Clara Wieck."

The arrival of Mendelssohn at Leipzig in 1835, was, there can be no doubt, highly favourable to the development of Schumann's genius. The works of the latter, perhaps partly owing to his study of Mendelssohn's crystal-clear development and firm control of form, began to gain in roundness and completion. And none can doubt Schumann's frank, noble, disinterested admiration for Mendelssohn, when they read his fine avowals of it in this volume. Base envy of gifts differing from his own, had no place in Schumann's mind. On the contrary, he seems rather to over-rate the talents of others, and

to esteem them far beyond his own. But the silence of Mendelssohn (in his "Letters," &c.), with regard to his friend, appears inconceivable; the most liberal construction we can place on this apparent want of appreciation in Mendelssohn, is to suppose that his artistic eye and judgment were unaware of the extent of Schumann's genius. Mendelssohn has been accused of having had some occult share in the attacks of his over-zealous partisans on Schumann. But this I cannot believe. The cast of Mendelssohn's musical genius was of an opposite nature to that of Schumann; although his general intellectual faculties were highly refined and cultured, either he did not fully understand Schumann, or else he was not attracted by his special musical qualities. It is well known that Mendelssohn frankly expressed his disapproval of the tendency of Chopin's compositions, now so universally admired for their rarely exquisite poetic character, and for their great originality. And yet Mendelssohn was the principal cause of the Bach revival, and often held out the generous hand of aid to struggling brother-artists. Every musical reader is aware of the opposition that existed, on æsthetic grounds, between the partisans of Mendelssohn and Schumann,—of elegant, logical, charming ideas contained in clear forms, on one hand, of over-abounding thought and emotion, heavily fraught with "dainty-sweet and lovely melancholy," overflowing the boundaries of old forms, and breaking into newer, sometimes darker paths, on the

other side. This Mendelssohn and Schumann partisanship has had its day; only to make way, however —and of course—for another and a hotter contest; since the continually progressive nature of music, that mirror of man's soul, necessitates these alternations of battle and victory, of struggle and repose.

It would have been strange indeed, if such exceptional, artistic natures, as those of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, had not been attracted towards each other during their now frequent intercourse; in the course of the years 1835 to 1838, their affection became a mutual and durable one.

Clara Wieck had been her father's pupil in pianoforte playing, from her tenderest childhood; yet the development of her great musical gifts had been so carefully carried on, that her lively feeling for music, her health, and youthful exuberance of spirits, had not been injured or overstrained. At the age of nine she was able to play concertos by Mozart, and Hummel's A minor concerto with orchestra by heart. A year later, she began to compose, and improvised without any difficulty. At this time Paganini visited Leipzig, and was so astonished at the precocious genius of the little girl, that he sought her presence at all his concerts, and the two artists were continually together. Clara Wieck first appeared in public at the age of eleven, in Leipzig, Weimar, and other places, playing Pixis, Moscheles, and especially Chopin, whose works she aided much in rendering

popular. A year afterwards she visited Paris, to hear Chopin, Liszt, and Kalkbrenner, and was received with such flattering admiration in society, that her father allowed her to appear at a public concert, when her playing, and improvising on two themes selected by the audience, excited great delight and surprise. She then returned home, and gave herself entirely to study,—including composition under Heinrich Dorn, singing under the famous Mieksch, and even violin playing, for several years. In 1836 to 1838 she made her first artistic tour through Germany, accompanied by her father, and regarded everywhere as a musico-poetic ideal, "the innocent child who first unlocked the casket in which Beethoven had buried his great heart," said Grillparzer. She not only played the works of the older masters to perfection, but she established her reputation as a liberal and thoroughly well-informed artiste, by playing, often for the first time, the then little known works of her contemporaries Liszt, Chopin, Henselt, and Schumann.

Schumann aspired to marriage with Clara; the project was not favourably entertained by Friedrich Wieck, who doubtless looked forward to a brilliant artistic career for his daughter, while Schumann's position was as yet an uncertain one. Robert, in the hope of securing competence—beyond that which his small private fortune enabled him to offer—for his future wife, endeavoured, in 1838, to establish himself and his paper in Vienna. The attempt was

fruitless, however; and after a six months' residence at Vienna, he returned to Leipzig. Schumann's visit to Vienna was marked by his discovery and publication of several of Schubert's manuscripts—among them the C major symphony, which Schumann sent to Mendelssohn, by whom it was brought out at a Gewandhaus concert in 1839. During this period, the most important works composed by Schumann were his "Etudes Symphoniques," his famous "Carnival," the Fantasia dedicated to Liszt, the "Scenes of Childhood," the "Novelettes," and "Kreisberiana," &c., &c. As he said, in a letter to Heinrich Dorn, "Much music is the result of the contest I am passing through for Clara's sake." It is interesting to read Schumann's modest reference to his own "Carnival"—a work that has been rendered popular for many years past, by the greatest European pianists—in his article on Liszt, page 144, and then to compare Liszt's allusion to his own performance of the composition, on the occasion referred to by Schumann. Liszt says:—

"In Leipzig I saw Schumann every day (at the beginning of 1840), and for days together; and this acquaintance rendered my understanding of his works more complete and profound. Since my first knowledge of his compositions, I had played many of them in private circles at Milan and Vienna, without having succeeded in winning the approbation of my hearers. These works were—fortunately for them—too far above the then trivial level of

taste, to find a home in the superficial atmosphere of popular applause. The public did not fancy them, and few pianists understood them. Even in Leipzig, when I played the 'Carnival' at my second Gewandhaus concert, I did not obtain my customary applause. Musicians—even those who claimed to be connaisseurs also—carried too thick a mask over their ears, to be able to comprehend that charming 'Carnival,' harmoniously framed as it is, and ornamented with such rich variety of artistic fancy. I did not doubt, however, but that this work would eventually win its place, in general appreciation, beside Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a theme by Diabelli (which work it surpasses, according to my opinion, in melody, richness, and inventiveness). The frequent failure of my performance of Schumann's works, whether in public or private circles, discouraged me in my attempts to place and retain his compositions on my hastily-arranged programmes, which I seldom made up myself, but too often left to the choice of others, partly from want of leisure, partly from negligence and satiety during my most brilliant period of fame as a pianist. This was an error which I recognised and sincerely regretted afterwards, when I perceived that it is less dangerous for an artist, who truly deserves that name, to displease the public, than to be led by its caprices. Every artist is exposed to the latter danger, unless he firmly resolves to carry out his serious convictions consistently, and

only to perform such works as he considers best, whether people like them or not.

"No matter how much the prevailing taste of the day may have seemed to excuse my hesitation in regard to Schumann's works, I unintentionally set a bad example, for which I shall scarcely ever be able to make amends. So controlling is the force of custom, so binding is the slavery to which that artist is condemned who depends on the applause of the multitude for the preservation and increase of his fame and fortune, that even the best disposed and most courageous artists—among whom I have the presumption to count myself—find it difficult to defend their better selves from the deleterious influence of those whose aims are selfish, confused, and in every way unworthy."

The year 1840 was perhaps the most important in Schumann's life; in February of that year he was created Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and in September his marriage with Clara Wieck took place at Schönfeld, near Leipzig. The marriage of Robert and Clara was not accomplished without much opposition on the part of the young lady's father; failing to obtain his consent, the lovers were obliged to be satisfied with the permission of the Royal Court of Appeals for their union.

In this year Schumann wrote, besides other works, the amazing number of 138 songs. In this brief sketch of his life, it is not my intention to enter into a detailed description, or a complete

enumeration, of the works of Schumann ; but I must, at least, recall to every admirer of warm, rich, truthful melody, and of noble, impassioned declamation, the names of some of those now universally famous songs, such as the set entitled "Myrtles," the cyclus of songs from Heine, dedicated to Pauline Viardot, Chamisso's "Woman's Love and Life," Heine's "Poet-love," &c., &c. Nearly all the works written at this period of his life were composed, he says, "under Clara's inspiration solely." Blest with the continual companionship of a woman of genius, as amiable as she was gifted, who placed herself, with undeviating self-devotion, like a gentle mediator between the outward world and Schumann's intellectual life, he wrote many of his finest vocal and instrumental compositions during the years immediately following his marriage—among them the lovely cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," and the "Faust" music. His connection with public life was restricted to his position as teacher of pianoforte playing, composition, and score playing, at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music.

This uniform but happy existence was broken in 1844, by an artistic tour undertaken by Robert and Clara to St. Petersburgh and Moscow ; in the same year Schumann transferred his paper to Oswald Lorenz, and removed to Dresden with his family. The "Neue Zeitschrift" had fulfilled its mission ; it had erected a barrier between frivolous superficiality or mechanical routine, and the earnest endeavours of

poetico-musical art. Schumann felt that his critical weapon was no longer an absolute necessity to musical progress, while he longed to devote himself entirely to composition.

This hope was for a time frustrated; during the first year of his residence at Dresden, he began to suffer severely from the dreadful disorder to which he fell a victim twelve years later. This disease—an abnormal formation of irregular masses of bone in the brain—was probably inherited (in an aggravated degree, and intensified in its effects, by study) from his mother, who, in the latter years of her life, suffered from unaccountable headaches and morbid hypochondria. Schumann was now affected with pains in the head, sleeplessness, fear of death, auricular delusions, &c.; but after a sojourn at Pirna, repose, and a course of sea baths, he was so far restored to health as to be able to give himself up to musical creativeness again. From this time until 1849, Schumann wrote an astonishing number of fine works during the intervals of health that occurred between his frequent attacks of illness. Among these I must mention his opera "Genofeva," his second symphony, his cantata "The Rose's Pilgrimage," more beautiful songs, much pianoforte and concerted music, and his exquisite musical illustrations of Byron's "Manfred." Into this wonderful descriptive music, Schumann poured all the riches of his intellect, all the treasures of his profound feeling. He was doubtless attracted to "Manfred" in a threefold

manner: by the force of hereditary example,—for his father, a passionate admirer of Byron's poetry, had translated "Childe Harold" and "Beppo;" by the beauty of the fascinating drama itself, which a man of Schumann's literary culture and poetic taste was so thoroughly able to appreciate; and perhaps by a vague sense of mental affinity to the hero of the poem. Seldom has a poet met with such sympathetic musical transfiguration as in this case; Schumann's "Manfred" is also Byron's,—veiled, perhaps, in a still deeper depth of melancholy thought and tragic passion. Of this work, Ehlert has truly said, "Through its fiery leaves passes the road that leads to a correct understanding of Schumann's mind."

Schumann's residence at Dresden was diversified by occasional artistic tours to other cities with his wife, by his direction of the Liedertafel Society, and also of the Dresden Chorus Club, which he founded in 1848.

In 1850, he was called to accept the post of City Music Director at Düsseldorf, and the family removed to that city, where Robert and Clara were received with public honours and a reception banquet. Schumann's position at this time seems to have been an agreeable one; his works were slowly, but surely, winning their way to appreciation; in this year his opera "Genofeva" was performed at Leipzig under his own direction; Jenny Lind sang at his Hamburg concerts; wherever he and his wife

appeared, they were received with homage; and his musically creative powers seemed to have reached their highest development. At this period, his personal appearance has been described as that of a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of dignified bearing, and slow movements. His features, though irregular, produced an agreeable impression; his forehead was broad and high; his nose heavy; his eyes, usually downcast, brightened attractively in conversation; his mouth was delicately cut; his hair thick and brown; his cheeks were full and ruddy. His head was squarely formed, of an intensely powerful character, and the whole expression of his face was sweet and yet genial. The frequent calls of directorship on Schumann's time were probably beneficial to his mental health, in drawing him out of himself, and bringing him into more general social relationships. But his position as City Music Director at Düsseldorf did not last many years; Schumann, like Beethoven, lacked the arm of iron, the feet of lead, that constitute a good orchestral conductor—the metronome of the instrumental army. Nor was Schumann ever considered a first-class teacher, from the especial qualities and direction of his mind, inwardly concentrated as these were, and opposed to outward communication; he who found some difficulty in bringing to light, and fashioning to clear expression, the treasures of his imagination, had yet greater difficulty in transmitting his knowledge to

others, and in placing himself *en rapport* with natures seldom allied to his own.

During the years 1850 to 1854, he wrote his "Rhenish Symphony," the overtures to the "Bride of Messina" and "Hermann and Dorothea," his ballad "The King's Son," for chorus and orchestra, and many vocal and pianoforte works, besides larger compositions that he had previously sketched. In 1853, Robert and Clara Schumann travelled through Holland,—an artistic tour that resembled a triumphal procession, so great was the enthusiasm with which they were received. On their return to Düsseldorf, the morbid symptoms of Schumann's malady returned with redoubled force. He busied himself, notwithstanding, in collecting his essays from the "Neue Zeitschrift," and during the publication of this literary work ("Music and Musicians"), began to make a collection of all that had been written about music by poets of all nations, from the earliest ages to our own day. But illness forced him to desist; the pains in his head became distracting; he took an unhealthy interest in spiritualism; auricular delusions robbed him of sleep for two weeks; and, on the 27th of February, 1854, he endeavoured to end his misery by plunging into the Rhine. The unhappy master was saved by some boatmen, brought home, and conveyed, a few days after, to the private hospital at Endenich, near Bonn. Every possible care that reverence and affection could bestow, was lavished

on him in vain; here he remained until the 29th of July, 1856, when kind death gave him repose from his sufferings.

Tragic close to so uneventful though beneficent a life! Yet Schumann, blest with the gift of musical imaginativeness that has added a new beauty to the lives of his fellow-men, and enriched the world with another elevating joy, can scarcely be termed unhappy. The great poet, the great composer, possesses such opulence of sensuous and intellectual faculties, that his lot would appear rather that of the demi-god than of a mere mortal, but for the compensating trials of suffering or infirmity. Though Schumann's genius was not so largely appreciated as it deserved to be during his life, his was the calm of a respected existence, the admiration of a distinguished circle of friends. And, as his friend Hiller writes: "What love beautified his life! A woman stood beside him, crowned with the starry circlet of genius, to whom he seemed at once the father to the daughter, the master to the scholar, the bridegroom to the bride, the saint to the disciple." And, happily for us, Clara Schumann still lives, a noble example of conjugal and maternal fidelity and devotion, the woman whose virtue, genius, patience, fortitude, and artistic disinterestedness, the world, to its own honour, still delights to honour.

In a letter to me (in 1871) Madame Schumann expressed her opinion that the time had not yet

arrived for a complete philosophical and analytical biography of Schumann, and suggested to me the idea of translating his complete works. She wrote:—"I have long been occupied with the plan of a new and correct biography; those by Wasielewsky, Reissmann, and others, are wanting in many points, and partially incorrect. I could have wished Schumann to have been placed more truthfully before the public as a man; his works speak sufficiently for him as a musician, while his writings testify to the discrimination of his judgment, and the variety of his talents. But the purity of his life, his noble aspirations, the excellence of his heart, can never be fully known, except through the communications of his family and friends, and from his private correspondence. I have not yet collected sufficient materials for such a plan; but perhaps you, who display so much appreciation of my husband's character and works, might find it a not ungrateful task to translate his writings, which give so much insight into his heart, at least to the reader who is himself qualified to understand."

After having completed the laborious yet interesting task of translating Schumann's entire collection of essays and reviews, as arranged by himself, I was naturally desirous of publishing them in full, in the precise chronological order in which they were published by Schumann. I was dissuaded from this by experienced advisers, who thought that so voluminous a work on the subject of music only, would

find its way with difficulty to the appreciation of the general public in England or America. I finally decided to publish at first a series of selections from my translation,—about half the entire work,—in the order in which the papers stand in the present volume. A second volume, including the remainder of Schumann's collection, will follow in due course of time.*

Robert Schumann made his first public appearance as a critic, in 1831, when he published his famous article on Chopin's Opus 2, in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," which article he afterwards placed at the head of his collected essays and reviews (see page 4 of this volume). He describes the circumstances and feelings that, in 1834, led to the establishment of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in his own introduction, placed at the beginning of the present volume. Previous to that time, other critics, —Rochlitz in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," Marx in the "Berliner Zeitung," Thibaut, Rellstab, Hoffmann, C. M. von Weber, and others, had accomplished much in the domain of musical æsthetics, literature, and, to a certain extent, of criticism also; but this latter had been, apart from that of the distinguished writers above-mentioned, principally confined to the discussion of technical subjects. This kind of criticism was felt to be one-sided and narrow, by minds of

* The dates affixed to the articles in the present volume have been added by me, to lead to a better understanding, from a musical point of view, of the period at which they were written.

Schumann's stamp, who were warmly desirous that the poetry and æsthetic significance of their art should be generally recognised and honoured. Under his editorial banner, therefore, some of the best musicians, connaisseurs, and æsthetic writers of the day assembled, including Von Zuccamaglio, Friedrich Wieck, Carl Banck, Kossmaly, Julius Knorr, the painters Lyser and Simon, Fischhoff, Dr Krüger, Schunke, Oswald Lorenz, Becker, August Kahlert, and a number of others.

The Davidite Society, which appears so often in Schumann's criticisms, was an invention of his own fancy. It may be that Richter's Walt and Vult partly suggested the idea; but Schumann felt that different works and individualities appealed to different sides of his nature, and he expressed the varied sympathies thus awakened by the invention of opposite personalities. Florestan embodies the impulsive, passionate, humorous side of his character, Eusebius represents its dreamy, reflective attributes, while Master Raro appears as the reasoning, philosophical mediator between those two extremes. Friedrich Wieck is also occasionally personified as Master Raro. Those articles, in the subject of which Schumann felt wholly interested, he signed R. S., and where he was touched in a comparatively superficial manner, he signed with the figures 2 or 12. Among other members of the Davidite Society, who aided Schumann, either practically or by their encouragement, in his opposition to the Philistines of art and

criticism, we find Carl Banck entitled Serpentinus, and Ludwig Schunke Jonathan; Madame Voigt was Leonora or Aspasia; Mendelssohn, Meritis; von Zuccamaglio was Wedel the village sexton; Clara Wieck appeared as Cecilia, Zilia, or Chiara. The influence of Schumann's views on his associates, and the unity of their aim, is quite striking, when we turn to those pages of the "Neue Zeitschrift," published during his editorship; though, to quote Goethe on a similar situation, "By Apollo! it must have been a serious thing to dance to such a pipe!" At one time, Schumann contemplated writing a musical romance, to be called "The Davidites," but never carried out his plan; and, as time wore on, he gradually dropped his own fanciful literary pseudonyms.

At the close of the year 1834, Wieck and Knorr already gave up their connection with the "Neue Zeitschrift;" in the same year, Schumann lost his dear friend Ludwig Schunke, who died of consumption (see page 131), and became sole proprietor, as well as editor, of his paper. In 1836 he was advised by many friends to give up editorship, and devote himself entirely to composition; they even told him that his literary talent had diverted public attention from his achievements as a composer; but Schumann refused to yield to their counsels, arguing that to do so would be to deprive artists of that spontaneous and disinterested support which they ought in justice to receive. In 1840, however, he began to feel it his

duty to allow his literary and critical labours to fall into the back-ground; and, four years later, he resigned his editorship into the hands of Oswald Lorenz. After that time, he contributed only a few articles to the Zeitschrift; among these we find his generous early recognition of the then promising talent of Johannes Brahms.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Schumann's labour as a critic. His influence was not destructive or depressing; it was beneficent and inspiring. The claim of some of his German admirers, that he has served the world even more as an art critic than as a composer, goes far beyond the truth. His art criticism, though it will remain one of the best models of this kind of literary labour, has already fulfilled its mission, at least in Germany, while the influence of his achievements as a composer, on musical progress, is not yet wholly understood by the public at large; and the compositions themselves will remain as long as any musical immortality remains, to delight, with an elevated pleasure, every nature capable of understanding them. On the other hand, it cannot be truly said that we have passed beyond Schumann's critical point of view. A man of genius is always in advance of his time. Was it not Schumann who wrote—as early as 1846—of Wagner's "Tannhaüser," —"It is deep, original, a hundred times better than his earlier operas; and I consider the composition and instrumentation extraordinary, far beyond what

he ever accomplished before"? The musical opinions of so highly distinguished a musician as Schumann, must of course appear of the greatest importance to, and carry great weight with, every one who is interested in music; supported by a solid basis of thorough knowledge and practical experience, enlivened by the glow of enthusiasm and lofty creative faculties, his criticism is equally removed from dry technical analysis, as from vague æsthetic speculation unsupported by science. His just, generous recognition of merit in his brother composers, has fully proven how utterly free was his kind and genial nature from the base cankers of envy, jealousy, or cynicism. He understood and carried out the true mission of the critic,—to discover and encourage real merit; to frown down, to ridicule, if need be, all influences, personal or otherwise, which are erroneous in themselves, and deleterious to art; to point to the remediable or involuntary fault, and at the same time, to the best means of correcting it. Schumann's writings are a complete refutation of the often repeated assertion, that the artist must necessarily be an unjust judge of the achievements of his brother artists; a most illogical assertion, it seems to me. Are artists in words, for instance,—are Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Hazlitt, Schelling, Taine, Hunt, Schlegel, Baudelaire, Botta, Gautier, &c., untrustworthy judges of the works of other authors, merely because they labour with similar tools? No; even allowing for partizan bias, or even for individual

vanity, the poet still remains the best possible judge of the poet, the composer of the composer, the painter of the painter; all genuine artists feel this at heart, and work more with each other's approbation in view, than for that of the general public. Schumann's criticism, which, if it errs at all, does so on the side of indulgence, has only once been accused of injustice,—in his attack on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." But no one can deny that Meyerbeer sold his great gifts to the merely pleasure-seeking crowd; he dedicated his talents, not to the service of artistic progress, but to those superficial aims which Schumann despised. He, one of the truest priests of art, burned with divine indignation when he found another priest setting up a golden calf, round which the populace might dance their delighted mazes. Schumann never denied Meyerbeer's great qualities, he only protested against the misuse of them; and let us not forget that amid Schumann's many titles to our gratitude, the world may thank him in great part for its early comprehension of the works of Berlioz, Bennett, Chopin, Robert Franz, Henselt, Gade, and many others.

From his reviews and criticisms—based as they are on the firm foundation of thorough knowledge, enlivened by the vital breath of poetical and philosophical reflection, and by such an occasional flash of humour as sheds a clear light on many questions, whose solution we may vainly seek by the gleam of the study lamp,—a code of musical æsthetics might

be gathered; his "Rules for Young Musicians" contain a treasure of golden advice that will become proverbial; and his "Aphorisms" abound in fine and truthful reflections, whose meaning, however,—à la Jean Paul,—does not lie on the surface.

Schumann, familiar with the works of Scott, Byron, Heine,—the modern romantic school,—was so possessed by the spirit of Jean Paul Richter, that the rich obscurity and overflowing disregard of form, so remarkable in that author, have left their traces on Schumann's literary style, as well as in his music. He acknowledged, indeed, in a letter to his master, Heinrich Dorn, that Jean Paul and Sebastian Bach had exercised unbounded influence over his mode of intellectual labour until the age of thirty, when he became more independent. Richter's influence on Schumann may be accounted for in his wonderful power of rather suggesting than depicting emotions and moods, for which it is difficult to find expression in words, and of which music is the fullest and fittest exponent.

Schumann's readers will find this influence very perceptible in some of the papers that form this volume, especially in Florestan's Shrovetide Speech, in the charming letters of an Enthusiast to Chiara—doubly interesting from their personal character—in many of his proverbial rules and observations—in the little rhapsody over the seventh concerto of John Field, the gifted and erratic Irish composer (page 267), and in the humorous, fanciful inventiveness of

some of the reviews, such as those of dance music, at pages 102 and 325, where criticism is interwoven with a slight narrative. His notices of the first published works of Rubinstein and Robert Franz, his sketches of the performances, and occasionally of the personal traits, of some of his friends and contemporaries, such as Ernst, Liszt, Camilla Pleyel, Clara Novello, Niels Gade, Sterndale Bennett, and others, possess more than merely historical value, considering the source from which they emanate; and musical students will remember that the long analytical review of Berlioz' symphony, "Episode de la vie d'un artiste" (page 228), had the startling effect, at the time of its publication in Germany, of a revolutionary artistic manifesto.

But I will no longer detain my readers on the threshold; and now take leave of them, certain that all who admire Schumann's rare creative genius in his own exquisite art, all who appreciate his distinction as one of the profoundest tone poets of our age, will gladly recognise, in this collection of his writings, that the essentially subjective character of Schumann's musical thought did not exclude variety of talents, geniality, and a nobly disinterested perception and acknowledgment of the merits of his brother artists.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

NEW YORK,
April, 1876.

INTRODUCTION.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1833, a number of musicians—most of them young—met together, as though by accident, every evening in Leipzig; these meetings were partly the result of a desire for social intercourse, as well as for the exchange of ideas in regard to that art which was the meat and drink of life to them,—Music. The musical situation was not then very encouraging in Germany. On the stage Rossini reigned, at the pianoforte nothing was heard but Herz and Hünten; and yet but a few years had passed since Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert had lived among us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was ascending, and wonderful things were related of Chopin, but the deeper influence of these only declared itself afterwards. Then one day the thought awakened in a wild young heart, "Let us not look on idly, let us also lend our aid to progress, let us again bring the poetry of art to honour among men!" Then the first sheets of a new musical paper were published (Die "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik"). But the joy of closely holding together was not of long duration with this

union of young forces. Death claimed a sacrifice in the person of one of its most cherished members, Ludwig Schunke. Others left Leipzig for a time. The undertaking was on the point of breaking up. One of the party—the musical visionary of the society—who had dreamed away his life until then rather over the pianoforte than among books, decided to take the editorship of the paper in his own hands, and carried out his decision for ten years, until 1844. This was the origin of a number of sketches, a selection from which is given in this collection. Nearly all the opinions there expressed, yet remain those of the author. That which, hoping and fearing, he declared to be his opinion respecting many artists and artistic events, has been justified in the course of time. And here I may mention a society, a more than secret society, which never existed save in the heart of its founder; that of the Davidites. It seemed a fit idea, in order to express different views on art, to invent opposite artistic characters, among whom Florestan and Eusebius were the most remarkable, while Master Raro stood half way between them. This society of Davidites wound itself like a red thread through the musical paper, binding together truth and poetry in a humorous manner. These characters, which were favourably received by the readers of the "Zeitschrift," gradually disappeared from its pages, and since the time when a Peri* led

* Schumann here refers to his cantata "Paradise and the Peri." This was composed in 1843; in the summer of the following year he

them to remoter climes, nothing more has been heard from them in the domain of authorship.

If these pages, which faithfully mirror a time once full of rich vitality, should attract the attention of contemporaries to many past artistic events and personalities worthy of remembrance, yet that otherwise would have been overwhelmed by the stream of the present, their object will have been fulfilled.

withdrew from literary labour, as editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift." This brief introduction was written by Schumann in 1854, as a preface to the collection of essays and articles then selected from his contributions to the "Zeitschrift," and published in four volumes under his own supervision. (*Translator.*)

AN "OPUS 2."

[Although this Essay appeared in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" in the year 1831, place is given to it here, on account of its having been the first sketch in which the "Davidites" made their appearance.]

EUSEBIUS entered, not long ago. You know his pale face, and the ironical smile with which he awakens expectation. I sat with Florestan at the pianoforte. Florestan is, as you know, one of those rare musical minds that foresee, as it were, coming, novel, or extraordinary things. But he encountered a surprise to-day. With the words, "Off with your hats, gentlemen,—a genius!" Eusebius laid down a piece of music. We were not allowed to see the title-page. I turned over the leaves vacantly; the veiled enjoyment of music which one does not hear, has something magical in it. And besides this, it seems to me that every composer presents a different character of note-forms to the eye; Beethoven looks very different from Mozart, on paper; the difference resembles that between Jean Paul's and Goethe's prose. But here it seemed as if eyes, strange to me, were glancing up at me,—flower

eyes, basilisk eyes, peacock's eyes, maiden's eyes; in many places it looked yet brighter—I thought I saw Mozart's "La ci darem la mano" wound through a hundred chords, Leporello seemed to wink at me, and Don Juan hurried past in his white mantle. "Now play it," said Florestan. Eusebius consented; and in the recess of a window we listened. Eusebius played as though he were inspired, and led forward countless forms, filled with the liveliest, warmest life; it seemed that the inspiration of the moment gave to his fingers a power beyond the ordinary measure of their cunning. It is true that Florestan's whole applause was expressed in nothing more than a happy smile, and the remark that the variations might have been written by Beethoven or Franz Schubert, had either of these been a pianoforte virtuoso; but how surprised he was, when, turning to the title page, he read, "'La ci darem la mano,' varié pour le pianoforte par Frédéric Chopin, Oeuvre 2," and with what astonishment we both cried out "An Opus 2!" how our faces glowed, as we wondered, exclaiming "That is something reasonable once more —Chopin—I never heard of the name—who can he be?—in any case a genius—is not that Zerlina's smile? —and Leporello"—&c., &c. I could not describe the scene. Heated with wine, Chopin, and our own enthusiasm, we went to Master Raro, who, with a smile, and displaying but little curiosity for Opus 2, said, "Bring me the Chopin! I know you and your new-fangled enthusiasm!" We promised to bring it

the next day. Eusebius soon bade us good-night; I remained a short time with Master Raro; Florestan, who had been for some time without a habitation, hurried through the moonlit streets to my house. At midnight I found him lying on the sofa with his eyes closed. "Chopin's variations," he began as if in a dream, "are constantly running through my head; the whole is dramatic and Chopin-like; the introduction is so self-concentrated—do you remember Leporello's springs, in thirds?—that seems to me somewhat unfitted to the whole: but the thema—why did he write it in B flat?—The variations, the finale, the adagio, these are indeed something; genius burns through every measure. Naturally, dear Julius, Don Juan, Zerlina, Leporello, and Masetto are the dramatis personæ; Zerlina's answer in the thema has a sufficiently enamoured character; the first variation expresses a kind of coquettish courteousness,—the Spanish grandee flirts amiably with the peasant girl in it. This leads of itself into the second, which is at once comic, confidential, disputatious, as though two lovers were chasing each other, and laughing more than usual about it. How all this is changed in the third! it is filled with moonshine and fairy magic; Masetto keeps at a distance, swearing audibly, without making any effect on Don Juan. And now the fourth, what do you think of that? Eusebius played it altogether correctly—how boldly, how wantonly it springs forward to meet the man, though the adagio

(it seems quite natural to me that Chopin repeats the first part) is in B-flat minor, as it should be, for in its commencement it presents a moral warning to Don Juan. It is at once mischievous and beautiful that Leporello listens behind the hedge, laughing and jesting, that oboes and clarionettes enchantingly allure, and that the B-flat major, in full bloom, correctly designates the first kiss of love. But all this is nothing compared to the last;—have you any more wine, Julius?—that is the whole of Mozart's finale, popping champagne corks, ringing glasses! Leporello's voice between, the grasping, torturing demons, the fleeing Don Juan—and then the end, that beautifully soothes, and closes all." Florestan concluded by saying that he had never experienced feelings similar to those awakened by this finale, except in Switzerland. When the evening sunlight of a beautiful day gradually creeps up towards the highest peaks, and when the last beam vanishes, there comes a moment when we think we see the white Alpine giants close their eyes. We feel that we have beheld a heavenly apparition. "And now awake to new dreams, Julius, and sleep!"—"Dear Florestan," I answered, "these confidential feelings are perhaps praiseworthy, although somewhat subjective; but as deeply as yourself I bend before Chopin's spontaneous genius, his lofty aim, his mastership!"—and after that we fell asleep.* JULIUS.

* This article on Chopin's variations to "La ci darem la mano" was the first public journalistic recognition of Chopin's genius, and it

SHROVETIDE SPEECH BY FLORESTAN (1835).

[After a performance of Beethoven's last Symphony.]

FLORESTAN ascended the grand pianoforte, and said:—Assembled members of the Davidite Society! ye who ought to be slayers of the Philistines, musical and otherwise, especially the tall ones (see the last numbers of "The Comet" for 1833)! I never extravagate, my friends! But truly, I understand *the* symphony better than myself. I will lose no words about it; talking on such a subject is lifelessly dull. I have celebrated Ovidian stanzas, I have listened to anthropological lecture courses. One can scarcely be angry at many things; one can hardly sit so deeply sunk in the balloon car as Jean Paul's Gianozzo, lest men—as we call the two-legged figures that wander far down below, in the narrow defile we call life—should suppose we trouble ourselves about them. Indeed, I did not grow angry, and as little did I listen. But I was amused about Eusebius,

speaks nobly for Schumann's discrimination and generosity. The paper in which it appeared ("Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," for December 7, 1831), however, followed it up by another review (probably written by Fink?) which severely handled the variations, in a manner highly amusing from to-day's point of view. The editor observed, in a note, that he had also received a third review of the work, by Frederick Wieck, who seemed to be of the same opinion as his pupil, Mr. Schumann; but the "Zeitung" had "no space" for this review. (*Tr.*)

when the rogue played a trick on a stout man in the audience, who, while the adagio was being played, asked mysteriously, "Did not Beethoven write a battle symphony also, sir?" "Yes, sir, the Pastoral Symphony," answered Eusebius, indifferently. "Ah, ah—true," said the stout man, pensively.

Men must certainly deserve ears, or else none would have been given to them. And yet how much the patient public will bear! For instance, once, when you, rogue! turned over for me while I played a Field nocturne. The audience seemed to know it half by heart already; that is to say, people dosed over it. Unfortunately I was playing on one of the most miserable of worn-out pianos; unintentionally, instead of the pedal, I made use of the old-fashioned Janizary music stop,* softly, indeed, —enough so to take advantage of the accident; and to make the public believe that a sort of march was supposed to be heard occasionally in the distance. Eusebius made the best of the joke, and spread it abroad; but at the time, the public absolutely reeked with the incense of praise.

Just such follies happened during the adagio, from the first chord to the end. "What more is it, Cantor?" (I said to a trembler near me), "but a triad with the suspended fifth in somewhat confused transpositions; for one does not know whether to take the A in the

* An old attachment to grand pianofortes, which, when a pedal was pressed, caused a number of small instruments, placed in the case, to sound; these were bells, triangles, cymbals, and even small drums,—such as are used in military, Turkish, or Janizary music. (*Tr.*)

kettle drum, or the F in the bassoon as bass tone? See Tuerk, 19th part, page 7!"* "Ah, sir, you speak very loud, and decidedly you are joking!" In a soft yet threatening voice I then whispered in his ear: "Cantor, beware of the storm! The lightning sends no liveried servants on before the tempest, and perhaps the thunderstorm. That is his manner." —The other continued: —"But such dissonances ought to be prepared."—"Cantor, the fine trumpet seventh forgives you."

My patience was quite exhausted by this time; I should have been willing to come to blows.

Then you gave me a moment of pleasure, music director, when you struck just the right line for the tempo of the deep thema in the basses; I forgot much of my anger at the first movement, in which, spite of the modest veil of the superscription "un poco maestoso," the slowly stalking majesty of a god is disclosed.

"I wonder what Beethoven meant by that bass?" "Sir," I answered, unwillingly enough, "genius is fond of a jest; it sounds to me a sort of night watchman's song." The fine moment was over, and the devil let loose again. And then I looked round me at these Beethovenians, standing there with staring eyes, and saying:—"That is by our Beethoven, that is a German work—in the last movement there is a double fugue—he had been reproached with the inability to write one—but *how* has he not written it!—

* D. G. Tuerk's book, "Anweisung zum General bass-spielen." (*Tr.*)

yes, that is by *our* Beethoven." Another chorus joined: "The work seems to contain all forms of poetry: in the first movement the epos, in the second the humorous, the third is lyric, in the fourth (a union of all) we find the drama." Others fell in with the hymn of praise: "A gigantic work! colossal, resembling the Egyptian pyramids." Others began to describe: "The symphony is the history of the origin of man,—first, chaos, then the call of the deity, 'Let there be light!' and now the sun rises above the first men, who are enraptured with all this glory, —in short, it contains the entire first chapter of the Pentateuch."

I grew more enraged and more silent. And while they busily read the text and applauded, I seized Eusebius by the arm, and ran with him down the bright staircase, while every one smiled to see us. Down below, under the gloom of the lamps, Eusebius said, as if to himself:—"Beethoven! how much lies in that word! In the deep tone of the syllables there seems to sound a presentiment of immortality. I even think no other written characters but these would suit his name." "Eusebius," I said, composedly, "do you also attempt to praise Beethoven? He would have risen up before you like a lion, and asked: Who are you who dare to do so?—I do not reproach you, Eusebius, you are a good fellow; but must a great man always find a thousand dwarfs at his heels? When they smile and applaud, do they fancy they understand the man who fought and

struggled in uncounted battles? Those who are unable to explain to me the simplest musical laws, presume to judge the master in them all? These, whom I put at once to flight, merely by pronouncing the word counterpoint,—these, who perhaps feel some things (after him) as he felt them,—and then cry out, 'Oh, that is done exactly as we would have done it!'—these, who talk of exceptions when they do not understand rules,—these who cannot appreciate the proportion of such gigantic strength, but only its excess,—shallow men of the world,—wandering sorrows of Werther,—used-up existences, decrepit boys,—do these dare to love, to praise him?

I cannot think, at this moment, of any one who has done this better than a Silesian country gentleman, who lately wrote to a music dealer as follows:—'DEAR SIR,—My cabinet for music will soon be arranged. You should see how handsome it is. Alabaster pillars, glasses with silk curtains, busts of composers; in short, splendid. But its most precious ornament is still wanting, so pray send me the complete works of Beethoven, *as I like that composer much.*'

I had more to say; but contempt has put it all out of my head.

"ANGER ABOUT A LOST PENNY."

[Rondo by Beethoven.*]

(POSTHUMOUS.)

IT would be difficult to find anything merrier than this whim ; I laughed heartily over it the other day, when I played it again. But how amused I was on playing it through for the second time, when I read the following remark on its contents: "This caprice, found among Beethoven's posthumous works, is entitled, in the manuscript, 'Anger about a lost penny, seething over in a caprice!' It is the most harmless, amiable anger, similar to that one feels with the passive, phlegmatic boot that its owner vainly endeavours to get rid of." Now I have you, Beethovenians! I could be angry with you in quite another way, when you gush over with enthusiasm, and turn up the whites of your eyes, and rave about Beethoven's freedom from earthliness, his transcendental flight from star to star. "To-day I feel altogether unbuttoned," was his favourite expression when he felt inwardly cheerful. And then he laughed like a lion, and shook himself, untamable as

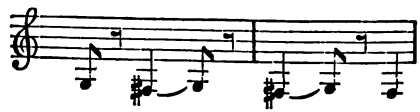
* The titlepage of this interesting and rather difficult rondo-caprice bore the following motto, in Beethoven's handwriting: "Die wuth iiber den verlorenen Groschen, ausgetobt in einer Caprice." Programme music again, messieurs the conservatives! as is also Bach's capriccio with the motto, "Sopra la lontananza del suo fratello dilettissimo." (*Tr.*)

he was! But I have you all in this caprice. You will think it low, unworthy of a Beethoven, like the melody to "Pleasure, heavenly spark of Godhead!" in the D-minor symphony; you will place it far, far beneath the Eroica! and should we have a new renaissance of art—should the genius of truth hold the balance, with this comic caprice on one side, and ten of the newest pathetic overtures on the other—the overtures would fly up to heaven. Young and old composers, there is one thing you may learn from it, which, above all things, it is necessary to remind you of,—nature, nature, nature!

ON THE COMIC IN MUSIC.

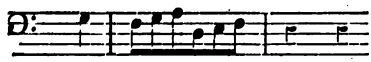
HALF-EDUCATED people are generally unable to discover more than the expression of grief and joy, and perhaps melancholy, in music without words; they are deaf to the finer shades of passion—anger, revenge, satisfaction, quietude, &c. On this account, it is difficult for them to understand great masters like Schubert and Beethoven, who have translated almost every possible condition of life into the speech of tones. I have fancied, in certain "*moments musicales*" of Schubert's, that I could perceive a sort of Philister-like vexation in them, as though he were unable to meet his tailor's accounts. And Eusebius declares, that when he

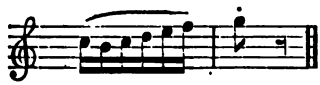
hears one of his marches, he sees the whole Austrian national guard pass before him, preceded by their bagpipers, and carrying sausages and hams on the points of their bayonets. But this is really too subjective a fancy!

Among purely comic instrumental effects, I must mention the kettle-drums, tuned in octaves, in the scherzo of Beethoven's D-minor symphony,—the horn passage

in the A-major symphony, the various periods in D-major in slow tempo, with which he suddenly stops and then frightens us three times again (indeed the whole last movement of this symphony is the highest specimen of humour that instrumental music has to show), and the pizzicato in the scherzo of the C-minor symphony, though something seems to threaten behind that.

The members of a well-known and experienced orchestra always begin to laugh at a passage in the last movement of the F-major symphony, because in this bass figure

they fancy they heard the name (Belcke) of one of their favourite members. The questioning figure of

the contrabassi in the C-minor symphony has a comic effect.

That in the adagio of the B-flat major symphony

is, in the bass,—or in the kettle-drums,—a regular Falstaff. A comic effect is produced by this snappish figure

in the last movement of the quintetto, opus 29, until the sudden entrance of the $\frac{2}{4}$ time measure, which tries to crush the struggling $\frac{6}{8}$. It is quite sure that Beethoven himself enters in the andante scherzoso (something like Grabbe with the lantern in his comedy), or else holds a conversation with himself that begins: "Heavens! what hast thou done there! how the old fogies will rattle their wigs!" Merry are the closes in the scherzo of the A-major symphony, and in the allegretto of the Eighth. One sees the composer throw down his pen, which probably had become a very bad one. Then the horns, at the close of the scherzo of the B-flat symphony,

which here seem to grow genially prolix! How many such examples may be found in Haydn! Fewer in the ideal Mozart. Among the moderns one should not forget—besides Weber—Marschner, whose comic far exceeded his lyric talent.

FLORESTAN.

A MONUMENT TO BEETHOVEN.

[Four voices on the subject.]

I.

THE future monument stands vividly before me already; a moderately high pedestal, a lyre upon it with the dates of birth and death, heaven above, and a few trees about it.

When a Grecian sculptor was spoken with, regarding the plan of a monument to Alexander, he proposed to cut down Mount Athos to a statue of him, the statue to hold out, in one hand, a city. The sculptor was pronounced insane. He may have been so, but his plan was more sensible than these German penny subscriptions. Fortunate, Napoleon Buonaparte, that thou art sleeping soundly amid the waters, and that we Germans cannot persecute thee with monuments in memory of the battles thou didst win with and for us! else thou wouldst arise from thy grave with the glorious list, "Paris, Marengo, the

passage of the Alps, the Simplon," and the mausoleum would fall, dwarfed and crushed. But as for thee, Beethoven, neither thy D-minor symphony, nor all thy lofty songs of grief and joy are great enough for us to spare thee the honour of a monument; thou shalt not escape our recognition!

I see well enough, Eusebius, that I make thee angry, and that out of mere goodness of heart thou wouldst allow thyself to be petrified into a statue for a Carlsbad fountain, were the committee once determined on it. Yet do not I also regret that I never saw Beethoven, that my burning forehead was never pressed by his hand,—and I would gladly give a considerable part of my life to be able to say the contrary! I walk slowly towards No. 200 Schwarz Spanier House (the house in which Beethoven died), and mount the steps; all is hushed around me; I enter his room; he rises like a crowned lion, yet with a splinter in his paw. He speaks of his griefs. In the same moment, a thousand enraptured listeners roam beneath the pillared temple of his C-minor symphony. But the walls may fall together; he hastens out; he complains that he is left alone, that people care little about him. Then the basses rest on that deepest tone in the scherzo of the symphony; not a breath is heard; silently a thousand hearts are suspended over that fathomless deep; but now the glory of the highest created things seems to dawn; rainbow on rainbow rises above that splendour.—And still he roams through the streets; no one knows

him, no one greets him.—The last chords of the symphony resound; the public rubs its hands, enthusiastic Philistines exclaim, "Ha, that is true music."—And thus ye treated him during his life; none cared to offer him true companionship; full of grief he died, and, like Napoleon, without a child beside him; alone in the solitude of a city. Erect a monument to him now; perhaps he deserved it; but do not forget to engrave Goethe's verses on the pedestal—

So lange der Tüchtige lebt und thut,
Möchten ſie ihn gern ſteinigen.
Iſt er hinterher aber todt,
Gleich ſammeln ſie große Spenden
Zu Ehren ſeiner Lebensnoth
Ein Denkmal zu vollenden.
Doch ihren Vortheil ſollte dann
Die Menge wohl ermeſſen,
Geſcheuter wär's, den guten Mann
Auf immerdar vergeſſen.

Floreſtan.

II.

If any one, however, deserves to be set upon the pillory of notoriety, it is a critic of Beethoven who wrote, in the "General Musical Times" for 1799, page 151: "Should Mr. Van Beethoven decide, however, to give up denying his own style, and should he determine to follow the path of nature, a person of so much talent and industry will certainly be able to accomplish good things for an instrument that," &c., &c. Seven-and-thirty years passed; the name

of Beethoven is glorious with a sun-bright halo, while the wretched critic vegetated through life like a nettle in the corner of a garret. But if I knew the fellow, or had known him, I would have opened a subscription to save him from the pangs of death from starvation.

Bœrne says: "We shall end by erecting a monument to God Himself!" *I* say, that even *one* monument looks toward ruin (just as a ruin reminds one of a monument), not to speak of two or three. We understand that the Viennese feel jealous of the people of Bonn, and determine to have a monument also: what a farce when people shall ask which of them is the real and correct thing? Both cities hold ownership in Beethoven; he figured in the church registers of both places; the Rhine calls itself his cradle, the Danube (mournful celebrity), his bier. Poetically the latter is preferable, as it flows towards the east, and into the vast ocean; but some people will chatter about the happy shores of the Rhine and the majesty of the North Sea. Finally, Leipsic will step in as a sort of central ground for German cultivation, with this especial claim to regard, that it was the first city to interest itself in Beethoven's compositions—quite independently of all else that heaven had gifted him with. So I yet hope for three monuments.

I went one evening to the Leipsic churchyard, to seek for the resting-place of a great departed one; I searched for many hours, found no "J. S. Bach," and when I questioned the sexton, he shook his head

about the obscurity of the man, and observed, "There have been so many Bachs." On my way home I thought to myself—how poetically accident displayed itself here! that we may forget decaying dust, that no picture of the common mortality may be associated with him in our minds, his ashes have disappeared on the four winds; in future I will only think of him seated upright at the organ, in court dress, while under him the instrument thunders, while the congregation looks piously up, while perhaps the angels look down.—Not long after, Felix Meritis (Mendelssohn), man of the high heart and lofty brow, you played one of Bach's varied chorals; the text was "Adorn thyself, O my soul!" the *cantus firmus* was interlaced with golden garlands, the whole work breathed forth such a sense of happiness, that you said, "When life seems void of hope and faith, this choral inspires us anew with both feelings."

I answered nothing, but soon after I returned, almost mechanically, to the churchyard, and I felt a thrill of pain, disappointed as I was of being able to lay a flower on his tomb. The Leipsic people of 1750 have greatly fallen in my estimation. Pray excuse me from giving an opinion with regard to a monument for Beethoven. JONATHAN.

III.

One should walk on tiptoe in church,—but your sudden entrance offends me, Florestan. At the

present moment, we give our attention to many hundreds of men; the question is German; Germany's noblest artist, the first representative of the German mind, not even excepting Jean Paul, is to be honoured: he belongs to *our* art; they have been labouring at the Schiller monument for many years; that to Guttenberg is yet at the commencement. If you let the affair drop, or even set about it indifferently, you will deserve all the kicks of insolent Byronian poetry, the mockery of French Janins, the coarse reproof of Bœrne!

Let me give you an example; and behold yourselves in the mirror! Four poor sisters from Bohemia came to our city, long ago; they played the harp and sang. They had great talent, but little education. But an artist interested himself (Hiller, cantor of the Thomas School) in them; he educated them, and through him they became happy and cultivated women. After about twenty years, the sisters wrote from foreign lands, sending means to erect a tablet or monument to their good master. It stands under the windows that were once those of J. S. Bach; and when strangers look for relics of *him*, their eyes are met by this simple work of sculpture, this touching memorial of gratitude to, and benevolence in, another. And shall not a whole nation, taught patriotism and greatness of heart by the creations of a Beethoven, make public evidence of gratitude that should be greater a thousand-fold? Were I a prince, I would build a temple in the

style of Palladio, to his memory; ten statues should stand within it, and if Thorwaldsen and Dannecker would not execute them all, they should at least see that all were executed under their superintendence; nine they should be, these statues, like the number of the muses, and of his symphonies,—Clio the Eroica, Thalia the Fourth, Euterpe the Pastoral, and so on,—himself the divine Apollo. There the German people should assemble from time to time, to celebrate festivals, and there his own works should be performed in the highest stage of perfection. Or else: take a hundred century-old oak-trees, and write his name with them, in giant letters, on a plain. Or carve his likeness in colossal proportions, like Saint Borromeus on Lake Maggiore, that he may gaze above the mountains, as he did when living; and when Rhine ships pass, and foreigners ask the name of that giant form, every child may answer—It is Beethoven. Or would you dedicate to him a living monument, build in his name an academy for German music, where *music, his* word, may be taught, not as a trade that any mechanic may choose, but a school of poets, a school of music in the Grecian sense, to be opened by the hands of a pure priesthood to the chosen ones only. Rise, throw off your indifference, and remember that his monument will also commemorate yourselves! EUSEBIUS.

IV.

Your ideas need a handle; Florestan is a destroyer, Eusebius allows things to fall of themselves. It is certain that when we act in the manner preferred by the beloved dead, we give the highest proof of reverence and gratitude; but Florestan must acknowledge that any kind of reverence requires an outward manifestation, and that so long as the commencement is delayed, one generation will blame another for procrastination. Under the brave mantle which Florestan throws over the affair, avarice and low motives may here and there take refuge, as well as fear that people may be taken at their word when they incautiously praise monuments in honour of great men. Unite your views!

Collections should be made throughout Germany; concerts, operatic representations, performances in churches should take place, nor would it be unsuitable to solicit gifts from great singing or musical festivals. Ries in Frankfort, Chélard in Augsburg, L. Schuberth in Königsberg have lately commenced the work, Spontini in Berlin, Spohr in Cassel, Hummel in Weimar, Mendelssohn in Leipsic, Reissiger in Dresden, Schneider in Dessau, Marschner in Hanover, Lindpaintner in Stuttgard, Seyfried in Vienna, Lachner in Munich, D. Weber in Prague, Elsner in Warsaw, Loewe in Stettin, Kalliwoda in Donauschingen, Weyse in Copenhagen, Mosewius in Breslau, Riem in Bremen, Guhr in Frankfort, Strauss in Carlsruhe,

Dorn in Riga,—see! how many honourable artist names I lay before you, and yet what forces, means, and cities remain. May a lofty obelisk or pyramid apprise posterity that the contemporaries of a great man, though they esteemed his intellectual creations as his noblest monument, yet spared no pains to evince their admiration by an extraordinary outward manifestation! * RARO.

THE FOUR OVERTURES TO "FIDELIO."

IT should be written in golden letters, that on last Thursday the Leipsic orchestra performed—*all the four overtures to "Fidelio," one after another.* Thanks to ye, Viennese of 1805, that the first did not please ye, and that Beethoven, in divine rage therefore, poured forth the three others. If he ever appeared powerful to me, he did so on that evening, when, better than ever, we were able to listen to him, forming, rejecting, altering, in his own workshop, and ever glowing with inspiration. He was most gigantic in his second onset. The first overture was not effec-

* It seems almost unnecessary to remind the reader that the plan of a monument to Beethoven was finally carried out, and took the form of a statue, which was erected and unveiled at Bonn, on the 12th August, 1845, with imposing musical solemnities. It is mere justice, however, to mention also, that Liszt, the generous artist, in his desire to render this celebration all it ought to have been—less for the honour of Beethoven than for that of cultured humanity—unweariedly expended his energy and talent, and half ruined himself in purse, at the time. (*Tr.*)

tive; hold! thought he, the second shall upset all your calculations,—and so he set himself to work anew, and allowed the thrilling drama to pass by, and again sang the joys and sorrows of his heroine. This second overture is diabolical in its boldness, still bolder, in certain details, than the third, the well-known great one in C-major. But it did not satisfy him; he laid this also aside, merely retaining certain passages, from which, already artistically quieter, he formed the third. This was afterwards followed by the more easy and popular one in E-major, which is generally heard at the theatre as an opening piece.

Such is the great Four-Overture work. Formed after the manner of Nature's formations, we first find in it the root basis, from which, in the second, the giant trunk arises, stretching its arms to the right and to the left, and finally completed by its airy crown of blossoms. FLORESTAN.

ON CERTAIN PROBABLY CORRUPTED READINGS OF PASSAGES IN THE WORKS OF BACH, MOZART, AND BEETHOVEN (1837).

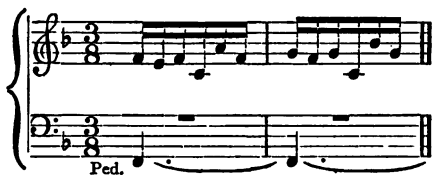
IF we were acquainted with all of these, folios might be written about them; and if earthly tones penetrate beyond the grave, I think the masters must smile when they hear the errors that custom, tradition, and even anxious reverence, have introduced

into their works. It has long been my intention to mention a few in some of the better known works of the above masters, with the request that all artists and connaisseurs should test them, whenever possible, by comparison with the original manuscripts. Even these are sometimes incorrect; no composer dare swear with certainty that his manuscript was entirely free from errors. It is quite natural that among the hundred thousand dots that he writes in an incredibly short space of time, a dozen or so should be scribbled down a little too high or too low; indeed, composers sometimes write the wildest harmonies.

With all this, the original manuscript remains the authority that must be first referred to. I should be glad if all persons who are in possession of the doubtful passages which I am about to speak of, in the handwriting of the composer, would compare the written with the printed copies, and kindly communicate the result to me. This comparison is not even necessary in some cases where the error is clearly visible.

The greatest number of these errors will be found in the old editions of Bach's works. It would be a meritorious labour—though one requiring much time—in some musical connaisseur, thoroughly conversant with Bach, to undertake the correction of all hitherto incorrectly printed passages. The Peters' publishing house in Leipsic has made a fine beginning; but it is limited to the pianoforte compositions. A criticism on the "Well-tempered Clavier," with an addition of

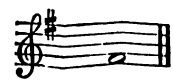
the different readings (Bach himself made many alterations), would alone demand a volume to itself. I shall here only refer to a few other instances.

In the grand and beautiful "Toccata with Fugue for the Organ," published by Peters, Leipsic, commencing thus,

both parts move on the key-board, over an organ-point, in strictly canonical progression. Is it possible that this has been overlooked by the proof reader? For he has allowed a number of notes to stand, that are plainly erroneous in a canon. Similar oversights occur in the course of the piece at the parallel passages on pages 4 and 5. Though this may be easily corrected, the explanation of another passage in the same piece is more difficult. My readers will remember the grandiose pedal solo, no doubt; by comparing this with the parallel passage on the fourth below, they will find that a number of errors have crept in. Two measures are wholly wanting on page 4, between measures 3 and 4; these may be seen at the transposition on page 5, staff 6, in the second and third measure. This can only be decided by the original manuscript. If Herr Hauser, in Vienna, possesses it, as is possible, he should be

solicited to allow a comparison. The publication of so extraordinary a composition as this, in its genuine form, is not an indifferent subject to any musician. We can no more overlook such errors, than a gap in a painting, or a missing leaf in a volume.

Another curious accident, which only Bach's handwriting can explain, is to be found in the "Art of the Fugue." Fugue No. 14, four pages long, appears already in number 4; to verify this, compare the Peters edition, page 30, staff 5, from the 2nd measure on. How did this happen? Bach would surely not have written four pages, note for note, twice over in the same work? In the Nägeli score also, the two fugues are thus printed, and the fact that this repetition has remained so long unobserved, is only to be explained by the similarity of the keys and themes that occur throughout the work.

But he who is feasting on Bach's harmonies, cannot think of everything,—least of all, of errors. Thus, I for years overlooked one in a Bach fugue which was very familiar to me, until a master—who certainly possesses an eagle eye—directed my attention to it. The fugue is in E minor, on a wonderful theme, and the sixth in the Haslinger edition. If we insert, between the third and fourth measures, the single note



it will be correct. This admits of no doubt.

And now we shall mention passages, still more interesting, perhaps, to our readers, in works which they may have heard and played countless times, without suspecting that anything was amiss. I must request them, however, to refer to the scores in question—as the passages would occupy too much space for reproduction here—and as a correct judgment cannot be arrived at without the closest examination.

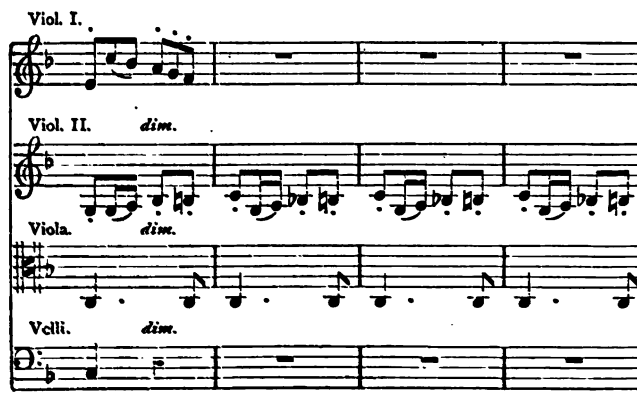
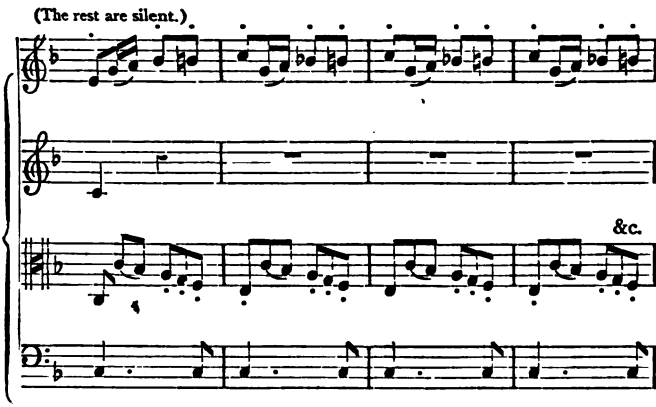
Our first doubtful passage will be found in Mozart's G-minor symphony, a work in which every note is gold, every period a treasure; and yet, will it be believed, four entire measures have slipped into the andante, which, according to my firm conviction, do not belong to it. From the 29th measure on (excepting the quaver up-beat), occurs a period of four measures, leading from D-flat major to B-flat minor, which is repeated in the following four measures, with simplified instrumentation; it cannot be possible that Mozart intended this. It is improbable; the wholly un-Mozartean, anything but masterly union of the 32nd with the 33rd measures must often have struck musicians even when listening superficially. And now, the question is, which of the two four-measure periods should be cut out,—the first or the second? On a careless glance, it looks as if the first should be retained; the sudden entrance of the wind instruments, rising to a forte, is not without artistic meaning. But the other reading seems to me far more natural in the progression of the parts, clearer,

simpler, yet not without climax; and according to this the 29th to the 32nd would be cut out, where all instruments, after a clear crescendo, unite in a forte. The same four measures too much are also to be found on the repetition in the 2nd part, where the measures 48 to 51 should be omitted. The manner in which these errors have entered the score, can only be discovered through the original, now in the possession of Councillor André. We believe the most probable supposition is,—that Mozart first wrote the passage as we think it ought to stand,—that he then introduced it into the score, more fully instrumentated,—and that afterwards returning to his first idea, he forgot to strike out the first manner of reading. Other musicians should express their opinion regarding this point, which is of much consequence, and then a general agreement could be arrived at, to produce the andante everywhere in the manner designated. But we should then request publishers to insert the four measures (within parentheses) in the score, with a remark explaining the reason why they do so. I have been told that when the andante is performed at the Paris conservatoire, the four measures are omitted in both places. Mendelssohn has also long adopted this reading.

I will finally mention some passages in Beethoven symphonies, that may be recognised almost at first sight as errors of the copyist. One of these I have

already spoken of on a former occasion; it is to be found at the close of the first movement of the B-flat major symphony, where, of the three measures, fortissimo (eight measures before the end), one is evidently too much. The error was very likely to happen, on account of the complete similarity of the notes in all the parts. Beethoven himself might have passed it over.

The fact that we listen, year after year, to the following passage in the Pastoral Symphony,—standing so, indeed, in the score,—without correcting it, is only to be excused by the magic influence of Beethoven's music, which moves us so deeply, that we almost forget thinking and hearing, while subdued by it.

In the first movement (page 35 of the score, from the 3rd measure on) we find—

How would it be, if, instead of the sudden rest in the first violins, we made *simili* signs (𝄎) ? would it not sound different and better? Is not this suggested by the inversion from measure 5 on, even where the violas have the passage that first lay in the first violins? Certainly it should be so. The copyist mistook the *simili* signs for rests, or some other roguish imp had to do with the matter. Ries tells us how enraged Beethoven was about a passage in the Eroica Symphony, which Ries had altered with the best intentions. I think if Beethoven had once really heard this passage in the Pastoral Symphony, things would not have gone better with orchestra or director than with Ries.

Enough for to-day; I hope very many may take the above into consideration! How can we better prove our admiration and reverence for our great masters, than by endeavouring to remove from their

works those injuries that may have accrued to them from accident or error? and only with such intentions were the above lines written.

LETTERS OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

[These letters might also be termed "Truth and Poetry." They refer to the first Gewandhaus Concerts, held under Mendelssohn's direction, in October, 1835.]

I.

Eusebius to Chiara.

AMID all our musical feasts of soul, one angel head peeps through everywhere, and it strangely resembles a certain Clara, even to that roguish trait of the chin. Why art thou not with us, and what didst thou think of us Firlenzers (Leipsicers) last night, from the "Meeresstille" to the up-rushing close of the B-flat Symphony?

Except a concert, I know nothing better than the hour before one, while I hum etherial melodies at the point of the lips, cautiously walking up and down on tiptoe, and leading entire overtures on the window panes; but the clock strikes three quarters. And now, with Florestan, I mounted the polished steps. "Sebb" (Eusebius), said he, "I rejoice in many things this evening; first, in the music itself, for which I have thirsted through the dry summer long, then in

Meritis (Mendelssohn), who for the first time enters the fight with his orchestra; then in the singer Maria with her vestal voice, and finally in the public that awaits these wonders—the public that I usually consider too little, as you know." And now we stood before the old castellan with his face like the commander's (in "Don Juan"), who had a great deal to do, and at last admitted us, though with a very morose face, for Florestan, as usual, had left his entrance ticket behind him. As I stepped into the gilded concert hall, had I spoken as my face perhaps spoke, I should have said: "Here I must tread softly, for this place is haunted by the spirits of those few gifted ones, to whom was granted the great privilege of enchanting and elevating the minds of hundreds in the same moment. There I see Mozart, stamping to a symphony, until his shoe-buckle breaks; there old Master Hummel extemporising at the pianoforte; there Catalani, angrily tearing off her shawl because a carpet has been forgotten on the platform; here Weber, Spohr, and many others." And I thought of thee too, Chiara, dear one, pure one! How thou didst use to look down from the box with the lorgnette so charmingly becoming! Amid these thoughts I caught Florestan's angry eye, as he stood in his old corner near the door as if he had grown there, and in it I read something like this: "So, so, my Public, I have you again! once more we can harass each other; how long have I not desired to found concerts for the deaf and dumb, to set

you an example of good behaviour, of which you display little, even in the finest concerts! And if you dared to gossip about the wondrous things you heard in the enchanted land of music, I would have you petrified, like Tsing-Sing, into a stone pagoda." These reflections were interrupted by the sudden silence of the public. Meritis entered, attracting towards him a hundred hearts at once. Dost thou remember, how we drove away from Padua along the Brenta one evening? The glowing Italian night oppressed us, and one after another the travellers closed their eyes. Towards morning a voice cried, "Ecco, ecco, Signori, Venezia!" The sea, still, immense, outspread before us—only on the far horizon, fine sparkles played up and down, as though the small waves softly spoke together in dreams. So does it interweave, and sparkle, and throb, in Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" we dream sleepily, listening to it; we become a thought—rather than that we then think. The Beethovenian chorus after Goethe, and the accentuated words, sound almost rough beside these spider-web tones of the violins. Near the close, such harmony is unloosed and resolved, where the poet surely looked too deeply into the eyes of a daughter of Nereus, seeking to draw him down; but then upsprings a higher wave, the sea grows more murmurous everywhere, the sails flap, the pennants wave, and now away, away,—"Which of Meritis' overtures do you like the best?" asked a simpleton near me,—and as then the keys E-minor, B-minor, and D-major

embraced in a triad of the graces, I could think of no better answer than the best, "All of them." But indeed, Meritis conducted as if he *had* composed the overture himself, and the orchestra played worthily; and then a remark of Florestan's struck me—It was played, he said, much as he used to play when he came from the provinces to study with Master Raro; this middle point between art and nature was his most fatal crisis; then came such a hesitation, such a stiffness, that he doubted his own talent; "fiery as I was, and fervidly as I conceived every work, yet now I must take everything slowly, distinctly; but luckily the crisis was soon over." For my part, I disliked the conductor's stick in the overture as in the symphony. (When Matthäi stood at the head of the orchestra, before Mendelssohn, orchestral works were performed without a time-beating conductor.) I sounded Florestan, who remarked that the orchestra should stand like a republic in a symphony, refusing to acknowledge a superior. And yet it was delightful to watch Meritis; in his eyes we read beforehand the mental windings of the composition, and its shadings, from the most refined to the most powerful effects; like a seer he forewarned us of what was to come. How different from those chapel-masters who seem ever threatening to whip score, orchestra, and public with their batons! Thou knowest how the foolish quarrels about the tempo annoy me, and that the inward measure of movement alone decides with me. The swift allegro of a phlegmatic man always

more than a slower tempo in a nervous conductor. Then, with the orchestra, masses come into question; rough, heavy players give to details, as to the whole, more weight and meaning; smaller, finer ones, like our Firlenzers (Leipsicers), must be helped out of their lack of resonance by hurrying the time. In a word, the scherzo of the symphony seemed to me too slow, the restlessness of the orchestra, trying to be at ease with it, made this very observable.

Yet what dost thou, in Milan, care about it all? And I as little, since at any moment I can imagine the scherzo played as it ought to be played. Thou hast asked me whether Maria is likely to find the same favour in Firlenz (Leipsic) as formerly; why shouldest thou have any doubts? However, she had selected an aria that gained her more honour as an artist, than applause as a virtuosa. A Westphalian music-director played a violin concerto by Spohr—well enough, but pale and haggard. Every one saw, in the choice of pieces, that a change of government had taken place; if, formerly, in the first Firlenz concerts, Italian butterflies fluttered round German oaks, at least these stood alone, shadowy, strong. A certain party insisted on seeing a reaction in it; I think it was rather accidental than intentional. We all know how necessary it is to protect Germany from the intrusion of thy favourites; but it must be done carefully, and more as an encouragement to youthful native talent, than by useless

opposition to a power that comes and goes like a mere fashion.

Towards midnight, Florestan came in with Jonathan,* a new Davidite; the two were quarrelling about the aristocracy of mind and the republic of opinion. At last Florestan has found an opponent who gives him diamonds to crack. Thou shalt hear more about him at some future time.

But enough for to-day. Forget not to look often in the calendar for the 13th of August; there and then an Aurora interweaves thy name and mine.†

EUSEBIUS.

II.

To Chiara.

THE letter-carrier seemed transformed to a flower, when I saw the bright red "Milano" post-stamp on thy letter. I, too, think with delight of thy first entrance into the theatre La Scala, when Rubini was singing with Méric-Lalande. For one must hear Italian music among the Italians; German music may be enjoyed under every heaven.

I was right in not recognising any reactionary views in the programme of the first concert, for the next brought Hesperian things. I was, however, amused with Florestan, who wearied of it all, princi-

* Ludwig Schunke. (*Tr.*)

† In the Saxon calendar, the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of August are designated as those of St. Clara, Aurora, and Eusebius. (*Tr.*)

pally on account of certain Handelians and others, who talk as if they had themselves composed the "Samson" in *robe de chambre;* for this reason he could not quite enter into the "Hesperides," and compared it to a fruit dessert, or Titian flesh without spirit, &c., &c., and all in so comic a tone, that one would have been obliged to laugh at him, but for that eagle eye of his, glowering at one so fiercely. "It has been for a long time unfashionable to get angry about the Italian style," said he; "and, indeed, it is folly to fight against the perfume of flowers (floating hither and then away), with awkward clubs! I scarcely know which world I should prefer, one peopled with refractory Beethovens, or one filled with dancing swans of Pesaro. But two things astonish me: first, that the songstresses, who never know what they should sing (all or none excepted), do not sometimes take a fancy to small works—a lied by Weber, Schubert, Wiedebein; next, that German song writers, who complain that their compositions so seldom reach the concert room, do not write arias, scenas, concert songs essentially calculated for public performance?"

The songstress (not Maria), who sang something from Torwaldo, began her "Dove son? chi m'aita?" so tremblingly, that I inwardly answered her, "In Firlenz, excellent creature; aid yourself, and heaven will aid you!" But then she got into a better mood, and the public applauded heartily. "Would that our German lady singers," remarked Florestan, "could recollect that they are not children—who fancy they

are unseen, when their eyes are closed;—most of them hide so modestly behind their music, that one has to keep a good look-out, to catch a glimpse of the face. Ah, how different are the Italian songtresses! When I saw them in the Milan Academy, singing at each other, rolling their fine eyes, I was almost afraid the artistic passion would make too lively a demonstration. I wish I could read something of the dramatic situation, something of the music's joy and pain, in German eyes; fine singing, issuing from an inexpressive, colourless, wooden, or marble face, leads one to doubt the existence of any inward feeling; I mean this in general.

Thou shouldest have been there, to hear and see the Mendelssohnian concerto in G minor played! As simply as a child, he sat down to the pianoforte, taking one heart after another captive, and drawing them along with him; and when he let them free again, we all knew that we had flown past a Grecian isle of the gods, and again alighted safely in the Firlenz concert hall. "You are a heavenly master of your art!" said Florestan to Meritis, rightly enough, when it was over. I knew my Florestan again yesterday, though he spoke not a word to me of the concert. I saw him turning over the leaves of a book, and pencilling something in it. When he was gone, I found that beside this passage in his journal, "There are some things in the world about which nothing can be said; for instance, the C-major Symphony with fugue by Mozart, many works of

Shakespeare's, some of Beethoven's," he had pencilled on the margin, "or Meritis, when he plays his own concerto."—We much enjoyed the performance of a powerful Weber overture (the mother of a numerous lame posterity), and a violin concerto, played by young ——; it does one good, when one can safely predict of a striving artist, that he is on the road to mastership. I shall not attempt to entertain thee about the old humdrum, annually-repeated things—symphonies excepted. I remember that once thou saidst, that although thou hadst heard Onslow's symphony in A but twice, thou hadst it already by heart, bar for bar; my impression is the same, yet I can give no reason for this rapid mental acceptation of the work. For on one side I find the instruments clinging too closely to each other, crowded too heterogeneously together, while on the other, the principal and secondary melodic threads penetrate this heavy instrumental combination in a remarkable manner. Certain conditions must exist here, which I cannot explain to myself, as they are unknown to me. Yet they may excite thee to reflection. I am best pleased with the elegant ball tumult of the minuett, where everything sparkles with pearls and diamonds; during the trio I am witness to a scene in the boudoir, while, through the often opened ball-room door, the violin music enters and drowns the confessions of love. This reminds me of Beethoven's A-major Symphony, which we lately heard; and after it, soberly enraptured, we went, late in the evening, to

Master Raro. Thou knowest how Florestan, while he sits improvising at the pianoforte, talks as if in his sleep, smiles, weeps, rises, begins again from the beginning, and so on. Zilia was in the bay-window recess, other Davidites grouped here and there. Many things were discussed. Florestan began to talk, at the same time commencing the A-major Symphony. Said he: "I must laugh when I think of the dry old registrar, who discovered in this a battle of the giants, with a very effective annihilation of them all in the last movement, while he slyly passed over the allegretto, because it did not fall in with his fancy; and I must laugh at those who eternally preach about the innocence and absolute beauty of music; to be sure, art has no business to imitate the unlucky octaves and fifths of life—it should rather conceal them; yet in some consecrated arias (of Marschner's, for example) I often find beauty without truth, and in Beethoven (though seldom) sometimes truth without beauty. But I shiver to the finger-tips when I hear some people declaring that Beethoven gave himself up, while writing his symphonies, to the greatest sentiments—lofty thoughts of God, immortality and the course of the spheres; the genial man certainly pointed to heaven, with his flowery crown, but his roots spread broadly over his beloved earth. But—to return to the symphony. The idea is not mine, but taken from an old number of the musical paper, the 'Cecilia;' and was perhaps suggested by delicacy of feeling towards Beethoven,

who was to be spared from entering some courtly hall or other.

"It is the merriest wedding, the bride, a heavenly maid with one rose in her hair. If I do not err, in the introduction the guests arrive, greeting each other with many bows; and the airy flutes remind us, that in the village, gay with May bloom and ribbon favours, every one rejoices for and with the bride, Rosa. And if I am not mistaken, her pale mother asks her, with a tremulous glance, 'Knowest thou not that we must part?' and then Rosa, overcome, throws herself in her mother's arms, yet draws the hand of her bridegroom with her. And now all is still in the village" (here Florestan broke into the allegretto), "only the butterflies float past, or a cherry blossom falls. The organ sounds; the sun rises high; long lance-like beams play with the motes in the church; the bells ring loudly; church-goers enter, one after the other; pew doors are opened and shut; countrymen study their hymn books; others look up to the choir; the procession comes nearer—first the choir boys, with lighted tapers and incense, then friends, often turning round to look at the bridal pair accompanied by the priest, the parents, the bridesmaids, and all the young people of the village at last. They range themselves in order, the priest ascends the altar, and talks, now to the bride, then to the happiest of men; he tells them of the duties and aims of the sacred bond, he paints to them the joy that is found in virtuous love and peace—and as he

demands the 'yes' that embraces in it an eternity, and they respond, firmly, slowly—I cannot continue the picture—fancy the finale as you will!" Florestan broke off, and finished the allegretto so that it rang as though the sexton threw the door to, and it echoed throughout the church.

But enough! Florestan's description has awakened something within me; the letters seem to tremble. I would tell thee much, but I must off and away, into the fresh air without. And in hopes of a better beginning than this ending, the pause must last until my next letter. EUSEBIUS.

MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN CONCERT (1840).

WOULD that I could record last evening in these pages with golden letters! It was a concert for men, for a change, a complete whole from beginning to end. Again I thought how we are never at an end with Bach, how he seems to grow more profound the oftener he is heard. Zelter, and afterwards Marx, wrote excellent and striking things concerning him; and yet, while we listen, we perceive that we can only very distantly approach him through a verbal description. The best illustration and explanation of his works will always be found in the music itself; and by whom can we expect to find this warmly and truthfully performed, if not by the artist who yester-

day delighted us, he who has devoted the greatest part of his life to precisely this master, who was the first to refresh, with all the strength of his own enthusiasm, the memory of Bach in Germany, who now also gives the first impulse towards bringing his image nearer the eyes of our contemporaries by an outward token? One hundred years passed before this was attempted; shall another hundred go by ere it can be realised? It is not our intention to beg for a Bach memorial by means of a formal summons; those of Mozart and Beethoven are not yet ready, and this may therefore wait also. But the idea that emanated from this place, should be urged in other places, especially in Berlin and Breslau, which cities have lately honoured themselves by performances of Bach's works, and where there must be many people well aware of what art owes to Bach; nothing less, in the small sphere of music, than what a religion owes to its founder. In his concert circular, Mendelssohn expresses himself clearly and simply on this subject:—"Until now, no outward symbol has betokened the former presence, in Leipsic, of the greatest artist this city ever possessed. One of his successors has already been honoured with a memorial in the vicinity of the Thomas school, which, above all, should have been bestowed on Bach; but as his intellect and his works seem to gain stronger influence now than ever, and as sympathy with these can never become extinguished in the hearts of the true lovers of music, it is hoped that such an under-

taking may meet with appreciation and assistance from the inhabitants of Leipsic," &c., &c.

As might have been expected, the beginning of this undertaking, conducted by such an artist's hand, was a worthy one, and its aim crowned with rich success and support. How thoroughly Mendelssohn knows how to treat Bach's royal instrument, is well and widely known; and yesterday he laid before us the most precious jewels, in a glorious arrangement of change and gradation, prefaced by a prelude, and closed by a fantasia of his own. After a short introduction, he played a fugue in E-flat major, a noble one, containing three thoughts, built upon each other; then a fantasia on the choral "Deck thyself, beloved soul," as priceless, profound a piece of music as ever sprang from a true artist's imagination; then a grandly brilliant prelude and fugue in A minor, both very difficult, and only for masters of organ playing. After a pause, these were followed by the Passecaille in C minor, with twenty-one variations, genially intertwined with each other, and admirably handled in the registers by Mendelssohn; then a Pastorella in F major, thought out from the deepest deeps in which such a composition may be found; closed by a Toccata in A minor with a humoristic Bachian prelude. Mendelssohn finished the concert with a fantasia of his own, when he displayed the fullest glory of his art; if I am not mistaken, it was based on a choral, with the text "Head, stained with blood and wounds," into which he afterwards introduced

the name Bach and a fugued movement, rounded to such a clear and masterly whole, that if printed, it would have appeared a finished work of art. A fine summer evening shone through the church windows; even outside, in the free air, many basked in the wonderful tones, thinking that in music there is no greater enjoyment than that of the double pre-eminency displayed when one master interprets another. Fame and honour to the old and to the young!

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S C-MAJOR SYMPHONY.

THE musician who visits Vienna for the first time, awhile delights in the festive life of the streets, and often stands admiringly before the door of St. Stephen's Tower; but he soon remembers how near to the city lies a cemetery, containing something more worthy—for him—of regard than all the city boasts,—the spot where two of the glorious ones of his art rest, only a few steps apart. No doubt, then, many a young musician has wandered like me (1838) to the Währinger Cemetery, after the first few days of excitement in Vienna, to lay his flowery gift on those graves, even were it but a wild rosebush, such as I found planted on Beethoven's grave. Franz Schubert's resting-place was undecorated. One warm desire of my life was fulfilled; I gazed long on those

sacred graves, almost envying the one buried between them—a certain Earl O'Donnell, if I am not mistaken. The first time of gazing on a great man, of pressing his hand, is for every one an earnestly-desired moment. It had never been possible for me to meet either of the two whom I venerate most highly among all modern artists; but after this visit to their graves, I stood by the side of a man who loved one of them most dearly—his own brother. On the way home, I remembered that Schubert's brother Ferdinand, to whom he had been much attached, was still living. I sought him out, and found that he bore a strong resemblance to the bust that stands beside Schubert's grave; shorter than Franz, but strongly built, with a face expressive of honesty as well as of musical ability. He knew me from that veneration for his brother, which I have so often publicly professed; told me and showed me many things, of which, with his permission, I have already spoken in our paper, under the heading "Reliques." Finally, he allowed me to see those treasures of Schubert's composition, which he still possesses. The sight of *this* hoard of riches thrilled me with joy; where to begin, where to leave off! Among other things, he directed my attention to the scores of several symphonies, many of which have never yet been heard, but are laid on the shelf and prejudged as too heavy and turgid. One must understand Vienna, its peculiar circumstances with regard to concerts, and the difficulties attendant on bringing together the

necessary material for great performances, before one can forgive the city where Schubert lived and laboured, that only his songs, but his grand instrumental works seldom or never, are brought before the public. Who knows how long the symphony of which we speak to-day, might not have lain buried in dust and darkness, had I not at once arranged with Ferdinand Schubert, to send it immediately to the direction of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, or rather, to the directing artist himself, whose fine glance perceives even the most timid of new-budding beauties,—and necessarily, therefore, the dazzling splendours of masterly perfection. My hopes were fulfilled. The symphony went to Leipzig, was listened to, understood, again heard, and received with joyous and almost universal admiration. The busy publishing house of Breitkopf and Haertel purchased the work, and now it lies before me in separate parts; for the benefit of the world, I hope it will soon appear in score also.

I must say at once, that he who is not yet acquainted with this symphony, knows very little about Schubert; and this, when we consider all that he has given to art outside of this work, will appear to many as too exaggerated praise. Partly, no doubt, because composers have been so often advised, to their own injury, that it is better for them—after Beethoven—to abstain from symphonic plans; which advice, notwithstanding, with the state of feeling that has given rise to it, we can scarcely consider as un-

reasonable. For we have lately had few orchestral works of consequence; and those few have rather interested us as illustrations of their composers' progress, than that of art, or as creations of decided influence with the masses. Many have been absolute reflections of Beethoven; and it is scarcely necessary to mention those tiresome manufacturers of symphonies, with power enough to shadow forth the powder and perruques of Mozart and Haydn, but not indeed the heads that wore them. Berlioz is thoroughly French, and we are too much accustomed to regard him merely as an interesting foreigner and rattle pate. The hope I had always entertained—and many, no doubt, with me—that Schubert, who had shown himself, through many other kinds of composition, so firm in form, so rich in imaginativeness, so many-sided, would also treat the symphony, and find that mode of treatment certain to impress the public, is here realised in the noblest manner. Assuredly he never proposed to excel Beethoven's ninth symphony, but, an industrious artist, he continually drew forth his creations from his own resources, one symphony after another. The only thing that seems to us objectionable in the publication of this seventh symphony, or that may lead even to a misunderstanding of the work, is the fact that the world now receives it without having followed its creator's development of this form through its forerunners. Perhaps, however, the bolts may now be drawn from the others; the least of them must possess Schuber-

tian significance; Viennese symphony writers did not need to wander so very far in search of the laurel they are so much in need of, for in a suburb of Vienna, in Ferdinand Schubert's study, they might have found sevenfold richer booty, leaf heaped on leaf. And here, too, was the place of all others which they should have crowned with laurel! But it often happens in the world that such opportunities are neglected! Should the conversation turn upon ——, the Viennese never know how to finish with their praise of their own Franz Schubert; when they are only among themselves, it does not seem as if they thought much of one or the other. But let us leave these things, and refresh ourselves with the wealth of mind that in its fulness overflows this glorious work! Vienna, with its tower of St. Stephen, its lovely women, its public pageantry, its Danube that garlands it with countless watery ribbons; this Vienna, spreading over the blooming plain, and reaching towards the higher mountains; Vienna, with its reminiscences of the great German masters, must be a fertile domain for the musician's fancy to revel in. Often when gazing on the city from the heights above, I have thought how frequently Beethoven's eyes may have glanced restlessly over the distant line of the Alps; how Mozart may have dreamily followed the course of the Danube, as it seems to vanish amid bush and wood; and how Haydn may have looked up to the tower, shaking his head at its dizzy height. If we draw together the tower, the Danube, and the distant

Alps, casting over the whole a soft Catholic incense-vapour, we shall have a fair picture of Vienna; and when the charming, living landscape stands before us, chords will vibrate that never resounded within us before. On leaving Schubert's symphony, the bright, blooming, romantic life of Vienna appears to me clearer than ever; such works ought to be born amid precisely such surroundings. But I shall not attempt to set the symphony in its fitting soil; different ages select different bases for their texts and pictures; where the youth of eighteen hears a world-famous occurrence in a musical work, a man only perceives some rustic event, while the musician probably never thought of either, but simply gave the best music that he happened to feel within him just then. But every one must acknowledge that the outer world, sparkling to-day, gloomy to-morrow, often deeply impresses the inward feeling of the poet or the musician; and all must recognise, while listening to this symphony, that it reveals to us something more than mere fine melody, mere ordinary joy and sorrow, such as music has already expressed in a hundred ways,—that it leads us into a region which we never before explored, and consequently can have no recollection of. Here we find, besides the most masterly technicalities of musical composition, life in every vein, colouring down to the finest grade of possibility, sharp expression in detail, meaning throughout, while over the whole is thrown that glow of romanticism that everywhere accom-

panies Franz Schubert. And then the heavenly length of the symphony, like that of one of Jean Paul's romances in four thick volumes, never able to come to an end, for the very best reasons—in order to leave the reader able to go on romancing for himself. How refreshing is this feeling of overflowing wealth! With others we always tremble for the conclusion, troubled lest we find ourselves disappointed. It would be incomprehensible whence Schubert had all at once acquired this sparkling, sportive mastery of the orchestra, did we not know that this symphony had been preceded by six others, and that it was written in the ripest years of manly power (on the score is the date, "March, 1828;" Schubert died in November). We must grant that he possessed an extraordinary talent, in attaining to such peculiar treatment of separate instruments, such mastery of orchestral masses—they often seem to converse like human voices and chorusses—although he scarcely heard any of his own instrumental works performed during his life. Save in a few of Beethoven's works, I have not elsewhere observed so striking and deceptive a resemblance to the voice, in the treatment of instruments; Meyerbeer, in his treatment of the human voice, attains precisely the opposite effect. Another proof of the genuine, manly inspiration of this symphony, is its complete independence of the Beethoven symphonies. And how correct, how prudent in judgment, Schubert's genius displays itself here! As if conscious of his own more modest powers, he avoids

imitating the grotesque forms, the bold proportions that meet us in Beethoven's later works; he gives us a creation of the most graceful form possible, which, in spite of its novel intricacies, never strays far from the happy medium, but always returns again to the central point. Every one who closely studies this symphony, must agree with me. At first, every one will feel a little embarrassed by the brilliancy and novelty of the instrumentation, the length and breadth of form, the charming variety of vital feeling, the entirely new world that opens to us—just as the first glance at anything to which we are unaccustomed, embarrasses us; but a delightful feeling remains, as though we had been listening to a lovely tale of enchantment, we feel that the composer was master of his subject, and after a time, its intricacies and connections all become clear to us. The feeling of certainty is produced at once by the splendid, romantic introduction, over which, notwithstanding, a mysterious veil seems to have been drawn here and there. The passage from this into the allegro is wholly new; the tempo does not seem to change, yet we reach the port, we know not how. It would not give us or others any pleasure to analyse the separate movements; for to give an idea of the novel-*like* character that pervades the whole symphony, the entire work ought to be transcribed. Yet I cannot take leave of the second movement, which speaks to us with such touching voices, without a few words. There is a passage in it, where a horn calls from a

distance, that seems to have descended from another sphere. And every other instrument seems to listen, as if aware that a heavenly guest had glided into the orchestra.

The symphony produced such an effect among us, as none has produced since Beethoven's. Artists and connaisseurs united in its praise, and I heard a few words spoken by the master who had studied it with the utmost care for its perfect success, that I should have been only too happy, had such a thing been possible, to report to the living Schubert, as the gladdest of glad tidings. Years must pass, perhaps, before the work will be thoroughly made at home in Germany; but there is no danger that it will ever be overlooked or forgotten; it bears within it the core of everlasting youth.

And thus my visit to those honoured graves, reminding me of a relation of one of the great departed, became doubly a reward to me. I received my first recompense on the day itself; for I found, on Beethoven's grave, a steel pen, which I have treasured up carefully ever since. I never use it save on festal occasions, as to-day; I trust that good things may have proceeded from it!

THE DEVIL'S ROMANTICISTS.

WHERE do the devil's romanticists hide themselves? The good old music director M. —— in Breslau, has suddenly declared himself their most deadly enemy, and the "Universal Musical Times" for ever thunders against them. Where are they and who are they? Perhaps Mendelssohn, Chopin, Bennett, Hiller, Henselt, Taubert? What have the old gentlemen to say against these? Are Vanhal, Pleyel, Herz, or Hünten of more value? But if those and no others are meant, people should speak more plainly about it. And if some people twaddle about the "torment and martyrdom of this epoch of transition," there are grateful and far-sighted ones enough, who entertain different opinions. A stop ought to be put, however, to this mixing up of everything together, and of throwing suspicion on the endeavours of every young composer, merely because there are weak and objectionable points in the German-French school, as in Berlioz, Liszt, &c. And if you are not satisfied, old gentlemen, why not give us works yourselves,—works, works, not only words?

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S LAST COMPOSITIONS.

If fertility be a distinguishing mark of genius, then Franz Schubert is a genius of the highest order. Not much over thirty when he died, he wrote an astonishing quantity of things, about half of which, perhaps, have been published; a part of these, only, are widely known, while a still greater part will never, or not for a long time, attain publicity. Among his first-mentioned works, his songs obtained the quickest and widest celebrity; he would have gradually set the whole German literature to music; he was the man for Telemann, who claimed that "a good composer should be able to set wall advertisements to music." Whatever he felt, flowed forth in music; Æschylus, Klopstock, so stiff in composition, yielded under his hand, while he added a deeper sense to the light lyrics of Müller and others. Then what a multitude of instrumental works of every form and kind; trios, quartettes, sonatas, rondos, dances, variations, for two and four hands, large and small, full of wonderful, rare beauties, which our paper has more closely characterised, in other articles. Among the works that still await publication, masses, quartettes, a great number of songs, and other things, have been mentioned to us,

as well as his greater compositions, several operas, church pieces, several symphonies and overtures—now in the possession of his heirs.

APHORISMS.

[By the Davidites.]

COMPOSER-VIRTUOSOS.

Experience has proven that the composer is not usually the finest and most interesting performer of his own works, especially of his newest, last created, which he cannot yet be expected to master from an objective point of view. It is more difficult for a man to discover his own ideal within his own heart, than in that of another.—*Eusebius.*

Right. And should the composer, who needs rest at the conclusion of a work, strive at once to concentrate his powers on its performance, his judgment —like overfatigued sight that tries to fix itself on one point—would become clouded, if not blind. We have seen examples of this, when composers have wholly misinterpreted their own works by such a forced manner of procedure.—*Raro.*

LOOKING AT MUSIC.

While playing Kalkbrenner's four-part, one-handed fugue, I thought of the excellent Thibaut, author of the book "On the Purity of Music," who told me

that once, at a concert given by Cramer in London, a polite Lady somebody, an art-amateur, actually rose, against all English convention, and stood on tiptoe to stare at the artist's hands. The ladies near her imitated her example, until at last the whole audience was standing; the lady, and after her the ladies, whispered around Thibaut, "Heavens, what trills!—what trills!—and with the fourth and fifth fingers!—and with both hands at once!" The whole audience murmured in accompaniment, "Heavens! what a trill! what trills!—and with both," &c. —*Raro.*

It seems to me this is a very common characteristic of every public, especially at a concert; people like to see something of a virtuoso.—*Eusebius.*

Would to heaven that a race of monstrosities could arise in the world of artists, players with six fingers on each hand; then the day of virtuosodom would be at an end!—*Florestan.*

PLAYING IN PUBLIC FROM MEMORY.

Whether it be done out of charlatanism or daring, it is always a proof of uncommon musical powers. Wherefore the prompter's box, the dancer's leaden soles, when the brain is winged? Do we not know that a chord played from notes—no matter how freely—is yet never half so free as one that is played, note and fancy free? We are all alike; and I,

though I am a German, and consequently wedded to tradition,—I, too, should be astonished, could I see the reader, actor, *danseuse*, produce his or her written part in public, in order to execute it with more certainty; and yet, I, too, am like the pedant, who, seeing a virtuoso quietly continue playing when his music had fallen from the desk, cried out in hot excitement, "Look, look, that is indeed art! He knows it by heart!"—*Florestan.*

SUPPORT.

Had Shakespeare not existed, would Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" have seen the light—though Beethoven has written many, indeed (but unchristened)? The fancy makes me melancholy.—*Florestan.*

Yes. Else why does it happen that so many characters only first display their individuality when they can lean on another I? Like the great Shakespeare himself, who, it is well known, found much of the material of his plays in novels and older writers' works.—*Eusebius.*

Eusebius speaks truly. There are many minds that only work effectively when they do so under compulsion.—*Raro.*

ROSSINI.

It would be one-sided in us to condemn Rossini, but that the encouragement he meets with is great,

out of all comparison with that bestowed on German efforts. Rossini is an admirable scene-painter; but take away the artistically managed light, and the alluring stage distance, and see what remains!

When I hear so much foolish twaddle about him as saviour and consoler, I thrill with anger to my very finger-tips. We treat the public with too much delicacy; it begins already to grow obstinate, where formerly it listened modestly from a distance, glad to learn a little from the artist. Is this an unfounded declaration? Do not people go to a performance of "Fidelio" to hear Schroeder now (not entirely without reason), and to oratorios out of mere pity? And is it not true that Herz, the stenographer, who possesses no heart (Herz) save that in his fingers, makes four hundred dollars by a set of variations, while Marschner scarcely obtained more for the entire opera of "Hans Heiling"? Once more I say—I quiver to the tips of my fingers when I think of it.

ROSSINI'S VISIT TO BEETHOVEN.

The butterfly flew in the way of the eagle; he moved aside lest he might have crushed the insect with the beating of his wings.—*Eusebius.*

ITALIAN AND GERMAN.

See the lovely, floating butterfly! yet brush away his coloured dust, and he becomes a miserable, unre-

garded creature; but after the flight of centuries, the skeletons of gigantic creations exist, to the astonishment and admiration of posterity.—*Eusebius.*

ON FOLLOWING A PERFORMANCE WITH THE SCORE.

As Eusebius observed a young student of music, diligently following a rehearsal of Beethoven's eighth symphony, score in hand, he remarked: "There is a good musician!"—"By no means," said Florestan; "he is a good musician, who understands the music without the score, and the score without the music. The ear should not need the eye, the eye should not need the (outward) ear." "A great requirement," concluded Master Raro, "but I agree with you, Florestan!"

AFTER THE D-MINOR SYMPHONY.

I am like a blind man who stands before the cathedral of Strasbourg, listening to its bells, but unable to find the entrance. Leave me in peace, young men, I no longer understand humanity.—*Voigt.*

Who blames the blind man, if he stands before the cathedral, unknowing what he should say? Let him only take off his hat in reverence, while the bells are ringing above.—*Eusebius.*

Yes, love him, love him well, but never forget that he reached poetic freedom only through the study of long years; and reverence his unresting moral force.

Do not search for what was abnormal in him, return to the source of his creativeness; do not always illustrate his genius with the ninth symphony, colossal as are its dimensions there, although that utterance was bolder than any that had yet spoken—he gives as great an evidence of his genius in the Greek-like, slender symphony in B-flat major! And do not grow arrogant about rules that you never thoroughly worked out. Nothing is more slippery; even an untalented person, in the second moment of meeting you, may draw that mask from your ashamed face.—*Florestan.*

And when they had ended, the master said, in a voice full of emotion: "No more words about it! Let us for ever love that lofty spirit, who looks down with unspeakable love on the life that gave him so little in return. I feel that we are now nearer to him than before. Young men, you have a long and difficult road before you. A wondrous rosy blush lightens the heavens—whether morning or evening red I know not. But onward to the light!"

As time runs on, sources draw nearer to each other. Beethoven, for instance, did not need to study all that Mozart studied—Mozart needed to make less research than Handel—Handel than Palestrina—because these had already absorbed their predecessors. But from one source only, something new is ever to be obtained; from John Sebastian Bach!—*F.*

There are untalented people who have been attracted by, and hold to, music from the force of outward circumstances, and who have learned a great deal;—musical mechanics.—*F.*

Where is the use of dressing a hair-brained youth in his grandfather's furred dressing-gown, and putting a pipe in his mouth, to make him regular and orderly? Let him keep his flowing locks and easy attire. —*F.*

I love not the men whose lives are not in unison with their works.—*F.*

Warn the youth who composes. Fruit that ripens too early, falls before its time. The young mind must often unlearn theory, before it can be put in practice.—*Raro.*

It is not enough that I know something, unless I am able to make use of what I have learned, in the conduct of my life.—*E.*

THE WEALTH OF YOUTH.

What I know, I throw away; what I have, I give away!—*F.*

Every man must defend himself. If any one is my enemy, I do not therefore need to be his also, but rather his Æsop who makes a fable of him, or his Juvenal who transforms him into a satyr.—*F.*

CRITICS.

Music induces nightingales to sing, pug-dogs to yelp.

Sour grapes; bad wine.

They mince the timber of the lofty oak into sawdust.

Like the Athenians, they declare war by means of sheep-bleating.

Music speaks the most universal of languages, one by means of which the soul is freely, yet vaguely inspired; but it is then at home.

DISCIPLES OF THE PLASTIC.

At last they will hear the grass growing in Haydn's "Creation"!—*F.*

The artist should be cheerful as a Grecian god, in his intercourse with life and men; but when these dare to approach too near, he should disappear, leaving nothing but clouds behind him.—*F.*

The characteristic of the extraordinary is, that it cannot always be understood; the majority understand best what is superficial-virtuoso music, for example.—*E.*

Music resembles chess. The queen (melody) has

the most power, but the king (harmony) turns the scale.—*F.*

The artist should preserve his equilibrium with life, or else his position becomes difficult.—*F.*

In every child there lies a wondrous depth.

CLARA (1833).

As I know people, who, having but just heard Clara, yet rejoice in the anticipation of their next occasion of hearing her, I ask—what sustains this continual interest in her? is it the "wonder child" herself, at whose stretches of tenths people shake their heads, while they are amazed at them? or the most difficult difficulties which she sportively flings towards the public like flower garlands? Is it the especial pride with which a city regards its own natives? is it, that she presents to us the most interesting productions of recent art in as short a time as possible? Is it that the masses understand that art should not depend on the caprice of a few enthusiasts, who would direct us back to a century, over whose corpse the wheels of time are hastening? I know not; I only feel that here we are subdued by genius, which men still hold in respect. In short, we here divine the presence of a power of which much is spoken, while few indeed possess it.—*F.*

Early she drew the Isis veil aside. Serenely the

child looks up; older eyes would perhaps have been blinded by that radiant light.—*E.*

To Clara we dare no longer apply the measuring scale of age, but only that of fulfilment.—*Raro.*

Clara Wieck is the first *German* artist.—*F.*

Would that the silver threads of imagination ever entwined themselves amid the fetters of discipline!—*E.*

Pearls do not float on the surface; they must be sought for in the deep, often with danger. But Clara is an intrepid diver!—*F.*

ANNA DE BELLEVILLE * AND CLARA.

They should not be compared. They are different mistresses of different schools. The playing of the Belleville is technically the finer of the two; Clara's is more impassioned. The tone of the Belleville flatters, but does not penetrate the ear; that of Clara reaches the heart. Anna is a poetess; Clara is poetry itself.

GENIUS.

We forgive the diamond its sharp edges; it is a costly labour to round them.—*F.*

* Mademoiselle de Belleville, a native of Augsburg, though of French parentage, who afterwards became Madame Oury (wife of Oury the English violinist). (*Tr.*)

It is the curse of talent that, although it labours more steadily and perseveringly than genius, it does not reach a goal; while genius, floating on the summit of the ideal, gazes above, serenely smiling.

The misfortune of the imitator is, that he can only appropriate the salient points of his original; an involuntary awe disables him from copying its peculiar beauties.—*E.*

It is not a good thing to have acquired *too much* facility in any occupation.—*R.*

We were at the goal? We err. Art is a great fugue, into which different individualities and nationalities step and become resolved, like the different subjects, one after another.—*F.*

One voice that blames has the strength of ten that praise.—*F.*

Unfortunately.—*Eusebius.*

It is foolish to say we cannot understand Beethoven's last period. Why not? Is his last music too difficult of comprehension in its harmonies? too singular in form? Do the thoughts contrast too strongly? There must be something in it, for nonsense in music is an impossibility, and madness itself cannot suppress harmonic laws.—*F.*

The extraordinary in an artist is unfortunately not always recognised at once.—*Raro.*

He who sets limits to himself, will always be expected to remain within them.—*E.*

By means of comparison, we arrive at the result through circuitous routes; judge the subject rather as it is, with its own inward reasons and counter-arguments.—*F.*

PURITANS IN MUSIC.

That would be but a small art indeed that merely possessed sounds, but no speech, no symbol fitted to express the varying movements of the soul.—*F.*

Intellect is to be found in all novel productions. —*E.*

THE CONTRAPUNCTILIOUS.

Do not deny the spirit while you acknowledge the letter; you torment yourselves, trifling with confused harmonies. Yet if any one, who owes nothing to your school, dares to write down anything that is not in your style, he is angrily abused. A time may come when that saying, already denounced by you as the saying of demagogues: "That which sounds well is not wrong," may become altered to "All that does not sound well is wrong." And then woe to your canons, especially those in contrary motion!—*F.*

THE ANTI-CHROMATIC SCHOOL.

They should remember that the seventh once displeased as much as the diminished octave does now;

it is through harmonic development that music has attained such a high rank among arts, and has acquired the power of expressing the finest shades of passion, the deepest feelings of the soul.—*E.*

To chastise the Philistines, a Haman, with a Lessing under his arm, ought to appear; may that time not be far off!—*F.*

Psyche in repose, with her wings folded, is only half beautiful; she should float through air!—*E.*

Equal forces counterbalance each other; unequal powers betray their varying weight.—*Raro.*

PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

The word "playing" applies well here, for the playing of an instrument must be one with itself; he who cannot play with it, cannot play it at all.—*E.*

I was greatly amused to find the Schroeder-Devrient's name as subscriber to C. Gollmich's "critical terminology."—*F.*

CHOPIN.

He considers different subjects; but his views in considering them are always the same.—*F.*

I do not think it very remarkable that people begin to value Bach's and Beethoven's compositions in Berlin!—*F.*

The triad = epochs. For the third, like the present, is the mediation between past and future.—*E.*

What a daring comparison !—*Raro.*

Men like S. (an artist whose life was somewhat dissipated) ought to be economical. The richer their powers may have been, in comparison with those of others, the more painfully will they miss their wasted strength, in old age.—*Raro.*

How few presents are made disinterestedly !—*E.*

Forgive the errors of youth! There must be marsh lights to point out the right path to the wanderer; the path over which those will-o'-the-wisps do not pass.—*F.*

There is fame enough for one man in the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" his other works should be allowed to bear the names of other composers.—*E.*

The youthful works of masters who have become great, are looked upon with very different eyes than are the works of composers who promised as much, but did not keep their word.—*Raro.*

It is remarkable, that weak points, which, as youths, we scarcely observe in others, strike us afterwards, as intellectual poverty, lack of talent, &c.—*Raro.*

Dare talent permit itself to take the same liberties as genius?—*F.*

Yes; but the former will perish where the latter triumphs.—*Raro.*

Mannerism is already displeasing in the original, to say nothing of the same fault in copyists (Spohr and his pupils).—*E.*

The emptiest head thinks it can hide its weakness behind a fugue; but a true fugue is the affair of a great master.—*Raro.*

Consider how many circumstances must favourably unite, before the beautiful, in all its honour and glory, can appear! We need, 1. lofty, deep intention, and great ideality; 2. enthusiasm in description; 3. technical power and harmonic facility closely combined; 4. an inward need of giving and receiving, a momentarily favourable mood both in artist and listener; 5. a fortunate combination of outward circumstances; 6. sympathy of impressions, feelings, views; a reflection of artistic joy in the eyes of others. Is not such a combination a happy cast, with six dice, of six times six?—*E.*

THE OVERTURE TO "LEONORA."

When it was played for the first time in Vienna, and almost wholly failed, it is said that Beethoven wept; in the same situation, Rossini would have laughed. He was induced to write the new one in E Major, which might have been written by some

other composer.—Thou didst err; yet thy tears were noble.—*E.*

The first conception is always the most natural and the best. The understanding may err, but not the feelings.—*Raro.*

Ye peddlers in art, do ye not sink into the earth when ye are reminded of the words uttered by Beethoven on his dying bed: "I believe I am yet but at the beginning,"—or Jean Paul: "It seems to me that I have written nothing as yet"?—*F.*

A SYMPHONY BY N. (1833).

How deeply moved I feel, when an artist—whose development cannot be called unsolid or unnatural, receives nothing from the public for the sleepless nights he has devoted to his labour, destroying, rebuilding, despairing, here and there encouraged by a flash of genius—receives nothing, not even appreciation of the youthful faults he has escaped from! How I felt for him as he stood there, excited, sorrowful, restless, hoping for one encouraging voice!—*E.*

Talent labours, genius creates.—*F.*

CRITIC AND REVIEWER.

The armed eye beholds the stars; the unarmed sees nought but cloud shadows.—*F.*

REVIEWERS.

They are confectioners who labour for *le bon gout*, without tasting a morsel themselves—who can no longer profit by *le bon gout*, because they have worked at it until they have become nauseated.

Musical plagues (*diabolini*). When I am obliged to pass over a grain of sand, in order to write further —when I turn over two pages of music at once— when a key sticks—when a doubt arises as to the time and key signature—when, in the heat of composition, no paper is at hand. But the worst of all is when the stick flies off while one is conducting.—*F.*

The Great is admirable, even in ruin. Dismember a symphony by Beethoven, and one by Gyrowetz, and then observe what remains. Works of mere talent or compilation, when destroyed, seem but overturned card houses; while, after the expiration of centuries, pillars and capitals of ruined temples still exist.—*E.*

A drama without a living representation will always appear dead, foreign to the public, like a musical tone-poem, deprived of its instrumental embodiment. But when the executant comes to the aid of the creator, much time is won in artistic progress.—*E.*

The cultivated musician may study a Madonna by Raphael, the painter a symphony by Mozart, with

equal advantage. Yet more: in the sculptor the actor's art becomes fixed, the actor transforms the sculptor's work into living forms, the painter turns a poem into a painting, the musician sets a picture to music.—*E.*

The æsthetic principle is the same in every art; only the material differs.—*F.*

It is difficult to believe that music, the essentially romantic art, can form a distinctly romantic school within it.—*F.*

Paganini is the turning-point of virtuosity.—*F.*

Fingers and hands must be made easy and rapid in movement during childhood; the lighter the hand, the more perfect the performance.—*E.*

That which is learned in childhood is never forgotten.—*F.*

THE CONTRAPUNCTILIOUS.

They are not satisfied when a young student works out the old classic form, as a master, and according to his own understanding of it; he must do so according to theirs.—*E.*

Music is the most modern of all arts; it commenced as the simple exponent of joy and sorrow (major and minor). The ill-educated man can scarcely believe that it possesses the power of expressing particular passions, and therefore it is diffi-

cult for him to comprehend the more individual masters, such as Beethoven and Schubert. We have learned to express the finer shades of feeling by penetrating more deeply into the mysteries of harmony.—*E.*

The masses demand masses.—*F.*

If you wish to understand a man, you ask him who are his friends; if you want to judge a public, you observe what it applauds, what sort of a physiognomy it presents after listening to music. As music—so different from painting—is the art which we most enjoy when gathered together socially (a symphony, performed in a chamber, would please *one* hearer but little), and which is comprehended by a thousand at once, in one moment; an art which lifts mankind above life, as above a sea, which, instead of swallowing and slaying us, mirrors us like flying genii, until we are laid to repose in Grecian groves,—so there are works, to be respected as the highest, that exert an equal power over different minds, over youth, as over age. I remember to have been present at a performance of the C-minor symphony, and when the passage that leads towards the finale was played—exciting every nerve to the utmost tension—a little boy pressed closer and closer to me, and when I asked him why he did so, he answered—"I am afraid!"—*E.*

There is a difference when Beethoven writes chro-

matic scales, and when Herz does it. (Written after listening to the E-flat major concerto).—*F.*

Great thoughts often circulate in similar words and tones, through different minds.—*F.*

The oldest man was the youngest; the last comer is the oldest; how is it, then, that we accept as laws the rules of past centuries?—*F.*

Your declaration, Florestan, that you admire the pastoral and heroic symphonies less, because Beethoven has so designated them, and thus set limits to our imagination, seems to me to be founded on a just feeling. But if you ask me why, I scarcely know how to answer.—*E.*

Nothing worse can happen to a man, than to be praised by a rascal.—*F.*

The saying, "I have thrown it in the fire," hides a piece of shameless modesty; the world is not rendered unhappy by the loss of an unworthy work; the remark is often but a shameless boast. I detest people who throw their compositions in the fire!—*F.*

Two different readings of the same work are often equally good.—*E.*

The original one is generally the best.—*Raro.*

I grow angry when I am told that a Kalliwoda symphony is not Beethovenian. The lover

of caviare smiles, when a child thinks an apple piquant.—*E.*

There is a "School of Politeness" (by Rumohr); I wonder that nobody has yet thought of writing a "School of Polemics," which would be much richer in ideas. The arts should only be cultivated by people of talent; I mean, that the speech of good-will would be a natural consequence in musical criticism, if one only had to do with talent. But combat is too often a necessary thing. Musical polemics present a still wider field, because few musicians know how to write well, and few authors are practical musicians, neither party thoroughly understanding their business; consequently, musical controversies too often end with a general retreat, or a general embrace. Would the real combatants but make their appearance speedily—those who know how to fight in earnest!—*F.*

TROPICAL MUSIC.

Until now, we have had three principal schools of music—Italian, French, German. How will it be when other nations step in, even from Patagonia? Then some new Kiesewetter will only be able to express his utterances in folios.—*F.*

UNDERSTANDING OF THE PASSING MOMENT, WHILE IT PASSES.

Orlando Furioso could not have written the poem;

could Franz Liszt look steadily into the phantasmagoria of his compositions, these would acquire a clearer form. Only in such an objective manner can the mysteries of mental creativeness be investigated. We must not stand on what we wish to advance. Opposed to this is the coarse materialism of mediæval faces, from whose mouths depended placards with descriptive mottoes.—*F.*

Why not nail every noble Prometheus to the rock, because they brought down the heavenly spark too soon?—*F.*

It is not enough that a newspaper mirrors the present; the critic must be beforehand with the times, and ready armed to fight for the future.—*E.*

We yet need an organ to defend the "music of the future." Only such men could fitly edit it, as the great blind cantor of the Thomas school (Bach), and the great deaf chapel master (Beethoven), who sleeps at Vienna.—*F.*

He who is anxious to preserve his originality, is in danger of losing it.—*E.*

Few strikingly original works of genius have become popular (Don Giovanni?).—*F.*

Do not forestall time; give the old masters as a study to the young, but do not expect them to carry plainness and simplicity to the verge of affectation. Teach them to make an intelligent use of modern technicalities.—*Raro.*

BERLIOZ (1838).

Berlioz has erred in having published so few of his works as yet, in not yet having decided on making an artistic tour through Germany. If he has been so unfortunate as to be sometimes confounded with De Beriot—whom he resembles as little as turtle-soup resembles lemonade—something, at least, is known about him here and there, and Paganini is not his only, though perhaps his greatest, admirer. Our "New Musical Periodical" was the first paper that repeatedly drew public attention to Berlioz, and Leipzig was the first German city in which one of his compositions was performed in public. This was the overture "Les Françs Juges;" a youthful work, with the failings usually attendant on a bold work. It was then played in other cities, Weimar, Bremen, and, if I mistake not, in Berlin also. In Vienna they laughed at it. But Vienna is the city in which Beethoven lived; and there is no place in the world where so little is talked about, or played by Beethoven. There they are afraid of everything new, everything that deviates from the beaten track; even in music, they object to a revolution.—*F.*

GOTTHOLD WEDEL'S PROPOSED GERMANISATION OF FOREIGN MUSICAL TERMS.

Our highly esteemed and witty friend Wedel must have already observed that we think this subject

deserves consideration. Our periodical always Germanises the titles of compositions as much as possible; the eye will grow accustomed to the change, and people will at last wonder why "mit inniger empfindung" is not as suitable as "con gran' espressione,"—nor need it then be written on every page.

But we doubt whether such extraordinary translations as "Bardiet" for "symphony," will ever be accepted, and we cannot approve of them; no one can deprive us of our "Lied," and let us accept "Sonata" and "Rondeau" as they are; it would not be possible to give the same significance to a German translation of them—perhaps, for example, the affected "Klangstueck" or "Tanzstück." Don't carry things to extremes, but throw the "*composées et dédiées*" overboard, however!

In my opinion, it would be a good plan to express these musical terms by a series of symbols, which have more affinity with notes than letters have. How much more quickly the eye takes in the symbol < than its Italian verbal equivalent, "crescendo;" there is a pretty charm in the different signs, bows, lines, &c., used with musical characters, and I have sometimes thought that the style in which composers illustrate their works by signs of expression, enlightens us sooner as to their æsthetic cultivation, than do the very tones they combine.—*F.*

Bad teachers and badly conducted operas are partly the cause of the decline of music. It is almost

incredible how long the influence—based on guidance and cultivation—of the former may endure; sometimes, favourably or injuriously, for an entire generation.—*Raro.*

Falconers tear out the feathers of their hawks, lest they should fly too high.—*F.*

Red is the colour of youth. Oxen and turkeys are always enraged when they see it.—*F.*

Critics and reviewers are not alike; the former stands nearer to the artist, the latter to the mechanic. —*F.*

So that genius exists, it matters little how it appears, whether in the depths, as with Bach; on the heights, as with Mozart; or in the depths and on the heights at once, as with Beethoven.—*F.*

MASTERY.

Long ago I was struck by the rarity of trills in Field's compositions,—except slow ones; beats, rather. Field habitually practised the trill, with great industry, in a pianoforte establishment in London. One day a robust fellow entered, and leaning over an instrument, played a trill, with such roundness and rapidity, standing meanwhile, that Field left the place, observing, that if such a fellow could trill finely, it was not worth *his* while to learn the trick. May we not recognise in similar feelings,

the deep sense of reverence with which men bend before things that are not to be imitated mechanically?—*F.*

DILETTANTEISM.

Beware, Eusebius, of despising the better kind of dilettanteism, so inseparable from artist life. The saying, "No artist, no connaisseur," can only be regarded as a half truth; for we cannot point to any period in which art has really blossomed without reciprocal action between these classes.—*R.*

Thou must invent new and bold melodies.

People say, "It pleased;" or "It did not please." As if there were nothing higher than the art of *pleasing* the public!

It is the artist's lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart.

No one does more than he knows. No one knows more than he does.

The person who is unacquainted with the best things among modern literary productions, is looked upon as uncultivated. We should be at least as advanced as this in music.

Shall dilettanti "pooh-pooh" things aside that have cost artists days, weeks, months, years of reflection?

REMINISCENCES OF A LADY FRIEND.

[By Eusebius.]

In the artistic circle that began to form itself at the beginning of the year 1834, in our city, Henriette Voigt, our lately deceased young friend, occupied a remarkable position; a few words must be devoted to her in these pages, which perhaps may thank the social circle, in which the departed one took so lively an interest, for their establishment. This was principally owing to the co-operation of Ludwig Schunke, her friend and master. Up to the period of her acquaintance with this esteemed artist, Henriette Voigt had been occupied more exclusively with the older school. A pupil of Ludwig Berger in Berlin, she played his compositions with enthusiastic preference, but, besides his, only Beethoven's. We all knew of this; and as Florestan finds it difficult to agree with the so-called lady Beethovenians, it was a long time before he, with Schunke, made this acquaintance, the consequences of which were so happy and eventful. But an artist needed only to make one visit to that house, before feeling himself thoroughly at home. Over the grand pianoforte hung the portraits of the great masters; a choice musical library stood conveniently for reference; it seemed that Apollo was the master of the house, and

Music its presiding divinity; and host and hostess anticipated every wish that a musician could form. Many foreign and then yet unknown visitors will remember this hospitable house. Schunke became at home there immediately; by him Henriette's attention was directed to the modern tendencies that had made their way since the deaths of Beethoven and Weber. Then Schubert was taken up; and no compositions more quickly excite musical sympathy than his for four hands, which persuade heart and intellect more quickly than words. Then came the turn of Mendelssohn and Chopin; the enchantments of the former awakened a feeling that amounted to reverence in the lady, while she rather preferred to hear the compositions of the latter played by others, than to play them herself.* Another respected guest of the house was counsellor Rochlitz, who delighted to hear the lives and deeds of modern artists described by the lady, or their works, as she interpreted them in her playing. She also entertained a lively correspondence with many famous artists, and did not exclude foreign names from her sympathy. She who had in a great measure called this delightful life, with its pleasures, duties, and relationships, into being, was only too soon deprived of, and withdrawn from, it. Ludwig

* Madame Henrietta Voigt, the lady to whom these reminiscences are dedicated, was a musical and cultivated lady, the wife of Her Carl Voigt, a Leipzig merchant. In the fanciful Davidite Society, Madame Voigt was sometimes called Aspasia, sometimes Leonora. (*Tr.*)

Schunke's illness began to take a threatening form in the year 1834. He could not have found a more devoted nurse than our friend, and if human hands could have disarmed death, such power would have been hers, who inspired him with courage, and bestowed consolation until his last moments. He died, too young, before he had reached his goal as an artist, but unforgotten, and well-beloved of many. Many artists afterwards knocked at the door of the hospitable and well-known house, and many new ties were formed; but none became so profound and complete in their nature as that had been; the broken string re-echoed long after. Five years later she died of the same illness, consumption, illusive disease, which nature so kindly hides from the declining one, that he sometimes seems to gain strength daily; and our patient was so strangely deceived, until the day when sinister presentiments overcame her, that she found it impossible to believe death approaching, and even gathered fresh hopes of life from those very presentiments. Up to the last moment she retained her devotion to music and musicians, proving it even in her smallest actions, as when she purchased fruits and flowers, to send, openly or secretly, according to circumstances, to some admired artist. Schunke's grave was often decked with garlands by her; she had previously caused a monument to be erected over it. In every way she contributed to the success and happiness of music and musicians; favourable circumstances, and

the approbation of a husband who never denied to her any favourite wish, enabled her to do this.

Her album was an object of especial care; it was her dearest treasure, nor would she have exchanged it for the most precious jewels; nearly all the distinguished musicians of to-day had a place in it. Her letters were remarkable for their easy grace; these, with the answers of her correspondents, would form a very interesting collection, from which we find it difficult to make a selection here, as they principally touch on events of too recent occurrence. In her diary she wrote prose and poetry by turns, generally treating of art and artists; her mind was seldom at rest, as she felt that something should be done for the progress of music every day. With all this, she was a pattern housewife and mother.

Her playing possessed all the good qualities of Ludwig Berger's school; it was correct, elegant, and easy, though not without restlessness when many listeners were present. She remained so long faithful to the tradition of her fundamental school, that it was not without difficulty that she could be brought to make use of the enlivening pedal. But we never heard her play a single bad composition, and she never encouraged anything inferior; though sometimes obliged, as a hostess, to endure it, she betrayed her displeasure by her silence, in spite of the regard she might feel towards the artist in question personally.

In the winter of 1836, Ludwig Berger gave her the pleasure of visiting her, and living in her house for some time. The letter announcing this may be inserted here as characteristic:—

"DRESDEN, *October 24th*, 1836.

"BEST AND DEAREST JETTY,—After long delay, the hour of trial for you also, has at last appeared! Meet it, then, with Christian resignation; for no one can escape his destiny.

"This very week, on Thursday or Friday, perhaps, some one will knock at your door, imploring shelter for a few days and nights, with homeopathic fare; nor need the *menu* be long or various—soups and plainly-dressed meat will suffice! His request and desire will be: to meet Mesdames Voigt and Lipsia, and a few male friends and acquaintances. Then he hopes to sell some of his own—ill or well-bred—children, of legal or left-handed marriages, when with you; some are comely, others ungraceful enough, but it is now time for them all to make their own way in the world. The visitor will bring a pair of them with him; the rest he purposes to sell in a sack, or else they must be slaughtered with the once celebrated club of the Müncheberg gate. But, dear Jetty, don't be too seriously alarmed. You, your dear lord and house-warden (Hausvoigt), and daughter, may rejoice beforehand about the visit of your old friend; and be sure that you meet him merrily and civilly with 'Come in, come in, dear

good friend! You are heartily welcome if you can content yourself among simple, quiet people, best old friend, LUDWIG BERGER,

Of Berlin."

He departed this life only a few months before his pupil, in February of the same year. In Henrietta's diary we find a poem on his death, in which the following passage occurs:—

Immerdar künd' ich mit Luſt, was Du uns als Denkmal gelaſſen,
Was Du begeiſtert ſchufſt, was Du, ein Künſtler, uns gabſt.
Höheren Strebens erfüllt, blieb fremd Dir das Niedre, Gemeine,
Was aus der Bruſt Dir quoll, mahnt an die beſſere Zeit,
Wo noch die heilige Kunſt, veredelnd die Herzen der Menge,
Nicht nur durch äußeren Glanz Sänger und Hörer verband.
Schmerzlich erfüllt uns das Bild, auch Du zur Ruhe gegangen,
Einer der Wenigen noch, die da geſchützet ihr Recht — —

Am 24. Febr. 1839.

But her nature will be better understood by a few passages from her diary, than through my descriptions:—

August 31*st*, 1836.—"I cannot avoid regarding the present tendency of music as that of a period of transition (I except certain events and creations), which must result in better and clearer things for the future. It is a combat and a struggle, but victory is not far distant."

September 10*th*, 1836.—"Why do people learn so many languages in our day? Truly, but to repeat the same insipidities with many tongues.

Would every one speak and write his mother-tongue correctly!"

September 13th.—"Chopin was here yesterday, and played for half an hour on my grand pianoforte—fantasies and new *études* of his own. Interesting man—yet more interesting performance—he affected me to a most uncommon degree. The sensitiveness of his imaginative style and character communicates itself immediately to the sensitive hearer: I held my breath while I listened. Wonderful is the airy grace with which his fingers glide, almost fly, over the key board, producing a velvet-like tone. I cannot deny that he enchanted me to a degree, and in a manner to which I had been until now a stranger. And I was also especially delighted with his childlike, natural demeanour; it was the same, too, when he played."

October 10th.—"How strangely our early, childish likes and dislikes cling to us in later years! I always felt an aversion to rope-dancers' and equestrians' feats, and the same feeling seems to have glided into my artistic views; for if a virtuoso chances to astonish me for a moment, the wonder is immediately replaced by involuntary repugnance. No rope dancing in music for me; it profanes the sanctuary. Artificiality is not art—but how often are these mistaken for each other in our day! All art must rest on nature; for though the younger and more aspiring sister strives towards a more intellectual sphere, her very foundations are rooted in her prede-

cessor—can art exist independent of nature,—a world without a divinity? Yet how often is the God forgotten!"

October 20th.—"What true pleasure I enjoyed to-day, while gazing, as it were, into a highly refined and uncommon mind! I read an article by Moscheles on Schumann's sonata, and thought it a masterpiece of clearness and insight; he always sees the precise truth, and gives us, in a few words, the most perfect judgment possible. How delightful it is to gather such golden fruit in an epoch that seems choked with unripe growths! If Moscheles had been here, he would have envied me for the pleasure I felt in his own words."

October 21st.—"How well Moscheles describes father Haydn's exquisite symphony in B-flat major! —and what sunny clearness I felt in that music to-day! Its tones breathe a celestial euphony, ignorant of the satiety of life, and only exciting pleasure, cheerfulness, delight in life, childlike happiness;—what great qualities in an epoch like ours, a morbid musical epoch, when one so seldom feels any *inward* contentment from art!"

November 3rd.—"Mendelssohn played Beethoven's G-major concerto to-day with a perfection and power that carried everything before it. It was one of the happiest moments of my life, and I sat motionless and almost breathless, for fear of disturbing my own joy. But what a bore it was to hear commonplace talk at the end of it—people exchanging their clever

remarks and opinions! I left the hall, and went out into the fresh air."

February 20th, 1837.—"I never felt so deeply the meaning of the Lord's prayer as to-day, when kneeling by my child's bed; with how much fervour I prayed, and how well I knew that in God's own presence my knees were bent!"

June 11th.—"I cannot understand—what I nevertheless see every day—how mothers can find it in their hearts to send their children away, to obtain breathing time for themselves! I can only breathe freely when my child is there; otherwise I have no repose. How can they deprive themselves of the pleasure of seeing their children as often and as long as possible?"

March 13th, 1838.—"Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' is a model work, and if any of his compositions will render him immortal, surely it is this oratorio. I said so after the first rehearsal, in which I sang, when everything went directly to my ear and heart; and now my opinion seems borne out by the reception which this work meets with everywhere. How fortunate are we, who hear it brought out under the master's own direction!"

April 12th.—"What a melancholy impression I always receive when I hear the performances of a family of virtuosos! When the whole existence of a man is spent on mechanism, he squanders the very essence of his mind! How sad the playing of children makes me—poor unripe or over-ripe crea-

tures, whipped to music, or whose music has been whipped into them! I cannot admire; I pity, in disgust, and long to lead the poor things into other paths."

April 25th.—"The opinion—thought or spoken—of the world, becomes more and more indifferent to me. I know people say of me, that I play a great deal, and live up to my favourite caprices and occupations; while in reality, weeks pass by without my finding leisure to open the pianoforte. They think I practise, read, or do anything rather than write these lines while others sleep or spend the precious moments in company. However, when a human being has higher aspirations, it is possible to think, watch, and progress, under any circumstances, and even while performing a lower order of labours. Few people understand this sort of progress; they fancy it is only to be found in study; but that cannot always be the case, for many studious heads produce nothing but sticks and straw."

September 15th.—"To-day we sang 'St. Paul' in the illuminated church. This year as well as last, I practised at every rehearsal, and now know the work by heart. I cannot remember any that impresses me with such a happy feeling as this; it is so full of exalted, yet deeply sincere sentiment. What delight, to sing it under his direction, to perform it according to his own wishes!"

September 22nd.—"To-day I was in a store where the novelties of the fair were displayed in great

quantities, and all were articles of dress! What a crowd of buyers and sellers, rushing and hurrying like insane people! Pushing each other about, and losing their senses about wearing apparel! In spite of myself, the tears came into my eyes, and I felt unhappy. Why and to what end is all this striving? I thought. Not to live: to decorate life, then? There are people who would cover even our Creator with artificial flowers!"

Her diary for 1839 contains nothing but these few words of foreboding:—

January 3rd, 1839.—"With anxiety I greet the new year. Will it bring me joy or sorrow? Will its close still find me on earth? Courage and faith! God will aid me certainly, however it may be!"

THE CITY AND COMMUNAL MUSICAL UNION OF KYRITZ.

[A droll occurrence, related by Florestan, and symbolically referring to circumstances that happened in a famous musical city.]

THE little city of Kyritz has always been distinguished by its love for music. There are villages devoted to chess-playing, others that possess an entire theatrical establishment; but Kyritz resembled the great house of some musical magnate, from the windows of which musical instruments may be

heard sounding all day and all night. Every one there was musical, from the cantor down to the watchman. But those who should suppose harmony at home in Kyritz, would find themselves mistaken. Secret parties had long been forming within its breast; had not whole groups of piping, blowing, and fiddling dependents gathered before the door of the principal drummer of the regiment, Fresser (a declared romanticist), on Walpurgis night, with the intention of proceeding, under their chief, to the house of the chief bellows-blower, Kniff (the leader of the opposite musical party), in order to serenade him with the overture "Les Francs Juges," and other nonsense, while Kniff ordered his players to strike up "The Caliph of Bagdad" in opposition? It was a hideous noise, this combat between the old and the new; all Kyritz was in effervescence. But matters became much more involved. Every one in Kyritz was acquainted with Lippe the hairdresser and band player, who played every instrument, every one badly. It was Lippe who had dressed the hair of Lafont and hundreds of others in Paris, yet whom the Government had, notwithstanding, transported and escorted home; a confounded wind-bag, who made love to Fresser's daughter, while he assured Kniff that he would exterminate all Fresser's romanticists, as they deserved. At the bottom of his heart, however, he hated both parties, though he hoped to elevate himself on their shoulders to the musical dictatorship of Kyritz, and eventually to wed Fresser's

pretty Sabina. Kyritz, how wast thou dazzled, when thou didst believe in the following article of faith, signed G. S., which appeared in thy weekly paper! "Music, which should be the harmony of the eternally beautiful, which ought to unite God and humanity more closely, has for some time led to the most deplorable results in our city. Might not such occasions be avoided by a combination of our resident notabilities? And would not this be most easily reached by the formal establishment of a "City and Communal Musical Union," similar to the societies that are to be found elsewhere? Could not honorary members be chosen also (and corresponding ones also, of course), and might not our excellent Mayor Kaulfuss be induced to accept the presidency of this union?"

Lippe's affairs were at this time in a bad state. He had many debts and few customers; his playing, like his hairdressing, was superficial, though he was more industrious in the former, more talented at the latter; he was but half musician, half hairdresser. He now clung to music with all his strength, until the Kyritzers' hair and wigs slipped through his artistic fingers; but he declared that he would leave the finest head à la Titus half dressed, rather than lose a note of Mozart's "Tito." The day after that famous notice appeared in the paper, he scurried about the streets, with the flocks of frightened geese flying before him. He ran from house to house, with the statutes of the communal society in his pocket,

threatening everybody with honorary membership; even the worthy Kaulfuss hesitated an instant, and smilingly acquiesced, handing Lippe a peruke to be dressed,—and other perukes followed this one. Lippe already foresaw his own triumph, and set Fresser's and Kniff's partisans at each other's ears worse than ever, in order to draw benefit to himself from their discord. Heavy storm clouds hung over Kyritz; but the piping, and fiddling, and blowing, went on madly. In the midst of the uproar it was heard: "Where is Lippe? The rascal! the wind-bag! the braggart!" His lantern betrayed him, and—but we will draw a veil over the scene. Rarely has a man been thrashed to such complete satisfaction—of his friends. The hornists blew in his ears, the violinists drew their bows over his lips, two little drummers hung to his ankles, until Fresser, satisfied with his victory, sounded a retreat.

During the hurly-burly, a couple of Davidites came towards the city gate, and cut through the parties. While Lippe was borne, half dead, to the suburb where he lived, they laughingly noted down the occurrence described above.

THE OLD CAPTAIN.

WHILE the storm raved furiously at my windows yesterday, seeming to drive complaining voices before it, thy form arose upon my mental sight, poetic old

captain, and caused me to forget the tumult without, in quiet thoughts of thee.

In the year 183–, a thin, dignified form had taken a place in our circle, we scarcely knew how. No one knew his name, no one asked whence he came or whither he went; he was known as "the old captain." He sometimes remained away for weeks, and then he would come every day, especially when we had music, and then he sat quietly in a corner, as though he fancied himself unseen, leaning his head in his hands, but sometimes making thoughtful, admirable observations on what was performed. "Eusebius," said I one day, "our wild, romantic life needs a harper out of 'Wilhelm Meister;' how would it be if we took the old captain for one, allowing him to retain his incognito?"

And he retained it a long time. But, little as he alluded to himself, and carefully as he avoided any allusion to his circumstances, "correct information" at last firmly established the fact that he was a Herr von Breitenbach, a retired officer, formerly of the ——sian Service, with sufficient means for his own wants, and a love for the society of artists sufficient to induce him to give them all he possessed if necessary; and—what was of yet more consequence—he had journeyed, partly on foot, to Rome, London, Paris, and Petersburg, where he had seen and heard the most distinguished musicians; then he played Beethoven's concertos charmingly, as well as Spohr's for the violin, which he used to carry inside his travelling coat on his

journeys. Besides this, he had painted the portraits of all his friends in his album; he read Thucidides, studied mathematics, wrote wonderful letters, &c.

There was some truth in all this, we found on closer acquaintance. But we could not verify the reports of his musical powers, until Florestan accidentally overheard him, and returning home, told us in confidence that the captain's playing was fearful, and that he must beg his (Florestan's) pardon because he had been overheard. It reminded him of the ancedote about old Zelter, who, walking through the streets of Berlin with Chamisso one evening, overheard pianoforte playing, and listened to it for a while, then seizing Chamisso's arm, said, "Come along, that fellow's music is only fit for his own ears." Of course he is lacking in firm mechanism. But as his deeply poetic eye was able to reach at one glance the heights and depths of Beethoven, he did not commence his musical studies with scales and a master, but with Spohr's concerto (the "Gesangs Scene"), and Beethoven's last great B-flat major sonata. We have been assured that he practised each of these pieces for ten years. Sometimes he would joyfully inform us that the sonata was growing obedient, and we should soon hear it from him; sometimes he told us in a discouraged manner, that though he often reached the summit, it was only to be again precipitated below; and yet he could not avoid making the attempt once more.

But if his practical knowledge was not very great,

it was certainly a great enjoyment to see him listening to music. I never played better, or more gladly, to any man, than to him. His presence was inspiring; I mastered him, led him whither I would, and yet it seemed as if I received all my power from him. And when he began to speak, in a clear, soft voice, about the high value of art, his ideas seemed to proceed from a source above us, so clear, impersonal, and true were they. He did not know what the word "blame" meant. When he was obliged to listen to something insignificant, one saw that it had no existence for him; as a child knows not sin, so in him a feeling for what is vulgar or trivial had not yet been awakened.

For several years he came and went among us, always regarded as some beneficent supernatural being might be; but lately he remained away for a longer time than usual. We supposed he was on one of those long pedestrian excursions that he made every year, until one evening we read, in a newspaper announcement, of his death.

Eusebius wrote the following epitaph upon him:— "Beneath these flowers I dream, a silent chord. I cannot wake my own strings to music, but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me. The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee."

REPORT OF THE LAST HISTORICO-ARTISTIC BALL AT EDITOR ——'S.

[Addressed to Jeanquirit in Augsburg.]

READ and wonder, my dear friend! the editor of the most modern "Musical Times" is accustomed to give, at least once a year, a sort of art-historical ball; the guests suppose it is given on their account; the rogue laughs quietly to himself, however, for this is the only way he can escape the tiresome reviewal of dance music, and grow clear, at the same time, about its impression on the public, awakening lively criticisms on the subject at the feast. You should learn to know our host. Reports had indeed reached me regarding the small amount of really danceable music, which we, as its machinists, were expected to polish underfoot; but why need a young artist refuse such an invitation on that account? On the contrary, we chose to march in herds, like sacrificial oxen, through the ball-room. Then the editor has daughters, whom we might hope to impress favourably,—one uncommonly tall, who writes a good many reviews, and then a younger one, something of a painter already, innocence itself,—a maiden, Jeanquirit, who has brought limitless misery on me! But I wished for you more than ever on that evening. Composers promenaded up and down, pretty mothers of young lady performers, the —— ambassador with

his sister, music publishers, a couple of rich Jewesses, Davidites leaning against the pillars,—in short, it was difficult for me to conduct the assistant-editress (the giantess is called Ambrosia) through the crowd to the first polonaise. Here is the programme of dances :—

First Part.

Great pathetic polonaise, by J. Novakowski, opus 11.
Waltz, by F. Chopin, opus 12.
Four mazurkas, by J. Brzowsky, opus 8.
Six four-hand waltzes, by C. H. Zöllner.
Grand polonaise, by F. Ries, opus 174.

During the intermission, boleros, by Chopin, opus 19.

Second Part.

Three four-hand polonaises, by C. Krägen, opus 15.
Grand bravura waltz, by Liszt, opus 6.
Four mazurkas, by C. Wolff, opus 5.
Two polonaises, by Chopin, opus 22.

We talked a great deal together; for instance, of the peculiar nature of the polonaise, and how, even in it, we show ourselves to be German, and how we dance after the most varied nationalities, and how Strauss has been our real saviour in this respect (and only in this, interposed Ambrosia), and how the last measure of the polonaise makes me melancholy, &c. "Since the conquest of Warsaw," said my

partner, "I have always felt, in dancing the polonaise, a fear lest the Kosacks might step in with their veto. Poor Poles!" she sighed; "Beda cannot play Chopin without tears."—"How nobly you feel," said I, "and how charmingly melodious is the polonaise we are dancing, by the new Polish composer!"—"Indeed, the trio pleases me much," said she, "but how much *à la* Chopin it is!"—And so she dragged the Romantic school into the conversation twice, to obtain my views about it. With all the slyness and amiability I could call up, I endeavoured to impress her favourably on my own account, and for the sake of my future works; but the oftener she turned her languishing eyes upon me, the more difficult it became. At last, thank heaven, the dance was ended. On leaving me, she whispered, "To be led to the last polonaise, Chopin's, by so artistic a hand, would"——"Would make me very happy," of course I continued, bowing. A battle was won, but now began the romance. My next thought was to secure Beda, the youngest sister, for the waltz by Chopin. I was enchanted with her angelic face, which I saw for the first time that evening, delighted with the dance, and charmed to hear from the disappointed Eusebius that she, blushing, had just refused to dance it with him. If I ever floated rejoicingly on the air, it was at that moment. To be sure, I was only able to coax a "yes" from her now and then, but it was always pronounced so soulfully, so finely shaded according to its various meanings, that I became as

ecstatic as any nightingale. Beda, thought I, would rather be silent than pronounce a contradictory no; I could scarcely understand how she had refused to dance with Eusebius. And now, while Chopin's body and soul inspiring waltz veiled us in its soft dark flood, while Beda gazed pensively towards the assembly, I gently led the conversation to Chopin himself. She scarcely heard his name pronounced, when she looked towards me with kind, wide-opened eyes. "You know him?"—"Yes," I said.—"And you have heard him, have conversed with him?" Her whole frame seemed to become transfigured. And then I told her that I should never forget how I had seen him sitting at the pianoforte like a visionary seer, and how his playing seemed a dream evoked by himself, and how it was his habit, at the close of every piece, to strike the keys with one finger up and down, as if to tear himself forcibly from his dream, and how careful he was obliged to be of his delicate health; and then she came nearer to me in anxious joy, and wished to know more and more about him. Chopin, handsome robber of hearts, I never envied thee until that moment! I was stupid, however, stupid, Jeanquirit, nothing but the pencil that for the first time brought the living likeness of her saint closely before her. At the close she said, "I am childish, but I will confess to you that, without ever having seen him, I have painted his picture; I will bring it, and you shall say whether it is correct, but you must not tell any one else about it." And

then she pressed my hand. At parting I invited her to another dance. She said she was engaged for all except the last polonaise by Chopin, and she would gladly dance that with me. I cannot tell you, my friend, how tedious I found the next dances. But I made one discovery, by means of which I shall revenge myself on the double-tongued editor and ball-giver of the evening. As I was walking up and down in a dimly-lighted side-room, I chanced to see a tuning-fork and a sheet of paper. To my surprise I read as follows:—"Mazurkas by Brzowsky: comical, unclear, flat stuff; more nasal than chest tones, yet not wholly uninteresting.—Waltzes by Zöllner: rather tedious and undanceable, but clever, and rather too good for dance-music; they seem to have been written by an organist for a colleague's wedding;" and so on. Laying down the paper and walking on, I saw the editor return, and from the other side of the curtains I watched him writing, while he often struck the tuning-fork. When a dance was over, he softly opened the door leading into the ball-room, apparently to catch the *vox populi*, and then wrote on. I pitied the man he was criticising. While I was attentively watching, some one came behind me and put his hands over my eyes. I was almost angry when I recognised in the jester a Flemish fagotto-player, a certain Monsieur De Knapp,—a face that looks like the war-cry of scandal, not to mention his baldness, and the immoral cast of his nose; a poor fingerer, who hates

me because I once gave him to understand in Brussels that "a fagotto-player who cannot also play the violin like Paganini does not need to torment himself in my presence;" in short, whenever I think of him, I discover a whole Shakespearian dictionary of abuse within me. "Excuse the joke," said he (he is an intimate friend in the editorial mansion, and Ambrosia's acknowledged shawl-bearer), "but Fraülein Beda is now beginning the boleros." Reason enough for me to turn my back on him. You know this tender composition, this intoxicating picture of Southern glow and timidity, of reserve and abandonment; the lovely, enthusiastic Beda at the pianoforte, the picture of her adored composer within her heart, perhaps now resting upon it, before it is shown to me. I rushed away as the last thought struck me, with no other hope save in the final polonaise to come. Events now crowded upon me. Let me pass over the next polonaises (the composer himself was present—a pleasant, gentle sort of man, like his polonaises). Ambrosia hammered more out of the Liszt waltz than she was aware of, perspiring visibly meanwhile. "Such a monster can only be vanquished by the courageous," I whispered in her ear, "and you do well not to spare yourself." She smiled sweetly on me. There were now only a few mazurkas to go through with before the dance with Beda, which was to decide the fate of the evening. The fine melodies of these dances followed me as I once again found myself beside the curtain behind which the editor

walked up and down. I had scarcely taken my place there, when some one again blinded my eyes. Finding De Knapp behind me again, I said to him, "It is scarcely allowable to repeat a joke; no one has a right even to attempt *no joke*." And as De Knapp does not understand much German, I translated it into Flemish for him with my eyes. "Excuse me, *mon cher*," he stuttered, "but Fraülein Ambrosia waits for the polonaise." And now I fully realised my dreadful position. Had I not engaged Beda for the same dance? On the other hand, would Ambrosia ever forgive me? Would she not hereafter dip the arrows of love, with which she now besieges me, in critical *aqua toffana*, and bring me down with a storm of notes? One glance at Beda,—I gave up all hope of the laurel, and seizing her hand, I led her to the dance. Friend, you know I can bear much—champagne or sorrow—but to move by her side to such music, to float through æther on pinions of flame with such a maiden,—I could scarcely support myself for giddiness. I took care not to remind her of Chopin, lest she should drive me down like a criminal from this lovely, blessed height. But when she asked me whether she might show me the portrait, I grasped it mechanically. The picture was admirably painted, the head a likeness, even to that revolutionary trait round Chopin's mouth; but the figure was somewhat too large. Leaning backwards slightly, he shaded his eyes with his hand, while they sparkled brightly in the gloom; in the background,

flashes of lightning seemed to illumine the whole. "Good!" said I, somewhat roughly perhaps, for she asked me whether the picture reminded me of anything sad in the past. "No," I answered; "rather of the future." Stiffly and silently I continued the dance. Ambrosia, who sat partnerless and biting her lips near De Knapp, moved away as we approached her. De Knapp hastily whispered something to Beda; she grew pale, and, excusing herself, said she could not dance any longer. You may imagine my surprise! But the sight of De Knapp recalled me to myself; and when, at the end of the dance, he let fall to a third party some remark about my "intolerable behaviour to a daughter of the house," I of course challenged him without more ado.

I was greatly surprised, however, when Eusebius, beckoning me into a corner with a mysterious air, told me that Beda had refused to dance with him on my account; Father Editor had forbidden her to accept me, Florestan, for a partner, because I was an orthodox Romanticist, a three-quarter Faust, who was to be avoided like a Liszt composition. Beda had mistaken us for each other on account of our great similarity, and had on this account left me during the last dance, after De Knapp had whispered to her the real state of the case. And yet this editor, this unimaginative brain, whose critical tuning-fork-behaviour I will yet unmask to the world, actually requested me, on the door-step, to contribute something about the dance-music I had just listened to

for his next number, assuring me that he hoped to attach me to his house (Ambrosia wants a husband, I suppose), and so on. That I should answer confusedly was to be expected; but I never shall forgive myself for standing before him like a sheep and saying nothing, on Beda's account; or rather Chopin was the cause of it all.—*F.*

Postscript.—As I foresaw, No. 37 contains a review of our Carnival: "Here is another monster onion, in face of which, notwithstanding, we are unable to weep, from pure pity. Composers should allow their works to pass the equator before they uncork them, and should not suppose that a legion of noughts will add value to their ideas," &c.—*N.B.*—De Knapp *skedaddled* last night!

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KEYS.

A GREAT deal has been said on both sides; the truth, as usual, lies in the middle. With as little truth can we say that this or that feeling, in order to be correctly expressed in music, must be translated in but one especial key (anger, for example, in C sharp minor), as that we can agree with Zelter, who

declares that any feeling may be expressed in any key. The analysation of this question was already commenced in the past century; the poet Schubart especially professed to have found in some keys the characteristic expression of some feelings. Though a great deal of poetic tenderness is to be found in his characterisation, though he was the first to signalise the great differences that exist between the major and minor scales, there is too much small description, epithet, and specification in his work—though this would be well enough were it all correctly applied. For instance, he calls E minor a girl dressed in white, with a rose-coloured breastknot! In G minor he finds discontent, discomfort, worrying anxiety about an unsuccessful plan, ill-tempered gnawing at the bit. Now compare this idea with Mozart's symphony in G minor—that floating Grecian grace! —or Moscheles' concerto in G minor! No one will deny that a composition, transposed from its original key into another, produces a different effect, or that this alteration is produced by a difference in the character of the keys: only try the "Désir" waltz in A major, or the "Bridal Chorus" in B major! The new key seems contradictory to the feeling; the normal state of mind which every composition awakens is carried into a foreign sphere. The process by means of which the composer selects this or that principal key for the expression of his feelings is as little explainable as the creative process of genius itself, which chooses a certain

form as the vehicle in which to enclose a thought with certainty. The composer will select the right key without more reflection than the painter employs in choosing his colours. A good idea—had we space for it—would be to compare the predominant character of classic master-works set in the same keys, in order to discover whether or not a stereotyped character had or had not gradually established itself in each key during various epochs. The difference between major and minor must be granted beforehand. The former is the active, manly principle; the latter, the suffering, the feminine. Simple feelings demand simple keys; the more complicated ones require those that more rarely meet the ear. Thus one might observe the rising and falling of the temperature of feeling by means of the interwoven succession of dominant chords, and accept F sharp—the middle point in the octave, the so-called tritone—as the highest point, which again descends through the flat keys to the simple, unadorned C major.

GUTENBERG FESTIVAL IN LEIPSIC.

OUR art also assisted,—with her wonderful power in touching the masses, joyfully or sorrowfully,—to ennoble this festival (1840). And we must consider it as a happy accident that two composers,—the agreeable creations, in a certain style, of one of whom

have rendered him well known throughout Germany, while the fame of the other is European,—reside among us; and that they only needed a suggestion to become interested in the festival. Certainly the musical portion of a festival is not the smallest, and everything was arranged on this occasion with such an understanding.

For the eve of the festival, Herr Albert Lortzing wrote a new comic opera, "Haus Sachs," which is said to exceed all his former compositions in pleasing freshness and lightness. I was not present at the representation, but am told that it was most satisfactory to the audience, and gratifying to the composer. Many numbers were redemanded, and there was no lack of applause, showers of wreaths, and recalls. A second performance will take place in a few days. For the festival itself, the unveiling of a press at work, and the Gutenberg statue (which had been preceded, at eight o'clock in the morning, by an ecclesiastical celebration, and a cantata *d'occasion* by Herr Richter, director of the Singing Society of Zittau), Dr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy composed a cantata for two male choruses with trumpet accompaniment, &c., to words by Herr M. Prölz of Freiberg, which was sung early on Wednesday in the open market-place. The at first threatening sky had cleared, and the whole scene presented a most impressive aspect. One chorus was directed by Dr. Mendelssohn, the other by concert-master David. Every one knows how difficult it is to render music

effective in the open air. A hundred voices more or less scarcely make a shade of difference more or less. In so large a space, the composition, joyful and characteristic as it is, ought to have been sung by at least a thousand throats. This, however, is a bold wish, allowable to express, but difficult to realise. But where music would have been most effective—at the moment of unveiling—it was missing; this was overlooked. The whole assemblage was then at the height of expectation and excitement; the introduction of music here—perhaps precisely what was afterwards sung, "A firm fortress is our God"—would have been exceedingly effective. The following day was fully occupied with the festivities that other papers report in full.

Yesterday afternoon a great musical performance took place in the Thomas Church, on the spot where Sebastian Bach so often exercised his noble art, now practised by his most admiring disciple, who leads great masses with so energetic a hand. The performance was very brilliant, and every corner of the church was filled. Chorus and orchestra numbered about five hundred. The works brought out were Weber's "Jubilee" overture, accompanied by the organ at the close in "God save the King;" Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum;" and a "Hymn of Praise" by Mendelssohn. It is not necessary to say anything of the two first world-famous compositions. But the last was new, and completed on purpose for the festival by its composer; a few words respecting it

may therefore be welcome to his distant admirers. Mendelssohn, who is always so correct in the baptism of his works, has named it "Hymn of Praise." But the hymn itself is preceded by three orchestral symphonic movements, so that its form may be compared to that of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, save for the distinguishing difference, that the three orchestral movements proceed without any pause between them—an innovation in the symphonic form. Yet this form can scarcely be termed a happily selected one for its especial aim. However, the work was enthusiastically received, and in its choral numbers especially must be counted among the master's freshest and most charming creations. Every one who has followed the progress of his labours knows what this means, after such great performances as have preceded this. We did not intend to give a detailed description, but we must mention a duet, interrupted by a chorus, "I waited for the Lord," at the conclusion of which a whisper rustled through the entire assemblage,—which means more in a church than loud applause in a concert-hall. It was like a glance into a heaven filled with the Madonna eyes of Raphael. And thus the celebration of the discovery of intellectual light brought to light a new work, for which we all should express our gratitude to its creator; and may we all, like the composer who has so nobly set the words to music, for ever "abjure the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light."

*THE PRIZE SYMPHONY.**

[In order to render the meaning of No. 2 clear, it was necessary for us to publish the following, by Gottschalk Wedel (A. von Zuccalmaglio)].

I.

A GREAT many waking dreams stand noted on my tablets; why then should I hesitate about relating a genuine one? I dreamt last night that I had determined to win the prize offered by the Art Union of Vienna for the best symphony. I had made up my mind that the Viennese judges favoured the new French school of art, which already begins to make its appearance here and there in Germany, and that I must make myself master of this in order to succeed. I did so, far more easily in my dream than I could have done when awake, and when it was accomplished —in about the time one usually takes to change one's shirt—I reflected:—Glück, the Ritter, when he created his "Iphigenia," used to recline on fresh green meadow turf, while a flask of champagne lay cooling under a tuft of wild flowers; Sarti used to work in

* The first part of this article was written by a contributor to Schumann's paper, Herr Anton von Zuccalmaglio, who wrote under the pseudonyms of Wilhelm von Waldbrühl and Gottschalk Wedel der Dorfküster. It was intended as a satire on Berlioz's manner of composition, with which the writer felt no sympathy. The second part—by Schumann himself—refers to the symphony written by Lachner, which gained the prize offered for the best new symphony (and which Zuccalmaglio feared might have been obtained by Berlioz) by the directors of the Concerts Spirituels at Vienna in 1835.—TR.

the silent night hours, shut up in empty rooms, while Cimarosa conceived the idea of his "Matrimonio Segreto" amid the merry tumult of gay society; Sacchini was inspired by the companionship of his young wife, while Traetta pursued his reflections within the pillared forest of the cathedral; old Paer's inexhaustible fountain of melody flowed forth while he sat opposite to his friends, and Father Haydn always saw that his dress was daintily arranged, his peruque carefully combed, before he placed himself at his *clavier*, and entered his own world of tone. Zingarelli read the Church Fathers to gather inspiration for his "Romeo e Giulietta," while Marc Antonio Anfossi, on the other hand, had the table spread with savoury viands, and worked away at roast capon and sucking-pig, according to the measure of his inspiration. Like an elfin king, Mozart best loved to gather the ever dewy, ever blooming flowers of his art on clear moonlight nights amid the haunted forests, while Rossini wrote how, when, and where people wanted his music, and Paesiello most willingly followed the chase of fancy, as I now do, in bed. But not one of these artists, not one of the equally famous unmentioned here, placed himself in a position to compose a symphony like that which whispers in my head,—such a one as modern progress demands. To do so, we must visit the Rabenstein, and ascend the scaffold. All the ordinary events of life have been so long and so often repeated, that no one cares to write, much less to

read them more ; so storytellers now give us extraordinary events, and Paris offers us neatly copied infernal machines, pillories, and gunpowder-plots, that cannot fail to impress every respectable man. It is the same thing in music ; and we Germans are old fogies to believe that music came to an end in the bardic—is not the word very suitable to a symphony?—works of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven ; that their compositions are of any account, or that it is worth a cultivated man's while to listen to them. We must acknowledge that Berlioz the Frank has opened a new path, that he has been the first to follow up that which good Father Haydn tapped in his "Child's Symphony," and Beethoven discovered in his "Battle of Vittoria."

We must remember that a well-chosen sign fills a tavern or a shop, that man is not fed with bread alone, but also with words ; a superscription, and a good one, is necessary to our work ; therefore, instead of giving up my bardic hero to the use of opium, condemning him to the galleys or the scaffold—instead, indeed, of creating such a hero at all, I will simply baptize each movement with the name that seems most suitable to it.

I will write "Lamennais" over my introductory movement, long sustained, capriciously broken up, yet undertaken with such wild fury that the wondrous saint, my advocate, shall not be offended. Balzac shall be the flood that bestows the first baptism. And then life begins to grow merry, and the devil

and a spice of madness mingles with it (this cannot fail to prove effective), especially as in the ensuing slow movement I place Victor Hugo, and under his banner invent a dance of death such as no Holbein has yet painted. I shall not forget my minuet, and, to make it as enticing as possible, shall dedicate it to the intellectual Madame Dudevant, the *bayadere* of the day, whose sensuous pirouettes enchant the refined aristocratic world; and in the closing movement I shall invoke Eugene Sue,—until on the stream of my own melodies I ascend to the pirate's banqueting hall, which I shall perfume with the spice of their own cruelty and ferocity, while the stage is illuminated with the burning of Lima, as with Bengal fires. Hell and the devil, that will be a masterpiece! Mozart and Beethoven already lie beneath me like silent, heaven-reflecting Alpine lakes; Haydn looks like a little shepherd hut; before me I see the avalanche and the glacier. Then to work bravely! Yes, I feel how easy is labour to those who believe they can outfly others; how strongly creative minds overlook the common rules and laws on which common minds tamely lean! Now sweep up everything together as with an intellectual broom—it will sound all the newer, the grander—only leave mistakes, octaves, and fifths standing, like weeds on the fruitful meadow! For no one can yet tell what a good ear may become accustomed to. The old Florentine painters, of the so-called corrupt school, painted in cellars, in order to render the effects of light stronger

and more prominent; composers of our temper should write in stamping-mills and forges, so that they might learn the value of melody after the rush of tumultuous noise. Until now, there have always been weak souls who valued the flow, the current of a movement, and who overlooked the fact that intellect does not flow, but spouts heavenwards in a hundred varied directions—as well as those who have sought to conceal their poverty of mind under the cloak of unity. Like every man of our day, I seek to let myself out; novelty is my desire, and the cultivated world will know how to appreciate it, when one little tune after another thaws from my war-song, like the tunes that formerly thawed from Münchausen's posthorn. Is it not tiresome to be for ever entangled within the circle of a couple of ideas, no matter how cleverly they may be led in and out? In the new style, everything possesses a novel charm—it is a banquet from soup to dessert. Mind, mind is the great desideratum, and if one would make a show with it, one must not be indolent. And when once at work, we should reflect on all that lies before us, and leaving not one instrument unused, rush like a tempest through drummers and fiddlers. It is certainly difficult to invent new instruments for the tone-stage, no matter how necessary it may be to find adequate means to express one's ideas; but we can manage the affair more easily when we observe that every instrument, forced beyond its compass, carried beyond its sphere, will sound like a new invention,

a thing that weak heads, however, wagging over our scores, will find hard to digest.

So I shall turn trumpets into clarinettes, clarinettes into flutes, horns into oboes, contra-basses into violins, and *vice versa;* and through these changes I shall seem to possess a thousand-voiced orchestra, and I shall be certain to carry off the prize, even from those on the shore of the Seine, who throw sand into the eyes of fools.

Heaven knows what I should have put together, had I not fortunately awoke. My first waking glance fell on a paper, which informed me that my endeavours would be in vain, as the prize had been already won by my countryman Lachner of Munich. I heartily congratulate my brother, though his work may be written in quite another style from that I contemplated. Nor does a sense of rivalry torment me so much as formerly; I will gladly turn away, with him, from the false idols of the day to the old lights, from which the cloud must now roll away. It is a fine, a praiseworthy thing to preserve art, pure and untroubled as a dwelling of the gods, from all errors of life, instead of dragging it down to the muddy road, and degrading it into a base servant of the passions.

II.

Our gentle, roguish (Gottschalkischer) Wedel has worked himself into a passion about Berlioz the Frank. But we are not all pious village sextons in

art, like you; and nations, even individuals, prefer to say their prayers in their own way. Berlioz, though he sometimes behaves himself like an Indian fakir, and slays men at the very altar, means it just as honestly as does Haydn when he offers a cherry blossom with his modest air. We can never make others accept our own belief perforce. As for the "Messiah" which you hope to find in Lachner's symphony, I am sorry to say that you will be disappointed, or only able to admire it because it contains not a spark of Victor Hugo's or Lamennais' fire (which you hold in such horror); though I certainly detect in it a trace of Meyerbeer's half-and-half creatures, among which we may reckon mermaids, flying-fish, &c., which sometimes astonish the many with their strange forms, yet really only form a portion of the ugly transitions of creation.

In a word, the symphony is devoid of style; it is fabricated from German, French, and Italian material, like the Romaunt language. Lachner uses German imitations in canon form, Italian cantilenas, and French transitions and cadences. When this is done cleverly and strikingly, as with Meyerbeer in a good humour, one can listen to it; but when it is perceivable to a tedious extent (as the faces of the Leipsic audience betrayed it to be), only the most indulgent of critics will avoid repudiating the work. And this excessive eclecticism is the reason why the symphony will not be admired by the public either, though critics and connoisseurs should be willing to close

their eyes. Some one has said, that during a twenty-line long adagio in an E-flat quartette by Beethoven, he fancied that he revelled through a whole year; in quite another sense, this symphony would fill out an eternity. With all this unnecessary length (Beethoven's last great symphony occupies 226 pages, but this has 304), we find an extraordinary uniformity of rhythm. Thus the first and second parts move entirely in the often-used rhythm beginning with the three quaver up-beat, to which so many composers have already fallen victims. Had it been managed, however, something as Beethoven has managed it in the C-minor symphony, there would be good reason to fall at the composer's feet. But we cannot deny the fact that the form of the idea is so light from the first, that, growing thinner and thinner in working out, it finally disappears in emptiness. This is especially the case in the adagio; the same thought, in a hundred times' smaller space, has been expressed in Schubert's "Désir" waltz, first part; here it ought to finish on every page of this hundred times' longer movement, but never comes to an end. If it contained grave errors, weaknesses of form, extravagances, there would be an opportunity for improvement, encouragement; but, alas! here we can only say "Very good," or "It is rather tiresome," or sigh, or think of something else.

The first movement is decidedly the best and freshest part of the symphony; a sort of passion speaks in it, though not resting on a very poetic

basis. Some one has said that "the first part of the symphony expresses the striving for the prize, the adagio a slight doubt; in the scherzo we detect a faint shimmer of hope, which, in the last movement, widens into a happy certainty." Setting aside the prosaic nature of this annotation, it seems quite natural that works created under such circumstances must betray a character of constraint and anxiety. Many of the competitors would doubtless have written quite different symphonies, but for the precious, disturbing thought of the crown. More would be obtained by offering a prize for the best already composed symphony. It is really saddening to think, if we must think so, that amid the great number of works sent in, nothing better or more original came to light, especially on account of the noble views which the founders of the prize undoubtedly were moved by, but which, if they have not actually injured art, have certainly not had an elevating influence on it. Yet we would not have it supposed that we measure this symphony by a severer standard than usual, because it has been preferred to so many others, or that we expected more from it than from any other composition to be read or listened to. The mere appearance of a new symphony is a cause of joy to us, and we are always inclined to favour works of such consequence when we take them up. The first movement, full of fine details (as, for example, some crescendos, the imposing melody for the bass instruments, which, however, is

incomprehensibly repeated in reply by the highest ones), yet also full of tiresome weaknesses (as the continual repetition of certain harmonic periods, the commonest imitations), caused our hopes to waver somewhat. At the same time we saw that, as far as a superficial display of strength went, not much more was to be expected in the future movements. In the adagio all our hopes were blasted. As the two first movements scarcely brought us a single living staccato idea, we hoped for a contrast in the scherzo (the tempo of which, be it observed, is misprinted). But it is wholly wanting in humour, as the trio is in mind. In the last movement, at last, we discover two pretty principal motivos, which are well interwoven and worked out in fugato style. But public interest had already fallen off to such a degree, that even the strongest massing went by without effect on ear or heart. A few indeed applauded as the faultless performance deserved to be; but the rest of the listeners were glad when they arrived at the finale.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS AND LOUIS LACOMBE.

AN accidental union of two young Frenchmen (1834) who met on the way. "Every style is good except the tiresome style," consequently the style of these artists is a good style. If one should judge of their performances according to the applause they excited,

then they were most extraordinary. Applauded on their appearance—often in the course of their playing —universally at the end—Henri recalled—and all this in the Gewandhaus concert-room at Leipsic.

Certainly a dozen of applauding Frenchmen accomplish more than a room full of German Beethovenians falling asleep with rapture. Every French nerve clashes from head to foot: enthusiasm seems to strike them together like cymbals. The German, before deciding on an opinion, briefly compares different musical epochs—hence the mezzo-forte enthusiasm that distinguishes us from the others. It was different on this occasion. But who did not rejoice in that fiery audience, above all, because the artists were worthy of it? He who steps before the world must not be old or young, but in ripe bloom; and not merely here or there, but all over the tree. When we listen to Henri, we can close our eyes with confidence. His playing is at once sweet and bright, like a flower. His execution is perfect, masterly throughout.

When we speak of Vieuxtemps, we are apt to think of Paganini. When I heard him for the first time, I expected him to begin with a tone such as had never been heard before. But with how small, how thin a tone he commenced! Then he began to weave his spells; invisibly he threw out his magnetic chains among the public; they oscillated above and around. And then the rings became more and more intricate; even the audience seemed

to contract, while he interlaced his tones until they seemed melted into one—one with the master himself, all counterbalancing each other with sympathetic influence. Other art-magicians employ other formulas. With Vieuxtemps we cannot grasp at isolated beauties, nor do we find Paganini's gradual contraction; neither have we here that giving out of himself to his audience, as with other great artists; but we find ourselves unawares, from the first to the last tone, in a magic circle, which has been drawn round us without our having been able to find its beginning or end.

Concerning Louis: I should style him a small but fiery pianist, full of talent and courage. Assuredly the *ripe* artist will not press either physical or psychical strings to breaking, as they now break. And candidly it must be confessed that the tender A-minor concerto became, in the hands of the little artist, a perfect Orlando Furioso, round whom, as every one knows, men fell dead as soon as he gnashed his teeth. I do not care much for this musical-box playing. The excess of power falls back on itself finally. In the "Herz" variations, that would fain make us believe they are the most difficult and significant that ever were composed, I found all this brilliancy, decision, and strong colouring in its place, required by the composition, and admired by the public. As it is not to be denied that both pieces had been carefully studied, especially in the French spirit, and that they were played with that self-con-

fidence which exacts applause, we must beg of the young artist's master not to keep him too long at the study of certain pieces, particularly of badly composed ones. This is the death of good taste in youth, and trammels further progress. This was plainly to be perceived in his accompaniment (to the violin playing), which was far beneath his other performances. And we all know that a cultivated taste may be exactly measured by skill in accompaniment.

Onward, dear young artists! and if you do not wholly understand me to-day, in a few years it will be otherwise! * FLORESTAN.

IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

[CONCERT ON THE 9TH OCTOBER 1835.]

IT is difficult to say anything new about older and well-known artists. But in his last concerto Moscheles has taken a step that will necessarily influence him as a virtuoso. As he formerly sparkled, full of life, in his E-flat major concerto, and in his E-flat major sonata, as he developed himself, more artistic, more thoughtful, in the G-minor concerto and the *études*, so now he treads a more gloomy and mystic path, caring not, as once he cared, whether it may please the many. In his fifth concert he showed an inclination towards the romantic; and

* This was the first artist tour of the young Frenchmen. It is unnecessary to refer to Vieuxtemps' subsequent world-wide fame.

in the last, that leaning which yet seemed to waver between old and new, stood forth complete and assured. And yet, the romantic vein that comes to the light here, is not that which hurries forward beyond the culture of to-day—as in Berlioz, Chopin, and others—but rather the backward flowing romance of antiquity, such as confronts us in the bold Gothic temple-work of Bach, Handel, and Gluck. In this respect, his works show a resemblance to many by Mendelssohn, though the latter still writes with the fresh vigour of youth.

Few persons would venture on offering a judgment, irreversible in correctness, on this concert. Though the public was not bacchantic in its applause, it seemed thoughtful, and desirous of showing its sympathy with the master by means of great attention. It grew enthusiastic, however, after the duo, played by Moscheles and Mendelssohn, not merely like two masters, but like two friends, like a pair of eagles, one rising, one sinking, boldly circling around each other. This composition, dedicated to the memory of Handel, we consider one of the most successful and original of Moscheles' works. Opinions varied, even among connoisseurs, regarding the overture to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans;" as for us, we beg Moscheles' pardon that we formerly judged this work from the pianoforte score, which is so poor in comparison with the brilliant orchestration. Further remarks would be the affair of a critic by trade; but we must observe, that we recognised the shepherdess,

from the passage where she girds on her armour, to that where her fair corse is buried under waving banners. The overture displays a genuine tragic vein of expression.

Besides these pieces, the artist gave us the first movement of a new "pathetic" concerto, and an entire "fantastic" one—both of which might rather be termed duos for pianoforte and orchestra, so independently does the latter step into the foreground. We consider them both as works of such consequence, yet so different in form from earlier ones, that we are anxious to have them soon in the power of our own hands, to confirm the high opinion we entertain of them—with the exception of a few less inspiring passages. No one who has once heard this master can be uncertain as to his elasticity of touch, his healthy power of tone, his certainty and taste in the higher style of expression. And though formerly we felt the want of youthful enthusiasm and sympathy with the most modern-fantastic style of performance, the artist now makes amends for it by sharp characterisation and intellectual strength. There shone some fine movements in the free fantasia with which he closed the evening.

We still reflect, with deep joy, on the delight afforded us a few days before this concert, by the rare union of three masters, and a youth who promises to become one. They played Bach's D-minor concerto for three pianofortes; the artists were Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and Clara Schumann; the

youth was Mr. Louis Rakemann from Bremen. Mendelssohn played the orchestral score. What a noble thing it was to hear!

A SONATA BY LUDWIG SCHUNKE.

DOST thou remember, Florestan, an August evening in the remarkable year 1834? Thou and I and Schunke walked arm-in-arm. A tempest, in all its beauty and terror, hung above us. I still see the lightning playing round his form, and his upturned eyes, as he said in a scarcely audible tone, "One flash for us!" But heaven opened without its lightnings for him, and a divine hand raised him from earth so softly that he hardly knew it himself. Should the spirit-prince call to that world in which the finest human faith believes—but may that moment yet be far off!—all the gifted ones who have borne the German name of Ludwig, what noble souls would arise at the call, and gaze on each other joyfully—Ludwig Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr, Berger, Schunke! The youngest of these was the first to follow Beethoven, on a Sunday morning, the seventh of last December, a few days before his twenty-fourth birthday.

The winter before, one evening in K——'s tavern, a young man advanced towards us. All eyes were directed to him. Some called him a model for St.

John; others said that if so statuesque a head as his should be disinterred at Pompeii, it would be pronounced that of a Roman emperor. Florestan whispered to me: "There goes the real Schiller after Thorwaldsen, only still more Schilleresque." All agreed, however, that he must be an artist—nature had stamped him as one even in outward form. Yes! you all remember his visionary eyes, his aquiline nose, his finely ironical mouth, his long, clustering, curling hair, and underneath his delicate, thin body, that rather seemed to be borne, than to carry. On that day of our first encounter, before he quietly gave us his name, "Ludwig Schunke from Stüttgart," I heard an inward voice, "That is he whom we seek;" and in his eyes I read a similar feeling. Florestan was then melancholy, and troubled himself little about the stranger. A circumstance which perhaps you have not yet heard of brought them nearer together.

Some weeks after Schunke's advent, a Berlin composer (Otto Nicolai) passed through the town, and these two met in society. Ludwig thought much of the virtuoso fame of his family, especially the horn-players. Heaven only knows how the conversation, during dinner, turned on horns! The Berlinese said abruptly, "Upon my life, the horns should never have anything to blow but C, E, and G; and even then the first-horn theme in the C-minor symphony, which is easy enough now, would be made a mess of." Ludwig said nothing; but an hour after, he

hurried into our room and related the affair, said that he had written to the Berlinese about his family name having been called in question, had given him the choice of pistols or swords,—and Florestan must second him. We burst out laughing, and Florestan reminded us of the saying of the famous old lute-player Rohhaar: "A musician with courage is a——; no matter! dear Schunke, you give the lie to the lute-player." He, however, took our jesting almost angrily, and hurried down to the street for weapons. Only after twenty-four hours had passed, an answer came from the Berlinese, written on brown paper:—Mr. Schunke must certainly be out of his mind—he would have fought with S. with pleasure, but at the moment his answer would reach S., the postillion would be driving him through the gate on the road to Naples, &c., &c. Schunke stood before me with the letter, angry as the god of the Muses, and so excited that every vein could be counted on his white hand, and then broke out into so merry a laugh that one felt inclined to embrace him. The whole affair delighted Florestan, and they began to chatter together like a couple of children about their favourite dishes up to Beethoven. The next evening, the bond of friendship drew them still closer together, and for ever.

Up to that time, we had not heard anything by him except some brilliant variations that he had composed in Vienna, where he had made extraordinary progress as an executant. From the very

first chord, he showed himself a master in pianoforte-playing. Florestan remained cold, however, and on the way home let loose his old anger with virtuoso players; he did not consider that virtuoso worth a pinch of gunpowder who could not afford to lose eight fingers, and then play or write his compositions with the two remaining ones; was it not their fault that the most divine composers had been half starved? &c., &c. The subtle Schunke saw how he had failed with Florestan. Then came that evening when the Davidites met together at our house. We were not thinking of music; the piano opened as if by itself; Ludwig sat down as though accidentally; we were drawn unawares down the stream of an unknown composition. I still see all before me, the expiring light, the quiet walls that seemed to listen, the friends grouped around and scarcely venturing to breathe, the pale face of Florestan, the thoughtful master, and Ludwig the central figure, the enchanter who held us spell-bound within his circle. When he had ended, Florestan said: "You are a master in your art, and I call the sonata your best work, especially when you play it yourself. Truly, the Davidites would be proud to number such an artist as one of their order."

Ludwig became one of us. Shall I relate to you the happy days that followed this hour? Away with memories! Like rose crowns, they shall be enclosed in the most hidden chest; for the great festival days on which they may be brought to light are very few.

While the Davidites talked together in this way, they drew closer to each other, and related many joyful and sorrowful things. Soft tones reached them from Florestan's apartment, and the friends became silent, recognising the sonata. When Florestan had ended, the master said: "No more words! we have drawn nearer to him than ever to-night. Since he departed from us, there shines a fresher blush in heaven. I know not whence it comes; but in any case, young men, strive onward towards the light!"

They parted at midnight. R. S.

LUDWIG SCHUNKE.

FIRST CAPRICE, OPUS 9; SECOND CAPRICE, OPUS 10.

IN the spring of the year 1834, Schunke entered my chamber one day (nothing but an open door separated us), in his accustomed hasty manner, and told me that he was going to play at a concert, asking me what he should call the piece, as "caprice" seemed to say too little. He had been lately working at the grand pianoforte, full of fire, busy with his second in C minor. I jestingly told him to christen it "Beethoven, Scène Dramatique," and so it appeared on the concert-bill; but in truth the piece only shadowed forth one thousandth part of Beeth-

oven's soul-life, one little dark line on his brow. Two years have sped since that spring. When a virtuoso dies, people often say, "Would he had left his fingers behind him!" This could not be wished in Schunke's case, for everything with him was the growth of his mind and a part of his life. I enjoyed hearing him study for an hour, or even his practice on the keys C, D, E, F, G, more than many a concert. Though he did not reach that height as composer which he attained as virtuoso (the boldness and certainty of his playing, especially in the last months before his death, rose to the incredible, and savoured of morbidity), yet this second caprice alone seemed to hold out the certainty of a fruitful and famous future. It contains much of himself, his native politeness, his eccentricity, his quick brilliancy; but the first one struck me as cold, even prosaic, and it only gained on me by his own performance. Yes, it was something to hear him play! He flew like an eagle over the keys, every nerve full of music, with Jupiter flashes, his eyes sparkling yet full of repose; and were a painter near, then he certainly stood on the paper at once, a god of the Muses. As he objected to appearing in public, suspecting that he might not be worthily recognised, and became quite obstinate in this fancy, which naturally influenced his public performances, it cannot be supposed that those who only heard him once in this way could judge him with the high appreciation of those who were in daily communion with him. But I will mention a

circumstance that gives a slight idea of the breadth of his mastership. For many reasons, I had dedicated one of my most difficult pianoforte pieces, a *toccata,* to him; and when we dedicate something to any one, we generally wish that person especially to perform it. As I lost not a tone that he played, I was slightly angry that he did not set to work at the *toccata,* and, to excite him to study, played it *at* him, in my own room, adjoining his. But all remained still in that chamber. Some time after, a stranger came to pay us a visit and to hear Schunke. What was my astonishment at hearing him play my *toccata* perfectly! He told me afterwards, that, while listening to my playing of it two or three times, he had studied and worked at it in his mind, without using the pianoforte. Unfortunately, his fears of non-recognition led him to entertain unjust ideas sometimes. Once he entertained the fancy that his performance was yet imperfect, talked with enthusiasm of new Paganini ideals which he felt within him, and said that he would shut himself up for half a year to study mechanism; once he projected laying music entirely aside, and so on. But such fancies were only a passing expression of pain on a noble face, and he remained deeply devoted to his art to his last hours, when, in the delirium of fever, he besought those who stood around his bed to bring him a flute.

THEODORE STEIN.

WE should be less severe judges were not our subject a rare talent that has not yet been sufficiently prized. We love youthful prodigies. But one who accomplishes much in youth should accomplish far more extraordinary things at a ripened age. Certain technicalities should be brought to perfection as early as possible. But that by means of which our young artist has especially obtained his reputation we oppose as thoroughly false—we mean public improvisations during childhood and youth. We do not address ourselves to him, whose uncommon talent we recognise, but to his mentor, his teacher, whoever he may be.

Who would seek again to close the bud that has once blossomed? It were useless to do so. It would be unnatural to repress a powerful, early-ripened inclination. It is common enough to see some particular sense sooner developed in one person than in another. But the rare flowers of January should be long fostered and protected in still seclusion before they are exhibited to the gaze of the cold world. We would not have had the future of our youthful artist grasped at in advance. It might have been a brilliant one, and, in certain respects, may yet become so. But it seems to us that so many things have been omitted in his cultivation, so many errors have

been committed, that we must beseech his teacher no longer to sacrifice a later, a lasting recognition to a useless, an unripe reputation. The excellences of his pupil are at present only those of talent, while all his faults are those of mistaken instruction. Among the former we find decided, instantaneous apprehension, and its translation into the language of tone, a happy interlacing and disentangling of his material, an often astonishing architecture of parts in his harmonies; among the latter, we may mention a dull uniformity in his feeling, drawling melody, and a continual preference for minor keys. He places forms before us, but they are pale, exhausted with weeping. This should not be. Though this tendency is not perhaps without relation to the direction taken by our most recent musical past, it is no apology for the absence of blooming, young, fresh, strong life. Do not give Beethoven to the children; strengthen them with Mozart, brimming with rich vitality. There are sometimes natures that seem to develop in opposition to the ordinary way, but there are natural laws which, if opposed, resemble the overturned torch, that consumes its bearer when it should have illumined his path.

Our amiable young artist, if thoughtful and thoroughly musical, must feel that much is yet lacking;—even the correct use of his instrument, besides the technical repose which betrays a perfected schooling, certain execution, which is only attained by continual study, and above all things, healthy tone,

that no one can acquire instinctively. If we are not mistaken, in a few years he will thank us for placing firmly before him the future, which is not to be jested with. But should he not do this, we shall be forced to say that in him a talent has been lost that deserved a better fate.

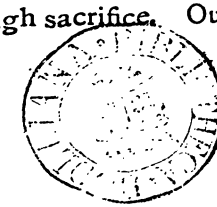
In any case, let him not forget the significant old legend. Apollo once bestowed his friendship on a beautiful mortal youth, who grew more and more god-like, more and more akin, in form and spirit, to his divine protector. But too soon he betrayed the secret of this intercourse to men. The enraged god appeared to him no longer, and the youth, overwhelmed with grief, looked unceasingly in the eyes of the sun, his beloved friend, until he died. Betray not thy divine gifts to men until commanded by the Muse who bestowed them upon thee, and of whom thou hast become worthy. His own imagination is to the artist what the Grecian god was to the youth of old.* EUSEBIUS.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

AFTER much thought as to what we could best present to our readers at the beginning of the year 1837, nothing better struck us than the idea of

* We have never been able to learn what became of the young artist from whom fine things were expected at the time the above critique was written.

placing before them (with many good wishes besides) a very delightful individuality. It is not a Beethovenian one, drawing years of strife after it, no Berlioz, preaching revolution with heroic voice, and spreading destruction and fear around, but rather a gentle, quiet spirit, that labours on high, no matter how storms gather below him, like an observer of the stars, following their course, and remarking the nature of their peculiarities. His name may be found above; as his fatherland is that of Shakespeare, his christian name is that of the poet. Are the arts of poesy and tone so foreign to each other that the famous land which has already given us Shakespeare and Byron cannot bring forth a great musician? An old prejudice already begins to waver by means of the names of Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others; much more will be done towards abolishing it by this artist, whose very cradle was watched by a kind Providence. Though it is true that great fathers have rarely produced sons who have become great in the same art or science as their progenitors, fortunate are those artists who, like Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, called by birth and individual gifts to a decided artistic vocation, have found good musicians and guides in their fathers. They imbibe music with their mother's milk; they learn even in their childish dreams; with the first awakening of consciousness they feel themselves members of that great family of artists into which others must often purchase their entrance through sacrifice. Our artist,



too, was fortunate, and may often have listened, astonished yet happy, under the great organ when his father, an organist at Sheffield in Yorkshire, played it. No nation is so conversant with Handel as the English nation; no fault is found with him there, save, perhaps, that his name was German. He is listened to devoutly in the churches, sung with enthusiasm at festivals. Lipinski relates that he heard a postilion blow Handel airs on his horn. Amidst such favourable surroundings even a partially gifted nature must develop itself symmetrically. All that I know of the result of a careful education in the Royal Academy of London, under masters like Cipriani Potter and Dr. Crotch, besides self-imposed studies, is, that from the cocoon of the schools so brilliant a butterfly has taken wing, that we would fain follow its flight with outstretched arms as it bathes in ether or gives and takes from the flowers. But as the earth on which he was born does not alone suffice to a winged spirit, his longing thoughts have often turned towards the land where Mozart and Beethoven first saw the light; so, lately, the favourite of the London public, the pride of all England, has lived for some time in close vicinity to us.

The first thing that strikes every one in the character of his compositions is their remarkable family resemblance to those of Mendelssohn. The same beauty of form, poetic depth yet clearness, and ideal purity, the same outwardly satisfying impres-

sion,—but with a difference. This difference is still more observable in their playing than in their compositions. The Englishman's playing is perhaps more tender, more careful in detail; that of Mendelssohn is broader, more energetic. The former bestows fine shading on the lightest thing, the latter pours a novel force into the most powerful passages; one overpowers us with the transfigured expression of a single form, the other showers forth hundreds of angelic heads, as in a heaven of Raphael. Something of the same kind occurs in their compositions. If Mendelssohn produces, in fantastic sketches, the whole wild faërie of a "Summer Night's Dream," Bennett in his music evokes the charming figures of the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" * one spreads out before us the broad, deep, slumbering surface of the sea, the other lingers beside a balmy lake, on which the beams of the moon are trembling. This brings us to three of Bennett's most lovely pictures which have appeared in Germany (as well as two other of his works); I mean those entitled "The Lake," "The Mill-stream," and "The Fountain." These are, for truth to nature, colour, poetic conception, musical Claude Lorraines, living tone-landscapes; the last, especially, becomes, under the hands of its composer, really magical in effect.

I should like to tell my readers a great deal more about him; for these are only short poems compared to Bennett's greater works,—six symphonies,

* He has written an overture to Shakespeare's play.

three pianoforte concertos, overtures to "Parisina," the "Naiads," &c.,—and how he plays all Mozart's operas at the piano until we fancy we see the living master before us. But I cannot drive him away; he peeps over my shoulder, and twice has asked me, "Now, what are you writing?"—"My dear friend, if you only knew!" EUSEBIUS.

FRANZ LISZT.

I.

STILL fatigued by a series of six concerts which he gave in Prague during an eight days' stay there, Herr Liszt arrived in Dresden last Saturday (1840). Perhaps he was never more anxiously expected any where than in the residence where pianoforte music and playing are so much admired. On Monday he gave a concert; the hall was brilliant with an assemblage of our aristocratic society, including several members of the royal family. All eyes were fixed on the door at which the artist was to enter. Many portraits of him were in circulation, and that by Kriehuber, who has most correctly seized his Jupiter profile, is excellent; but the youthful Jupiter himself, of course, interests us to quite a different degree. There is a great deal said about the prose of our day, the air of courts, the spirit of the railway, &c.; but let the right man only appear, and we piously watch

his every movement. So it was with this artist, whose phenomenal accomplishments were talked of twenty years ago, whose name we have been accustomed to hear mentioned among the very first—before whom, as before Paganini, every party has bowed in apparently instantaneous recognition. The whole audience greeted his appearance with an enthusiastic storm of applause, and then he began to play. I had heard him before; but an artist is a different person in the presence of the public compared with what he appears in the presence of a few. The fine open space, the glitter of light, the elegantly-dressed audience—all this elevates the frame of mind in giver and receiver. And now the demon's power began to awake; he first played with the public as if to try it, then gave it something more profound, until every single member was enveloped in his art; and then the whole mass began to rise and fall precisely as he willed it. I have never found any artist, except Paganini, to possess in so high a degree as Liszt, this power of subjecting, elevating, and leading the public. A Viennese writer has made a poem on Liszt, consisting merely of the letters used in the titles appertaining to his name. This tasteless poem has a certain applicability, for there the letters and meanings crowd upon us from a dictionary, and here we are overwhelmed by the flood of tones and feelings. It is an instantaneous variety of wildness, tenderness, boldness, and airy grace; the instrument glows under the hands of its master. All

this has been described a hundred times already, and the Viennese, especially, have tried to catch the eagle in every way,—with pitchforks, poems, by pursuit, and with snares. But he must be heard, —and also seen ; for if Liszt played behind the scenes, a great deal of the poetry of his playing would be lost.

He played and accompanied at this concert from beginning to end. Mendelssohn once entertained the idea of composing music for an entire concert —overture, vocal, and other pieces—(one may safely publish this idea for the general benefit !)—and Liszt nearly always gives his concerts unassisted. Only Madame Schrœder Devrient — almost the only artist capable of maintaining a position in such company—took part in this one, singing Schubert's "Erlking," and some of his smaller songs.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the Dresden public's thermometer of applause to be able to decide what impression this extraordinary artist made there. I should term the enthusiasm immense ; but the Viennese is less sparing of his hands than any other German, and, like an idolater, prides himself on the torn gloves that he has sacrificed to Liszt. Things are very different in North Germany.

Liszt went to Leipsic early on Tuesday. Our next will treat of his appearance there.

II.

Would that I could, ye distant ones and foreigners, who can scarcely hope ever to see this surpassing artist, and who therefore search out every word that is spoken or written concerning him,—would that I could give you a correct idea of him! But the task is a difficult one. It is most easy to speak of his outward appearance. People have often tried to picture this by comparing Liszt's head to Schiller's or Napoleon's; and the comparison so far holds good, in that extraordinary men possess certain traits in common, such as an expression of energy and strength of will in the eyes and mouth. He has some resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon as a young general—pale, thin, with a remarkable profile, the whole significance of his appearance culminating in the head. But his resemblance to the deceased Ludwig Schunke is remarkable, and this resemblance extends to their art. While listening to Liszt's playing, I have often almost imagined myself listening again to one I heard long before. But this art is scarcely to be described. It is not this or that style of pianoforte-playing; it is rather the outward expression of a daring character, to whom Fate has given, as instruments of victory and command, not the dangerous weapons of war, but the peaceful ones of art. No matter how many and great artists we may possess, or have seen pass before us during recent years, though some of them equal him in

single points, all must yield to him in energy and boldness. People have been very fond of placing Thalberg in the lists besides him, and then drawing comparisons. But it is only necessary to look at both heads to come to a conclusion. I remember the remark of a Viennese designer, who said, not inaptly, of his countryman's head, that it resembled "that of a handsome countess with a man's nose;" while of Liszt he observed, that "he might sit to every painter for a Grecian god." There is a similar difference in their art. Chopin stands nearer to Liszt as a player, for at least he loses nothing beside him in fairylike grace and tenderness; next to him, Paganini, and, among women, Madame Malibran;—from these Liszt himself acknowledges that he has learned the most.

Liszt is now probably about thirty years old. Every one knows well that he was a child-phenomenon, how he was early transplanted to foreign lands; that his name afterwards appeared here and there among the most distinguished; that then the rumour of it occasionally died away, until Paganini appeared, inciting the youth to new endeavours; and that he suddenly appeared in Vienna two years ago, rousing the imperial city to enthusiasm. Since the establishment of our paper, we have followed Liszt's career, concealing nothing that has been publicly said for or against his art, though by far the greater number of voices, especially those of all great artists, have sounded his praise. Thus

he appeared among us of late, already honoured with the highest honours that can be bestowed on an artist, and his fame firmly established. It would be difficult to raise this, or to say anything new about him, though it would be easy enough to try to unsettle and injure it, as pedants and rascals are fond of doing at all times. This was lately tried here. Not from any fault of Liszt, the public had been made restless with previous announcements, and rendered ill-humoured by mistakes in the concert arrangements. A writer, notorious here for his lampoons, made use of this to attack Liszt anonymously, on account of his visit to us,—"made with no object except to satisfy his insatiable avarice." Such vileness is unworthy of further thought.

The first concert, on the 17th, was a remarkable one. The multitudinous audience was so crowded together, that even the hall looked altered. The orchestra was also filled with listeners, and among them—Liszt.

He began with the *scherzo* and *finale* of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The selection was capricious enough, and, on many accounts, not happy. At home, in a *tête-à-tête*, a highly-careful transcription may lead one almost to forget the orchestra; but in a large hall, in the same place where we have been accustomed to hear the symphony played frequently and perfectly by the orchestra, the weakness of the pianoforte is striking, and the more so the more an attempt is made to represent masses in their strength.

A simpler arrangement, a mere sketch, would perhaps have been more effective here. Let it be understood, with all this, that we had heard the master of the instrument; people were satisfied; they had at least seen him shake his mane. To hold to the same illustration, the lion presently began to show himself more powerful. This was in a fantasia on themes by Pacini, which he played in a most remarkable manner. But I would sacrifice all the astonishing, audacious bravura that he displayed here for the sake of the magical tenderness that he expressed in the following *étude*. With the sole exception of Chopin, as I have already said, I know not one who equals him in this quality. He closed with the well-known chromatic galop; and as the applause this elicited was endless, he also played his equally well-known bravura waltz.

Fatigue and indisposition prevented the artist from giving the concert promised for the next day. In the meanwhile, a musical festival was prepared for him, that will never be forgotten by Liszt himself, or by the other persons present. The giver of the festival (F. Mendelssohn) had selected for performance some compositions yet unknown to his guest: Franz Schubert's symphony; his own psalm, "As the hart pants;" the overture, "A calm sea and a prosperous voyage;" three choruses from "St Paul;" and, to close with, the D-minor concerto for three pianos by Sebastian Bach. This was played by Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Hiller. It seemed as though nothing had

been prepared, but all improvised instantaneously. Those were three such happy musical hours as years do not always bring. At the end, Liszt played alone, and wonderfully. The assembly broke up amid the most joyful excitement, and the gaiety and happiness that sparkled in all eyes must have sufficiently attested the guests' gratitude towards the giver of a festival offered by him in homage to the artistic talents of another.

Liszt's most genial performance was yet to come—Weber's Concertstück, which he played at his second concert. Virtuoso and public seemed to be in the freshest mood possible on that evening, and the enthusiasm during and after his playing almost exceeded anything hitherto known here. Although Liszt grasped the piece from the beginning, with such force and grandeur of expression that an attack on a battlefield seemed to be in question, yet he carried this on with continually increasing power, until the passage where the player seems to stand at the summit of the orchestra, leading it forward in triumph. Here indeed he resembled that great commander to whom he has been compared, and the tempestuous applause that greeted him was not unlike an adoring "Vive l'Empereur!" He then played a fantasia on themes from the "Huguenots," the "Ave Maria," and "Serenade," and, at the request of the public, the "Erlking" of Schubert. But the Concertstück was the crown of his performances on this evening.

I do not know who originated the idea of the present of flowers handed to him at the close of the concert by a favourite songstress, but the crown was certainly not undeserved; and how spiteful, how envious a nature is necessary to disparage such a friendly attention in the way this was done by a "critic" in one of the papers here! The artist has devoted his whole life to procure for you the joy you receive from him; you know nothing of the fatigue his art has cost him; he gives you the best he has—his heart's blood, the essence of his being; and shall we then grudge him even a simple crown of flowers? But Liszt was determined not to remain a debtor. With visible delight in the enthusiastic reception he had received at his second concert, he declared himself at once ready to give one for the benefit of any charitable institution, the selection of which he left to the decision of experienced persons. So, for the third time, he played again last Monday, for the benefit of the pension fund for aged or invalid musicians, though he had given a concert for the poor in Dresden the day before. The hall was completely crowded; the object of the concert, the programme, the assistance of our most famous songstress, and, above all, Liszt himself, had created the highest interest in the concert. Still fatigued with his journey and from his frequent playing in recent concerts, Liszt arrived in the morning, and went at once to the rehearsal, so that he had little time to himself before the concert hour. It was impossible for him

to take any rest. I would not leave this unmentioned: a man is not a god; and the visible effort with which Liszt played on that evening was but a natural consequence of what had preceded the concert. With the most friendly intentions, he had selected three pieces by composers residing here,—Mendelssohn, Hiller, and myself; Mendelssohn's latest concerto, *études* by Hiller, and several numbers from an early work of mine, entitled "The Carnival." To the astonishment of many timid virtuosos, I must state that Liszt played these compositions almost at sight. He had had a slight former acquaintance with the *études* and "The Carnival," but he had never seen Mendelssohn's concerto until a few days before the concert. He was, however, so continually occupied, that he had been unable to find time, at such short notice, for private study. He met my doubt as to whether such rhapsodical sketches as mine of carnival life would make any impression on a general public with the decided assurance that he hoped they would. And yet I think he was mistaken. Here I may perhaps be allowed to make a few observations regarding this composition, which owed its origin to chance. The name of a city, in which a musical friend of mine lived, consisted of letters belonging to the scale which are also contained in my name; and this suggested one of those tricks that are no longer new, since Bach gave the example. One piece after another was completed during the carnival season of 1835, in a serious mood of mind,

and under peculiar circumstances. I afterwards gave titles to the numbers, and named the entire collection "The Carnival." Though certain traits in it may please certain persons, its musical moods change too rapidly to be easily followed by a general public, that does not care to be roused anew every moment. My amiable friend did not consider this; and though he played the work with such great sympathy and geniality that it could not fail to strike a few, the masses were not excited by it. It was different with Hiller's *études*, that belong to a more recognised form; one in D flat major, another in C minor, both very tender yet characteristic, awakened warm interest. Mendelssohn's concerto was already well known through its composer's clear, masterly, reposeful playing. As I have already observed, Liszt played these pieces almost at sight; no one will be very well able to imitate him in this. He displayed his virtuosity in its fullest force, however, in the closing piece, the "Hexameron," a cyclus of variations by Thalberg, Herz, Pixis, and Liszt himself. Everybody wondered where he found the strength to repeat half of the "Hexameron," and then his own galop, to the delight of the enraptured public. How much I hoped that he would give us some of Chopin's compositions, which he plays incomparably, with the deepest sympathy! But in his own room he amiably plays anything that is asked from him. How often have I thus listened to him in admiration and astonishment!

On Tuesday evening he left us.

ANTONIO BAZZINI.

THE public has lately (1843) begun to observe that there are too many virtuosos, and we think so too, as we have frequently remarked in these pages. The virtuosos themselves seem to feel this, if we may judge from a recently-awakened fancy among them for emigrating to America; and many of their friends secretly hope they will remain over there; for, taken all in all, modern virtuosity has benefited art very little. But when it appears before us in the charming shape given to it by the young Italian named above, we gladly listen to it for hours together; and for years we have not heard any artist who has given us so much real pleasure as Bazzini. He is too little known, and is not appreciated, even here, to so high a degree as he deserves to be. The North German public decide very slowly about making any artist's reputation; though, if he comes from Paris, perhaps, also, with an order, that already helps them considerably out of their doubts. Bazzini came here almost without any name, and appeared unpretendingly. During the excitement of the fair, too, it is of course more difficult for an artist to make himself known, and a *salon*-player was expected in him—such a one as may be found by dozens. He is, however, a great deal more than this; and even if he were deprived of his left hand—as a violinist—he could yet write,

and sustain his honourable position among celebrated Italian composers. In short, his is a productive talent, and with a little more theatrical knowledge he would make an excellent opera-composer. His concerto most fully proved this; the natural flow of the whole, the generally discreet instrumentation, the really charming mellowness and euphony of separate passages—few virtuosos have even an idea of all this. He is an Italian through and through, but in the highest sense; often, while listening to his music, it seemed to me that he came from the genuine land of song—the unknown, ever joyous land,—but not that he belonged to this or that nationality.

As a player, he ranks among the greatest of the day. I cannot recall one who excels him in remarkable execution, in grace and fulness of tone, and especially in clearness and lasting power. He exceeds the majority in the original freshness, youthfulness, and soundness of his performance; and when I realise to myself the heartless, soulless, *blasé* nature of many—especially Belgian—virtuosos, he seems to me a manly, blooming youth among worn-out greybeards; while a yet more brilliant future smiles before him, although he now stands on such a shining height.

To arrive at this opinion, I only needed to hear him in the *scherzo* on themes from Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and his concerto. In the following pieces, I was sorry to perceive that he did not

disdain to flatter the public. In these we had less music, but a heaping up of violin difficulties, in which no one can yet excel Paganini. In this way he never will be able to rise beyond that artist, or himself; indeed, the style seems to lie outside his nature, which only needs to reveal its own simple charm in order to please and enchant; he does not need to take refuge in the artifices of coquetry.

We trust the world will bestow on the young, amiable, and great artist that sympathy which it often so extravagantly throws away on unworthy objects. He is distinguished by yet another great quality—that of modesty; he has no desire to create excitement and astonishment in his hearers. We are tired of world-weary, pallid virtuoso faces; let us once more rejoice in a powerful, blooming, youthful countenance, in eyes clear and bright with cheerfulness and content, such eyes as alone can truly reflect a sincere and happy nature.

CAMILLA PLEYEL.

I.

On Madame Camilla Pleyel's concert programmes (1839) we found compositions the selection of which led us to entertain the highest opinion of this lady's artistic tendencies. Mendelssohn's G-minor concerto we had heard played a short time previously by the

composer himself. It was interesting to compare the playing of the lively French artiste with that of the master; she took the last movement much quicker. On the whole, the composer must have been satisfied with her very musical interpretation, except in a few melodic details, which we could have wished to hear more simply and inwardly, and less affectedly played. While other pianoforte virtuosos are sometimes afraid to give us one entire concerto, Madame Pleyel gave us a second—Weber's Concertstück. This presented a double interest to us, since it was the forerunner of Mendelssohn's concerto, and may have often floated alluringly through the young artist's imagination while he wrote his own, though in tenderness and fine finish of detail it scarcely equals its successor. Madame Pleyel most happily performed it, with the same impassioned warmth that she bestows on all music. And she inspired the public with that sympathetic pleasure which is the certain result of the enjoyment of masterworks played in a masterly manner. We wish we could say the same thing of the piece with which this artist closed a rich musical evening; but in this composition, by the lady herself, creative talent fell much behind her execution of the variations on Weberian themes, which might have been much more finely worked out. Yet even in this her performance was fine enough to excite a stormy demand for repetition.

Madame Pleyel will give another concert next

Saturday, and then visit Dresden and Vienna, on her way back to France. This highly-interesting lady will please everywhere by her art, and still more from her preference for, and desire to popularize, all that is noblest in art.

II.

Madame Pleyel's performances seemed to improve with the enthusiasm she excited, and again the applause increased as she rose in inspiration. This genial lady had made a fine selection—Beethoven's C-minor concerto, and Hummel's "Oberon's Enchanted Horn;" and yesterday, at the subscription concert, Kalkbrenner's E-minor concerto, and Weber's Concertstück again to close with. Kalkbrenner was long her master at one time, and hence her choice of his concerto. She played it *con amore*, as one repeats for one's own pleasure, in later years, a poem one has learned by heart in youth; the finished school was interpreted by its mistress. Other sides of her musical nature appeared in Beethoven's concerto; she played it admirably, faultlessly, so completely, in the German sense, that the music became to us as living as a picture; while in Hummel's fantasia we listened to tones that really seemed to reach us from the airy land of elves and sprites. Weber's concerto was succeeded by a joyful uproar; flowers and garlands were showered upon its poetical interpretress; the public was alive

with enthusiasm. "There is more poetry in this woman than in ten Thalbergs," cried out one auditor; and the emotion lasted a long time. The fine flower-like grace of the artiste's form and movements, her child-like gestures of denial, as though she thought herself unworthy of such applause, not to mention the profundity of character which her art displayed, will long haunt the memory of those who heard and saw her. With the sincerest wishes for her success, we take leave of the lady, trusting that a happiness equal to that she bestows on her listeners may always be her own good fortune.

FLORESTAN.

ALEXIS LWOFF.

THE composer of the famous Russian National Hymn, as well as of other works that yet await publication, Colonel Alexis Lwoff, adjutant to the Czar of Russia, arrived here a few days ago (1840). Although his talents have been chiefly exercised in the aristocratic circles to which he belongs through his position, he has nevertheless acquired an almost European fame; therefore we shall not be misunderstood if we allow ourselves openly to add another modest leaf to his laurel crown. This respected guest gave a small circle the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his remarkable skill as a violinist. The writer of this

article considers that occasion as one of the most delightful that music and its votaries have ever afforded him. Herr Lwoff is so remarkable, so rare a player, that he can only be placed beside the very first artists. Himself an apparition from a foreign sphere, his music streams forth as if from the purest inward fount; music so fresh, so new, so original in every tone, that it completely rivets the attention, and we long to hear it again and again. The merely mechanical artist unfortunately often loses, in the tumult of the world, his most priceless possession—that ingenuous, unaffected, cheerful art-power which he sacrifices to the lower demands of the masses, until it is completely buried under the commonplace routine of life. Many an even great artist will remember how, when good fortune has enabled him to listen to some rarely gifted man, he has felt how superior to the enjoyment which merely technical mastery offers us is that presented by some artistic nature that has preserved its inward, elevated freshness entire. I say this after listening to only two quartettes, one by Mozart and one by Mendelssohn, in which Herr Lwoff played the first violin. Mendelssohn himself was present, and seemed to think that he had perhaps never heard his music more finely played. It was a perfect enjoyment. If there are many such dilettanti in the Russian capital, many artists may learn more there than they can teach. And should these lines ever meet the eyes of this admired musician, we trust he will accept them as an

expression of the thanks of many whom he delighted on that evening, and who place his name beside the most honoured names that belong to modern art.

ERNST.

BERLIOZ'S prophecy that Ernst would one day be talked of as was Paganini begins (1840) to be fulfilled. I have heard nearly all the great violin-players of modern days, from Lipinski down to Prume. Every one found enthusiastic support from the public. Some were constant to Lipinski; his imposing personality impressed at once, and it was only necessary to hear a couple of his grand tones to judge him. Others began to rave at once about Vieuxtemps, most genial of young masters, who already stands so high, that we can scarcely look forward to his future without secret fear. Ole Bull found many opponents, though he presented us with an enigma of deep meaning, difficult to unriddle; while De Beriot, Prume, David, Molique, C. Müller, all found their own especial admirers, as well as their shield-bearers, among the critics. But Ernst, like Paganini, is able to satisfy, to win all parties whenever he pleases; for he, of a varied individuality, has made himself familiar with all styles and schools. He even approaches Paganini in genius for improvi-

sation—most fascinating of virtuoso gifts!—and this quality may have been influenced by his early and frequent intercourse with Paganini. Ernst was born in Brünn, came when very young to the Conservatoire of Vienna, became acquainted with Paganini, and made his first tour up the Rhine in 1830 at the same time as Paganini. His remarkable execution, though openly displaying much of Paganini's manner, created a sensation already. In the arrogance of his youth, he always gave concerts in those cities where Paganini had played but a short time before him. I joyfully remember some of those concerts in the Rhine cities, to which he, like an Apollo, attracted all the Heidelberg Society of the Muses. His name was generally known. Not much was heard of him for a long time after this; he had gone to Paris, where one must spend a considerable time before one can be even heard. He improved more and more through persevering study; Paganini gradually ceased to influence him; and of late years his name has again appeared, placed on an equality with the names of the best artists in Paris. His old desire to see his fatherland, and especially his home, again, and to display his greatly increased proficiency there, reawakened within him. Having travelled through Holland during the past winter, giving sixty to seventy concerts there in a few months, he went straight to Germany after a short stay in Paris; a genuine artist, secure in his art, he disdained to announce his visits beforehand. Through the in-

ducements of Marschner, he first appeared in Hanover, and then in many concerts at Hamburg and in neighbouring cities. And thus, almost unprepared, and unaware of his coming, we heard him here. The hall was not over full, but the applause was so rapturous, that the usual public seemed to have doubled its numbers. The most brilliant point of the evening was his performance of Mayseder's variations, which he interwove enchantingly with his own, and closed with such a cadence as we had never heard except from Paganini, when, overflowing with humoristic boldness, he let loose all the sorceries of his bow. This feat met with applause that far exceeded the usual bounds of North German enthusiasm; and if wreaths had been prepared beforehand, they would have been showered by scores upon the master. But this will yet be his fate, though, one of the most modest and self-conscientious of men, he would doubtless escape it if he could. We shall hear him again next Monday. The railroad has borne him away for a few days to the neighbouring capital. And then, if he plays the "Carnival of Venice," we shall have something to report of him, to whom, it seems, the famous Italian magician, on departing from the artist world, bequeathed the secrets of his power, that masters may make comparisons, youths become emulous, and all the world enjoy.

NIELS W. GADE.

THE following might lately (1843) have been read in a French paper:—"A young Danish composer excites much interest in Germany at present; he is called Gade, and often wanders, with his violin on his shoulder, from Copenhagen to Leipsic and back; he looks as if he were Mozart himself." The first and last parts of this information are correct; a little romance is mixed up with the rest of the sentence. The young Dane really came a few months ago to Leipsic (in the ordinary traveller's style, however, violin and all), and his Mozart head, with hair as thick and heavy as if cut in marble, agreed very well with the good opinions which his "Ossian" overture and his first symphony had won beforehand among our resident artists.

Little that is eventful can be told of his life. Born in 1817 in Copenhagen, the son of an instrument-maker of that place, he possibly dreamed away his first years surrounded by more instruments than men. His first instruction in music was obtained from one of those commonplace teachers who esteem mechanical industry beyond talent, and it seems that mentor was not very well satisfied with the progress of his pupil. He learned a little about guitar, violin, and pianoforte, without accomplishing much on either instrument. Later, he met with more able

masters in Werschall and Berggreen, and the esteemed Weyse also gave him kind advice. Compositions of very different kinds were the result, and their author thinks very little of them; no doubt many of them were the overflowings of an uncommon imagination. He afterwards entered the royal orchestra at Copenhagen as violinist, and here had an opportunity to listen to the secrets of the instruments, which he has since related to us in some of his compositions. This practical school, denied to some, used without understanding by many, was doubtless the principal agent in educating him up to that point of mastery in instrumentation which must undeniably be conceded to him. Through his "Ossian" overture, which, on the approval of Spohr and Schneider, was crowned with the prize awarded by the Copenhagen Musical Union, he attracted the attention of his music-loving king; he then received, like many other talented men in Denmark, a really royal stipend, intended, in his case, to assist him in a foreign journey; thus, for the first time, he turned towards Leipsic, where he has been introduced, for the first time, to a larger musical public. He is still here, but intends shortly to visit Paris, and Italy afterwards. We will, therefore, take advantage of the moment, in which he is yet freshly present to us, to give a brief sketch of the artistic originality of this man, who has favourably impressed us, to a far greater degree than most young composers of to-day.

He who, from Gade's resemblance to Mozart,

which is really quite surprising, should straightway conclude that these two men resembled each other musically, would be greatly mistaken. We see quite a novel artistic character before us. It really begins to look as if the nations bordering on Germany desired to emancipate themselves from the influence of German music; this might annoy a German nativist, but it could only appear natural and cheering to the more profound thinker, if he understood human nature. So we see the French-Pole Chopin, Bennett the Englishman, Verhulst the Hollander, besides the representatives of Hungarian music, giving promise and performance that must lead them to be regarded as most worthy embodiments of the artistic tendency of their native lands. And though they all seem to regard Germany as their first and favourite teacher of music, we cannot wonder that they try to speak their own musical language to their own nation, without becoming untrue to their former instructor. For no land can yet boast of masters that equal our greatest ones: who will declare the contrary?

In the further North of Europe we also see national tendencies displaying themselves. Lindblad in Stockholm transcribes old folk-songs for us, and even Ole Bull, though by no means a man of the first rank of talent, has tried to make the tones of his own home at home with us. Perhaps the appearance of so many distinguished modern poets in Scandinavia has given a powerful impulse to musical talent there,

if the artists of that country have not been sufficiently reminded by their lakes, mountains, aurora borealis, and antique runes, that the North may well dare to speak its own language.

Our young composer has also been nourished by the poetry of his fatherland: he knows and loves all its poets; old legends and traditions accompanied him on his boyish wanderings, and Ossian's giant harp resounded from the shores of England. A decided Northern musical character makes its appearance for the first time in Gade's music, and especially in his "Ossian" overture; but Gade will be the first to acknowledge all that he owes to German masters. They have rewarded the great industry with which he has devoted himself to the study of their works (he knows nearly all, by all) by the gift they bestow on those who remain true to them—the consecration of mastership.

In the "Ossian" overture we can detect the influence of Mendelssohn in certain instrumental combinations, and in the symphony we find much that reminds us of Franz Schubert; but a very original turn of melody is observable throughout these—a national character such as has not hitherto displayed itself in the higher forms of instrumental music. But the symphony excels the overture in every respect, in natural power as well as in the mastery of technicalities.

We only hope that this artist may not be crushed, as it were, by his nationality; that his imagination,

"illumined by the Northern lights," as some one has said, may prove its richness and variety, and that he may study other regions of life and nature. Every artist should be advised, first to win, and then to reject, originality; let him cast off the old skin, serpent-like, when it begins to compress him too closely.

But the future is dark; much happens otherwise than as we expect; we can only express our hopes of the worthiest and finest things to come from such remarkable talent. And as if his very name—like that of Bach—had had an influence in making a musician of him—odd accident—the four letters of his name are those that designate the four violin-strings. Let no one jest away this little sign of the Muse's favour; or the other, that his name, by means of four clefs, may be written in one note,* which cabalists will find easy to discover.

We may expect a second symphony by Gade this month; it differs from the first, in being lighter and softer. While listening to it, we think of the lovely Danish beech-woods.

* This note is A in the treble clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzosoprano, and E in the baritone clefs :—

(TR.)

A VISION ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 9th, 1838.

CONCERT BY C. W.

FROM heaven descended, an angel child,
Of music dreaming, sits thoughtful, mild;
But when she strikes the ivory keys,
In magic circle the listener sees
Form float past form,
Like clouds unrolled:
Young Mignon warm,
Dread Erlking old,
The weaponed glitter
Of warlike Ritter,
And nuns, low kneeling
In fervent feeling.
Loud plaudits swell to a stormlike roar,—
No perfect songstress is worshipped more;
But praise detains not that modest maid,
Who speeds to her home's protecting shade.

F. AND E.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.

[CONCERT FOR THE MUSICIANS' PENSION FUND ON THE 8TH FEBRUARY 1841.]

IN his passing flight, the master's pinions rested here a while, and, as from the angel's pinions in one of Rückert's poems, rubies and other precious stones fell from them, and into indigent hands, as the master ordained it. It is difficult to say anything new of one who has been so praise-beshowered as he has. But every earnest virtuoso is glad to hear one thing

said at any time—that he has progressed since he last delighted us with his art. This best of all praise we are conscientiously able to bestow on Thalberg; for during the last two years that we have not heard him, he has made astonishing additions to his acquirements, and, if possible, moves with greater boldness, grace, and freedom than ever. His playing seemed to have the same effect on every one, and the delight that he probably feels in it himself was shared by all. True virtuosity gives us something more than mere flexibility and execution; a man may mirror his own nature in it; and in Thalberg's playing, it becomes clear to all that he is one of the favoured ones of fortune, one accustomed to wealth and elegance. Accompanied by happiness, bestowing pleasure, he commenced his career; under such circumstances he has so far pursued it, and so he will probably continue it. The whole of yesterday evening, and every number that he played, gave us a proof of this. The public did not seem to be there to judge, but only to enjoy; they were as certain of enjoyment as the master is certain in his art. The compositions he performed were all new: a serenade and minuet from "Don Giovanni," a fantasia on Italian airs, a grand *étude*, and a caprice on airs from "Sonnambula;" all highly effective transcriptions of the original melodies, which everywhere looked pleasantly forth from the *arpeggios* and scales by which they were surrounded. His working out of the "Don Giovanni" themes was highly artistic, and his per-

formance of them surprisingly beautiful. The *étude* seemed to us the most valuable as a composition; at its foundation lay a charming theme, of a sustained Italian folk-song style, and the last variation, with its enlivening triplets, was too fine ever to be forgotten, and no one will be able to play it after him in such magical perfection. Honour to him, then, for that beautiful evening, on which he secured to himself a deep-felt and lasting remembrance among us; and may his return to his admirers be a speedy one.

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*NORBERT BURGMÜLLER.**

SINCE Franz Schubert's premature death, none has moved us more painfully than Burgmüller's. Destiny, instead of thinning the crowded ranks of mediocrity, has robbed us of our most commanding talent. Schubert, to be sure, was somewhat appreciated during his life; but Burgmüller had scarcely begun to enjoy the beginning of a public recognition, and, even so, was known but to a limited circle, and in that more as a "queer fellow" than as a musician. It is therefore our duty to pay that honour to the dead which we were unable to show to the living, partly, perhaps, through his own fault.

And yet we know but little of him: a symphony, the remembrance of which still excites pleasure,

* Mendelssohn's "Funeral March" (Opus 103) was written on the death of this promising young composer.—TR.

though we heard it but once; a book of songs, publicly praised and recommended by us; a sonata; a rhapsody; and then another book of songs, the last three only recently published. Yet this little was enough to lead us to deplore most deeply the fulness of strength that has fallen in its prime. He was endowed with such brilliant talent, that only a blind man could have his doubts regarding it; and I even believe that he would finally have become popular with the masses, whom the wealth of his melodies would have captivated, though his truly artistic working out of details might only have been partly understood.

Born, like Beethoven, on the German Rhine, he was early influenced by the charming neighbourhood that surrounded him; nor was he probably uninfluenced by the exciting artist life in Düsseldorf near by. We find him afterwards in Cassel. The influence of Spohr, with whom he studied there, though not to be overlooked, yet sounds to us with but a faint echo in such of Burgmüller's works as we are acquainted with. His scholardom soon became independence; and no doubt Spohr was pleasantly conscious of this when he dismissed him with, it is said, the highest encouragement in regard to his pupil's future distinction. Nor must Hauptmann, the thorough yet finely-inventive composer, be forgotten; with him, also, Burgmüller studied. His individual power is most strongly displayed in the rhapsody; it is only six pages long, but its effect is

almost equal to the first effect produced by Goethe's "Erlking." What a masterly picture! it seems to have been thought out, sketched, and perfected in a moment; and with how much facility! It is a questionable thing to try to sound a musician's fancy; but in this rhapsody I think I see further motive beyond the creation of music,—a poem, a picture, an actual occurrence. A poet who was also a good musician might perhaps most easily get at its meaning. However this may be, the rhapsody produces an effect such as might be made by an apparition from another world; when it has disappeared, we look about us for a long time, unable to believe our own eyes.

As a work, the sonata is not less excellent. The only reproach an arrogant musician could cast upon it, would be the repetition of the second theme in the second part, which defect we find in the first and second movements of the sonata. Expressive as the cantilena is, fancy might have broken for itself a bolder pathway in this place. But it is far more difficult to create than to advise. The whole work is so filled with impassioned power, and its poet appears so completely master of it, in spite of his fine passion, that while he excites, he tranquillises us. I know not at what age he wrote the sonata, but I fancy it was at the turning-point between youth and manhood, when we bid farewell to so many dreams, in order to make way for realities. The following movements are stamped with the same character of

resignation and vital courage, though I cannot deny that, after such a first movement, I expected more profound combinations in the last. Yet Burgmüller's well-wishers may be quite satisfied with what he has given us.

His latest published book of songs does not fall behind his first in value. The texts display refinement in their selection, the subjects bear an affinity to the melancholy, impassioned nature of the composer: they are "He who never ate his bread with tears" (Goethe), "Clear glow the stars in the dark blue" (Stieglitz), "Silent and stunned I wander" (Platen), "Wounded heart, O cease complaining" (I. Schopenhauer), and "I journey into the gloomy land" (Uhland). We find everything here that we dare ask from a song —poetic conception, lively detail, happy connection between voice and instrument, careful selection, insight, and warm vitality. I can least explain, however, his setting of the Goethe poem; its form, though pointing to the part played, seems to me too outward, too accidental, while it yet drowns the tender life of the poem. In Franz Schubert, this holding to one musical figure throughout was a new thing in the Lied; younger song-composers must be warned lest they turn it into mannerism. The other songs seem to spring from a deeper source; the last, especially, is so admirably fitted to the text, that a more perfect execution of it can scarcely be imagined.

We trust that the publisher, who possesses many

other manuscripts by Burgmüller, will soon give them to his admirers; it is certain that the venture will be successful. Publishers are like fishermen; not knowing what luck and accident may bring in, they cast their nets, and catch the ordinary prey, big and little, until a heavy weight betrays the rare guest, one of the most precious treasures of the deep. Such a fortunate draught was Burgmüller.

OPERATIC NOTE-BOOK, 1847-50.

"Jean de Paris," by Boieldieu, March 4th, 1847, in Dresden.

A MASTERLY opera. Two acts, two scenes, two hours in representation — all admirably planned. "Jean de Paris"—"Figaro's Wedding"—the "Barber of Seville"—the three first comic operas in the world, truthfully reflecting the nations of their composers!

Instrumentation (my observation is principally directed to this at present) masterly throughout; the wind-instruments, especially clarinettes and horns, treated with great care, never covering the voice; the violoncellos effectively used here and there as independent parts.

Horns are made use of in their highest compass, when the voice lies still higher; very good; the two intermingle well.

"The Templar and the Jewess," by Marschner, May 8th, 1847.

I enjoyed listening to it. The composition is restless here and there, and is not clear in its instrumentation, but it contains a wealth of intellectual melody. Very dramatic; some Weberian reminiscences. This is a gem, unable wholly to free itself from its rough outer coating.

The treatment of the voices is not always good, and the orchestra crushes them—too many trumpets.

The choruses were miserably sung, but some of them ought to produce a considerable effect.

On the whole, the most remarkable modern German opera since Weber.

"Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, May 15th, 1847.

Clytemnestra, Schroeder-Devrient; Iphigenia, Johanna Wagner; Agamemnon, Mitterwurzer; Achilles, Tichatschek.

Richard Wagner was stage-manager; costumes and decorations were very appropriate. I think I heard some of his additions to the music here and there. The close, "On to Troy," was also added. This is inadmissible. Gluck would probably make use of a contrary process with Wagner's operas—he would cut out.

What can I say about this opera? As long as the world exists, such music must occasionally be heard,

for it never grows old. A great, original composer; Mozart plainly looks over his shoulder; Spontini often copies him, note for note. The close of the opera is highly effective, like his "Armida."

"*Tannhaüser*," *by Richard Wagner, August 7th*, 1847.

An opera that cannot be spoken of in this brief manner. It is certainly a genial work. Were he as melodious a composer as he is an intellectual one, he would be the man of our time. I defer to a future article the many things this opera deserves to have said about it.

"*La Favorite*," *by Donizetti, August 30th*, 1847.

I only heard two acts. Marionette stage-music!

"*Euryanthe*," *by C. M. v. Weber, September 23rd*, 1847.

We raved about this as we had not done about anything for a long time. This music is too little known and appreciated. It is Weber's noblest heart's blood, and this opera certainly cost him a part of his life—but to render him immortal by its means. It is a chain of sparkling jewels from beginning to end—all intellectual, masterly. How glorious, how characteristic are some of the details, especially in the music of Eglantine and Euryanthe

—and how the instruments ring! They speak to us from the profoundest, most inward depths. We were full of it—talked long of it. I think the most genial number of the opera is the duet between Lysiart and Eglantine in the second act. The march in the third act is also admirable. However, the crown must be awarded to the entire work, and not to separate passages.

"*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*," *by Rossini, November*, 1847.

With Viardot-Garcia as Rosina. Witty, enlivening music; the best Rossini ever wrote. Viardot transformed the entire opera into a great variation; she scarcely left one melody untouched. What a false view of the liberty of a virtuoso! Yet this is her best character.

"*La Muette de Portici*," *by Auber, February 22nd*, 1848.

This opera is a musical child of good fortune. Its subject has kept it up. The music is too rough, has no feeling, and the instrumentation is wretched. Flashes of mental power here and there, however.

"*Oberon*," *by Weber, March 18th*, 1848.

Too lyrical a subject. The music, too, is behind that of Weber's other operas in freshness. A slovenly performance.

"*Fernand Cortez*," *by Spontini, July 27th*, 1848.

I heard this with rapture for the first time.

"*Fidelio*," *by Beethoven, August 11th.*

Bad performance; incomprehensible *tempi;* under Richard Wagner.

"*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," *by Cimarosa, June 19th*, 1849.

Masterly throughout, in a technical sense, as to composition and instrumentation, but uninteresting, and finally tiresome.

"*Les Deux Journées*," *by Cherubini, July 8th.*

I listened with great pleasure to this clever, masterly opera, for the first time in several years. Dall' Aste made an admirable water-carrier.

"*Le Prophète*," *by Gia. Meyerbeer, February 2nd*, 1850.*

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* In his essay on the "Huguenots" (see page 302), Schumann frankly declares his opposition to Meyerbeer's seeking after effect at any cost; after hearing "Le Prophète," he doubtless buried all further possible hope in Meyerbeer as a composer.—TR.

MUSEUM.

WE have lately received some contributions from the Davidites, under the above title, with the question whether they might not insert a collection of sketches of interesting heads, to be termed "Museum," in our paper, as they believe that many things pass unnoticed in the wholesale reviewing that has become fashionable. They trust the editor will believe they have no *aristocratic* ends in view, &c. Laying aside the last observation, the editor replies: Let the Davidites come on!

VARIATIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY ADOLPH HENSELT, OPUS I.

MY friendship for thee has increased, Florestan, since thou hast had judgment enough to select the best from an army of young composers, and to introduce them to the world in thy pages as future honour-bearers, if not laurel-wearers. They belonged to the most varied nationalities: Chopin a French-Pole, Berlioz a Frenchman, Bennett an Englishman, besides many lesser talents that I do not at present

recall. If, I often sadly thought, a German would at last make his appearance! And here he is—the fine fellow, with heart and head in the right place—Adolph Henselt! I agree with the lady Davidite, Sara, who ranks him—rarely as he has yet been heard, with Opus 1 scarcely yet behind him—among the very best in the young artistic ranks. Thou knowest, Florestan, how much we have studied together at the pianoforte, rioting in finger-exercises and Beethoven, striving to attain the finest tone. But what I call euphony, the magic of tone, has never so struck me, to the highest degree, as in Henselt's compositions. And yet this euphony is but the echo of inward amiability, uttered with an openness and truth such as rarely strikes the ear through the spectre-dance of our day. Other young artists possess this quality in common with him, but they do not understand their instrument as well, nor are they able to express their thoughts in so charming a manner. I do not allude to the variations now, with which one can fall in love without being too deeply touched,—which is not their aim,—but many men, even when they have said but little, and not yet shown their best, impress us at once with the idea that they possess a warm heart and a harmoniously-cultivated mind. And then I have lately heard played by Clara Wieck, like a friend of the composer, a number of short pieces that brought tears of pleasure to my eyes, so unmistakably they went to the heart. If such qualities in an artistic

spirit cannot make me forget the deeper qualities of others, such as the highly passionate Chopin,—though the genius of Scott does not obliterate Byron,—yet these qualities deserve imitation, as well as the sincerest recognition, in such a time as ours, when a distorted and destructive Meyerbeer reigns, surrounded by a dazzled and applauding crowd. Rejoice, then, in the views which this artist opens to you; lovely nature always conquers at last. Let him also rejoice in his significance, and continue to spread happiness among us with his art.

One thing more. It has been lately asked whether Henselt does not mentally resemble Prince Louis of Prussia. Yes; but they chanced on inverted times. If we accord a classic or romantic character to music, then Prince Louis was the Romanticist of the classic period, while Henselt is the Classic of a romantic period; in this manner they resemble each other.

EUSEBIUS.

ADOLPH HENSELT.

TWELVE ÉTUDES, OPUS 2.

A DESCRIPTION of these *études* comes tardily now, and not unlike a fifth wheel to a car of triumph; for they were known to so many people, even before their publication, that, had note-engraving not yet been invented, they would already have been handed,

like Homeric poems, from mouth to mouth, or rather from hand to hand. But now that their publication is known, there is scarcely one good pianoforte-player —of course all desire to be considered as such—who will not immediately procure, try, and study them. It would be difficult to say anything new about them, but nothing could be easier than to consider the work a fine one; for with Henselt there can only be a question of the beautiful—mediocrity is here a foreign subject.

And so we are the richer by one more excellent work, and rarely is opinion so unanimous regarding the value of a publication. But we should often lose heart from discouragement, if, amid the vulgar running and driving of the day, some young hero did not occasionally step forth like a genuine champion of artistic interests, following the true path with freshness and bravery. Nor need he complain of the indifference of the world; for true talent always takes Time captive, and honours have fallen to his share of which not even a Mozart need have felt ashamed.

The cause of this rapid success lies in the most attractive quality of a social or artistic character—the amiability of our hero. His limbs move freely and gracefully; his sword throws out perfume and sparks at once, as tradition tells of Damascus blades; on his helmet there waves a brilliant plume. As I have seen him at the pianoforte, he has often seemed to resemble one of the troubadours who softened the spirits of a wild, contradictory time, who reminded of

earlier, simpler, more moral lives, while beckoning to new action, and youths and maidens hung their faith upon him while he passed from song to song, scarcely knowing when to come to a close. But he was also able to please more impassioned natures; his songs are full of deep-felt love and self-devotion. Perhaps Destiny had something to do with his mission as a Romanticist, and his whole being has expanded into love.

So we find in his second work, twelve love-songs, and in an elegant golden inscription he writes above each one the meaning of his griefs and raptures. I am inclined to censure him for selecting French mottoes, for, in my opinion, no language is so rich as our German one in terms and phrases of love,—no other can boast more sincere, heartfelt, tenderly-veiled expressions of that kind. However, we will accept his choice as a characteristic one; for we must acknowledge that chivalry, gallantry, and what may be termed manly coquetry, never comes with a better grace than from French lips. Take a few mottoes in proof of this:

"Pensez un peu à moi,
Qui pense toujours à vous!"

"Si oiseau j'étais,
À toi je volerais."

"C'est la jeunesse qui a des ailes dorées."

By such feelings, and similar ones, all these pieces are enlivened; and though they might possibly have

been expressed in a more intellectual, profound, half-concealed manner, they could not have been spoken more unfeignedly, gracefully, or warm-heartedly. To a man with such a character, one art *par excellence* belongs—the speech of the heart, our beloved music. Is the heart of such a gifted man but honest and upright, has he thoroughly studied, then let him sing out as carelessly as bird on bough; music, the truest music, is certain to be the result. Then there is no need, no use for sifting, tormenting one's self! He who loves thinks in music; and the bell must freely swing if it is to sound. Love is our singer's theme; he makes no secret of it, but sings on into the darkest night. Therefore we hear but *him* alone, only that which touches *him;** he cares for nothing beyond himself, nor cares to place anything extraordinary before us; he sings of himself, and we must hear it.

Thus the melody of a single part predominates, in nearly all these *études,* over the others; not accidentally, yet not necessarily either. Some may be styled single-voiced from beginning to end, and we are almost left to discover the ornamental harmonies ourselves. Yet this solo-singing seems such a necessary growth from the kernel, has such fulness of single tones, such roundness and weight in the whole, that it cannot be altered without destroying

* If these remarks seem to contradict the preceding ones, in which I have termed Henselt a troubadour, I would observe that I more especially refer, in the former, to his style of performance.

it. Though in the melodic progressions of good masters we nearly always find small breaks, springs, contradictory ideas, that might be advantageously altered, in these *études* I do not find one note that should be altered, save perhaps in, at the most, two or three little places.

In this his cantilena resembles that of Gluck so far as the work of such widely-differing epochs can display any resemblance ;—and if we oppose the simply grandiose style of Gluck to the boldly labyrinthine one of Sebastian Bach, we may, in the narrow circle of pianoforte-music, place the clear melodies of Henselt in opposition to the veiled ones of Chopin. But this is not meant to imply that Gluck carried music to a higher point than Bach, or that Henselt has left Chopin behind him. Henselt himself might as well deny the source from whence he has drawn nourishment, as we deny in Chopin his far more tender enthusiasm, his divinely light vivacity, his unspeakably finer organisation. Yes; many of Henselt's *études* would never have existed but for Chopin's prior creations. This is said parenthetically, to prevent the appearance of ingratitude.

Henselt's already charming melodies become altogether so from the mysterious figuration in which he conceals them—rich fruit issuing from green leaves and branches. And we rejoice in the careful industry with which he treats the basses and middle parts (not in a melodic sense, but in a harmonic one) ; the conscientiousness with which he orders all, so that

the work produces a favourable effect in its entirety, though every detail stands out finely and separately. One figure, the first root of which I think I recognise in the *étude* in B major (which this collection unfortunately does not contain), is especially peculiar to him; he uses it frequently, and always with a remarkably euphonious effect.

All this should be heard from himself when he sits in a favourable moment at the pianoforte (he sometimes fancies he is the worst of players), wrapt in his instrument, one with it, forgetful of time and place, careless whether artists or princes sit round him; then he at once begins to sing, and goes on unweariedly to the closing chord, when he begins again from the beginning, until one must acknowledge that he is a divinely-inspired singer, and truly then we feel that his is also the hand of genius.

Many and varied thoughts are suggested by the appearance of this admired artist:—the happy conviction that, in order to create, he only needs to lay his hand on the keyboard; the more serious one, that the distractions, the unsettled nature of the virtuoso life, are opposed to and injure lofty research and productiveness, which require happiness and complete isolation from the world. But he is yet in the first flush of youth, and we hope to meet him soon again, when we shall have much to say that we for the present withhold.

THREE IMPROMPTUS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY STEPHEN HELLER, OPUS 7.

LEST my Eusebius should foam over the brim, like a goblet lifted on high, I oppose to him another young German artist, Stephen Heller, who, if he does not possess the qualities of Eusebius' favourite in so high a degree, has an abundance of wit and fancy, besides much variety of invention. A few years ago, an unknown person wrote to us that he had been informed that the Davidites would accept even poor manuscripts. "We cannot," the letter continued, "be sufficiently thankful for this. Some hard-hearted publisher, some Herz publisher, may, through just criticism of such manuscripts, turn his attention to young talent, may become more favourably disposed towards it, or strengthened in his hardness of heart. In me, honoured Davidites, you behold one of the many who desire to see their compositions (so-called works) published, and, at the same time, one of the few who desire it, not merely to be printed or engraved, but rather to be judged, to receive the blame, instruction, or encouragement which may be my due,"—and so on. The whole letter bore witness to naïveté, simplicity, and clear-headedness. At last came the manuscript, accompanied by a letter, from which I make the following extract:—"I might hope

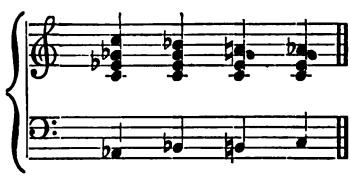
for great consideration from you, could I prove myself to be a remarkable hearer, a rare seer. I have often seen Beethoven and Schubert, in Vienna too, and the very best Italian opera-company there; and what combinations! Mozart's and Beethoven's quartettes played by Schuppansig and others, and Beethoven's symphonies played by the Vienna orchestra. But seriously, honoured Davidites, am I *not* a rarely favoured seer, a hearer especially favoured by Providence?" "Dear friends," I said to mine, "after such epistolary passages, nothing more is to be done but to fly to the compositions, and learn to know the man, to the root, whose name forms such a fatal contrast to the apparent qualities of its possessor" (Heller, *clearer*).

I am satiated with the word "Romanticist," though I have perhaps not pronounced it ten times in my life; and yet, if I wished briefly to characterise our young seer, that is what I should entitle him. Thank heaven, however, our young composer knows nothing of that vague, nihilistic, no-style, behind which many scribblers ape Romance, or of that roughly-scrawled materialism which the French new Romanticists favour; on the contrary, he generally feels naturally, and expresses himself clearly and cleverly. Then we feel that there is, in the background of his compositions, a peculiar, attractive twilight, or rather dawn, that places his otherwise clear forms in a foreign light; but such an effect is better described by a picture than in words, and so I would compare this

mental halo to those circles which, in morning showers on certain days, we may observe surrounding the shadow outlines of many heads. On the whole, there is nothing more supernatural about him than a sensitive soul in a lively body. He finishes off finely and carefully; his forms are new, fantastic, and free; he seems afraid of getting quickly rid of his subject,—always a sign that there is something in it. He does not possess the harmonious euphony that is so delightful in Henselt; on the other hand, he has more wit, and knows how to mingle contrasts in unity. Many little details displease me; but he murders blame instantaneously by some cleverly-managed turn. These and many other qualities distinguish my favourite. Nor must I overlook the dedication! The coincidence is odd. You may remember, Eusebius, that we once dedicated something to Wina in the "Flegeljahren;" the dedication of the impromptus is also to one of Jean Paul's heavenly creations—Liane de Froulay,—so we have something in common. May no one falsely interpret the resemblance—it is clear enough. So I recommend the impromptus to you. Truly this talent has a future before it. FLORESTAN.

SHORT PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

A. RUBINSTEIN; "UNDINE," ÉTUDE FOR THE PIANOFORTE, OPUS 1.

THE first work of the talented boy (in 1843) who has already won such fame as a pianist. From this preliminary composition we cannot yet affirm or deny that he possesses uncommon creative gifts. But since the little piece is predominantly melodious, without actually presenting us with fine or novel melody, we are led to hope that he has already begun to understand the true essence of music, and may continue to develop his talents happily in this sense. The title of the *étude* is principally justified by the wave-like form of the figure of the accompaniment. Anything truly successful and thoroughly original it would of course be vain to expect from so young a composer. But incorrect harmonies like the following

should not have been allowed to stand; any passably educated musician could have corrected the errors for him.

STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY I. N. HUMMEL, OPUS 125.

I.

CHEERFULNESS, repose, grace, the characteristics of antique works of art, are also those of the school of Mozart. The Greek gave to "The Thunderer" a cheerful face, and with a cheerful face Mozart launches his lightnings.

A true master does not attract scholars, but other masters. With reverence I return continually to *this* master, who laboured so fully, deeply, broadly. Should this transparent manner of thinking and poetising ever be supplanted by a more formless and mystic one, as Time—that casts a shadow even upon Art—may ordain, yet may that beautiful period of art never become forgotten during which Mozart reigned, and which Beethoven's mighty revolution shook to its depths, perhaps not without the acquiescence of his princely predecessor, Wolfgang Amadeus.

Afterwards Carl Maria von Weber and a few foreigners re-ascended the royal throne. But when these had also departed, the people were led more and more astray, until they now stretch and toss themselves in a weary, uncomfortable, classic-romantic torpor.

The advice has been given to older artists, that,

when they reach their culminating point, they should still continue to create, but anonymously; because that which would be considered as progress in young unknown writers, could only be looked upon as a posthumous artistic legacy from them. But no matter how long an artist's name may have been esteemed famous, it would be arrogance in a critic to attempt to fix the culminating point of that artist's creative power. Who dared to hope for an eighth Beethoven Symphony after the seventh, and, after an eighth, a ninth? Only the last fully-perfected work will be regarded by the pure ever-progressive artist as that culminating point.

It would be unjust to place this work by the old master beside his sixtieth or eightieth opus, as the equal in beauty of either of those; when he wrote those works of art, all his powers flowed together in harmony. Here, indeed, we have the same stream, still majestic, still worthy of respect, but at that point where it leans towards the all-absorbing sea, where the mountains are less lofty, where the shores that embrace the retreating flood are less rich in flowers. Yet honour the river in its course, and remember how truthfully it once mirrored the outer world in its bosom!

Music develops and transforms itself with a rapidity of which no other art offers an example; and it often happens that even the best is only esteemed among contemporaries for the space of a decennium. The intolerance of young minds, thanklessly forgetful

of this, and unregardful of the fact that they are merely building up a height of which they did not lay the foundation, is an experience that has been, and will be, made in every epoch of art.

Young as I am, on this subject I would fain have nothing on my conscience, in common with a so-called very dear Florestan. Florestan! if thou wert a great king, if thou shouldst lose a battle, and if thy subjects should tear the purple from thy shoulders, wouldst thou not cry out angrily to them—"Oh, ye ungrateful ones!" EUSEBIUS.

II.

Dearly beloved Eusebius, in truth, you force me to laugh. And though you should put back the hands of all your watches, the sun would rise at the usual hour. Highly as I prize your talent for placing everything in the right light, I esteem you as but a masked Romanticist,—with a certain shyness in regard to names that Time will one day obliterate.

Indeed, my friend, if things went on according to the wishes of certain people, we should soon arrive at that golden age when putting the thumb on a black key was rewarded with boxes on the ears. I will not enter into the falsehood of some of your reveries, but proceed to the business itself at once.

Method, school mannerisms, advance improvement indeed, but narrowly, one-sidedly. Ah, teachers! how ye sin against yourselves! With your school of Logier you strive to drag the bud from its sheath

by force. Like falconers, you pull out your own pupils' feathers, lest they should fly too high! You should be guide-posts to point out the way, but not to run along the road yourselves also.

Already, while I was studying Hummel's pianoforte school (ye know, ye Davidites, what an immense machinery I applied to it, because the music-desk would not hold firm), I felt a faint suspicion that Hummel, having been an extraordinary virtuoso in his own day, might be a mere pedagogue to future times. I found in that work so much that was aimless, and even put there to fill up, beside so much that was useful, so much good advice near so much that obstructed one's formation, that I positively recoiled from Haslinger's edition of the work. Of course I forgave it for containing many examples of Hummelism; for every one understands his own productions best, and can make the best choice among them. I then failed to understand that Hummel had not kept up with the rapid march of improvement. I learned that partly afterwards; and these very "Studies" have fully enlightened me.

Studies, ye excellent Davidites, are studies; that is to say, one should learn from them something one did not know before.

The unsurpassable Bach, who knew a million times more than all the rest of us put together even suppose, was the first who undertook to write for learners; but he did it in so gigantic a manner, that only after many years he was enthroned before

the world as the founder of a strong, thoroughly healthy school, by a few men who, in the meanwhile, had been progressing (up to the point of understanding Bach) in their own way.

Bach's son, Emanuel, inherited fine talent. He filed, refined, caused a beautiful cantilena to flow through predominating harmony and figurated melody; but as a creative musician he remained very far behind his father: as Mendelssohn once said, "It was like the advent of a dwarf among the giants."

Clementi and Cramer followed. The former, on account of his contrapuntal, often cold art, could find no acceptance with young minds. Cramer was preferred on account of the transparent clearness of his *étude* music.

Other writers distinguished themselves by some excellences, yet no school was preferred to Cramer's as a general cultivation of hand and head.

But now something was required that would also cultivate the feelings (*Gemüth*). People found out that all these *études* were unsatisfactory from their intellectual monotony; they also discovered, thank heaven! that it was not necessary to learn one after another in order to improve.

The subtle Moscheles then thought out his interesting character-pieces, by means of which he sought to employ the fancy also.

Then came Hummel. Eusebius, I shall speak out! his studies came a few years too late. If you possessed an abundance of ripe, golden fruit, would

you give bitter roots to an imploring child? No, no; you would rather lead it back to the rich, early world of his works, that it might revel in the mind and fancy that glow there in a thousand brilliant colours.

Who will deny that most of these studies are put together and finished in a scholarly manner—that a fixed form is displayed in each of them—that all are perfected with the mastery that is the result of a long exercise of ability? But that which charms youth so greatly that the beauty of a work causes the fatigue of mastering it to be forgotten—the loveliness of imagination—is utterly wanting.

Believe me, Eusebius—and it may be told in your own flowery speech—if Theory be the true yet lifeless mirror that reflects truth speechlessly, and that remains dead without an object full of life, Imagination is the seeress with blindfolded eyes from whom nothing is withheld, and who often appears most charming in her errors. What do you say to this, master? FLORESTAN.

III.

Young men, you are both wrong! A famous name has embarrassed one of you, and made the other defiant. How is it said in the "Westöstlichen Divan?"

Als wenn das auf Namen ruhte,
Was sich schweigend nur gestaltet —
Lieb' ich doch das schöne Gute,
Wie es sich aus Gott gestaltet

RARO.

TWELVE ÉTUDES FOR PIANOFORTE.

BY FREDERIC CHOPIN, BOOK 2, OPUS 25.

THE name to which we have so often pointed, as to a rare star at a late hour of the night, must not be wanting in our Museum. Whither its course may lead, how long may last its sparkling light, who can tell? But it can always be distinguished whenever it shows itself, even by a child, for it always displays the same core of flame, the same deeply dark glow, the same brilliancy. And thus I remember that I have heard Chopin play nearly all of them, "and very much *à la* Chopin he plays them," whispers Florestan in my ear. Imagine that an Æolian harp possessed all the scales, and that an artist's hand struck these with all kinds of fantastic, elegant embellishments, ever rendering audible a deep fundamental tone, and a softly flowing upper voice—and you will have some idea of his playing. No wonder, then, that we were charmed with the pieces at once, hearing them played by himself, and most of all with the first, in A flat major, rather a poem than a study. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he allowed us to hear every small note in it; it was rather an undulation of the A flat major chord, brought out more loudly here and there with the pedal, but, exquisitely entangled in the harmony; we followed a wondrous melody in the sus-

tained tones, while, in the middle, a tenor voice broke clearly from the chords, and joined the principal melody. And when the *étude* was ended, we felt as though we had seen a lovely form in a dream, and, half awake, we strove to seize it again; —but such things cannot be described, still less can they be fitly praised. Then he played the second in the book, in F minor, one in which his individuality displays itself in a manner never to be forgotten. How charming, how dreamy it was! Soft as the song of a sleeping child. That in F major followed; fine again, but less novel in character; here the master showed his admirable bravura powers—but what are words for all this? They are all models of bold, indwelling, creative force, truly poetic creations, though not without small blots in their details, but, on the whole, striking and powerful. Yet, if I give my complete opinion, I must confess that his earlier large collection seems more valuable to me. Not that I mean to imply any narrowness in Chopin's artistic nature, or any deterioration, for these recently-published studies were nearly all written at the same time as the earlier ones, and only a few were composed a little while ago—the first in A flat, and the last magnificent one in C minor, both of which display great mastership. It is unfortunately true, however, that our friend writes little at present, and does not write works in large forms at all now. No doubt the distractions of Paris are to blame for this. But an artist's heart needs

rest after the storm. May this one, strengthened and renewed, hasten towards those yet unknown and distant suns which genius is ever discovering to us!

EUSEBIUS.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

TWO NOTTURNOS, OPUS 37; BALLADE, OPUS 38; WALTZ FOR PIANOFORTE, OPUS 42.

CHOPIN may now publish anything without putting his name to it; his works will always be recognised. This remark includes praise and blame; that for his genius, this for his endeavour. He possesses such remarkable original power, that, whenever it displays itself, it is impossible to be for a moment uncertain as to its source; and he adds to this an abundance of novel forms, that astonish us as much by their tenderness as their boldness. But, though ever new and inventive in the outward forms of his compositions, he remains the same within; and we are almost beginning to fear that he will not rise any higher than he has so far risen. And although this is high enough to render his name immortal in the modern history of art, he limits his sphere to the narrow one of pianoforte-music, when, with his powers, he might climb to so great an elevation, and from thence exercise an immense influence on the

general progress of our art. But we must fain content ourselves. He has already created such noble things, he gives us so much at present, that we ought to be satisfied; for we should certainly congratulate any artist who could accomplish merely the half of what he has accomplished. It is not necessary to write thick volumes to deserve the name of poet; two true poems are enough for that, and Chopin has written many more. The above named notturnos are also poems; they are essentially distinguished from his earlier ones by simpler decoration and more gentle grace. We all know how Chopin was formerly strewn with pearls, spangles, and golden trinkets. He has altered and grown older; he still loves decoration, but now of that nobler kind under which poetic ideality gleams more transparently. We must allow that he possesses the most refined taste possible, but it will not be understood by thorough bassists, for they give their thoughts entirely to the detection of consecutive fifths, and every succession of these exasperates them. But even they may learn much from Chopin, about consecutive fifths above all. We must direct attention to the "Ballade" as a most remarkable work. Chopin has already written one composition of the same name—one of his wildest and most original compositions; the new one is different—a less artistic work than the first, but equally fantastic and intellectual. Its impassioned episodes seem to have been afterwards inserted. I recollect

very well, that when Chopin played the "Ballade" here, it finished in F major; it now closes in A minor. He then said that he had been inspired by some poems of Mickiewitz to write this "Ballade." On the other hand, his music would inspire a poet to write words to it. It thrills one's inmost heart. And, finally, the waltz is, like his earlier ones, a salon piece of the noblest kind; if he played for dancers, Florestan thinks half of the ladies should be countesses at least. And he is right, for Chopin's waltz is aristocratic through and through.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

FIRST CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, WITH ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT, OPUS 11; AND SECOND CONCERTO (BY THE SAME) FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, OPUS 21.

I.

As soon as young artists meet with antagonists, they regard it as a sign of their force of talent, and they esteem the greatness of this in exact proportion to the perversity of these. It is remarkable, however, that in the very dry year 1830, when one ought to have thanked heaven for every tolerable blade of straw, when even the critics (but they are always behind the times, unless themselves creative), who had long shrugged their shoulders about Chopin's recognition, might have come forward at last, a

reviewer dared to say that Chopin's compositions were good for nothing but to tear in pieces. Enough! The Duke of Modena has not yet recognised Louis Philippe, but if the throne of the barricades does not stand on golden feet, the Duke has had nothing to say about it. I may here mention, *en passant*, that a famous tie-wig newspaper, as I hear (I say *hear*, because I do not read it, and flatter myself, in this respect, that I resemble Beethoven slightly; see Beethoven's "Studies," edited by Seyfried), smiles at me with dagger-like eyes under a mask, because I once said in jest of one of its journalists, who had written something about Chopin's "Don Juan" variations, that he, the journalist, had a couple of feet too many, like a bad verse, and that it would be a kindness to cut them off for him. But shall I remember these things to-day, just as I have fallen in with Chopin's F-minor concerto? Heaven forbid. Milk *versus* poison, cool blue milk! What is a whole yard of a musical paper compared to a Chopin concerto? What is a magister's anger compared to poetic rage? What are ten editorial crowns compared to an adagio in the second concerto? And believe me, Davidites, I should not think you worth the trouble of addressing, did I not think you capable of writing such works as those you write about, with the exception, indeed, of a few, like this second concerto, which, united, we cannot hope to reach, save with our lips to kiss its margin. Away with your musical

journals! It would be the victory, the triumph of a good one, could it bring matters so far (and many are working with this aim), that no one would read criticisms any more; that the world, from pure creativeness, would hear nothing that was written about it. It should be the highest endeavour of a just critic to render himself wholly unnecessary (as many try to become); the best discourse on music is silence. What stupid ideas are those of music-journalists regarding their own importance! They imagine themselves the idols of artists, yet without artists they would starve. Away with musical journals! No matter how high criticism aspires, it is but the poor manure of works to come; and God's blessed sun will accomplish the work far better. Once more, why write about Chopin? Why weary one's readers? Why not create at first hand, —play, write, compose? Once more, away with all musical journals, in general and especial!

FLORESTAN.

II.

If the world wagged according to the hair-brained Florestan's wishes, he would be capable of dubbing the above a review, and closing the paper with it. But he should recollect that we have a duty to Chopin to fulfil. Respecting him we have not yet written in our books; and the world will at last attribute our silence—prompted by reverence—to other motives. If we have not yet verbally glorified the

composer who already reigns in a thousand hearts, it has been for several reasons—timidity in treating of a subject that is very close to our hearts, fear lest we may not speak in proper terms of it, lest we may not have sufficient grasp to reach its heights and depths; then there is the artistic connection in which we stand to this artist,—and, finally, it has been delayed until now because Chopin in his last compositions seems to have struck into a higher, if not a different way, the direction and end of which we hoped to understand more clearly before giving a trustworthy account of it to interested outsiders.

Genius creates kingdoms, the smaller states of which are again divided by a higher hand among talents, that these may organise details which the former, in its thousandfold activity, would be unable to perfect. As Hummel, for instance, followed the call of Mozart, clothing the thoughts of that master in a flowing, sparkling robe, so Chopin followed Beethoven. Or, to speak more simply, as Hummel imitated the style of Mozart in detail, rendering it enjoyable to the virtuoso on one particular instrument, so Chopin led the spirit of Beethoven into the concert-hall.

Chopin did not make his appearance accompanied by an orchestral army, as great genius is accustomed to do; he only possesses a small cohort, but every soul belongs to him to the last hero.

He is the pupil of the first masters—Beethoven, Schubert, Field. The first formed his mind in bold-

ness, the second his heart in tenderness, the third his hand to its flexibility.

Thus he stood, well provided with deep knowledge in his art, armed with courage in the full consciousness of his power, when, in the year 1830, the great voice of the people arose in the West. Hundreds of youths had waited for the moment; but Chopin was the first on the summit of the wall, behind which lay a cowardly renaissance, a dwarfish Philistinism asleep. Blows were dealt right and left, and the Philistines awoke angrily, crying out, "Look at the impudent one!" while others behind the besieger cried, "The one of noble courage!"

Besides this, and the favourable influence of period and condition, Fate rendered Chopin still more individual and interesting in endowing him with an original, pronounced nationality—Polish, too; and because this nationality wanders in mourning robes, in the thoughtful artist it deeply attracts us. It was well for him that neutral Germany did not receive him too warmly at first, and that his genius led him straight to one of the great capitals of the world, where he could freely poetise and grow angry. If the powerful Autocrat of the North knew what a dangerous enemy threatens him in Chopin's works, in the simple melodies of his mazurkas, he would forbid music. Chopin's works are cannons buried in flowers.

In his origin, in the fate of his country, we find the explanation of his great qualities and of his failings. When we speak of grace, enthusiasm,

presence of mind, nobility, and warmth of feeling, who does not think of him? But who does not, when the question is of eccentricity, morbid sickliness, even wildness and hatred?

Many of Chopin's earlier creations bear this impress of the sharpest nationality.

But Art requires more. The cosmopolitan must sacrifice the small interests of the soil on which he was born. Chopin's later works begin to lose something of their especial Sarmatian physiognomy, and to approach partly, and more nearly, that universal ideal which the divine Greeks cultivated, and which we find again, on another path, in Mozart.

I say "partly;" for he never can, never ought, wholly to disown his origin. But the further he removes from it, the greater will his consequence in the general world of art become.

Chopin has contributed to the general improvement of art the idea that progress in it can only be attained through the formation of an intellectual aristocracy among artists. This would not merely demand a complete knowledge of mechanism, but would also require as indispensable in its members the possession of all the qualities they might require from others, as well as active sympathy, and a lively faculty of comprehension and restoration. Such a union of productivity and reproductivity would certainly hasten the epoch of general musical cultivation, in which there would be as little doubt as to what should be regarded as correct and true, as

there is regarding the manifold forms in which it appears.

Of new compositions by Chopin, we must mention a remarkable collection of preludes, besides a book of mazurkas and three waltzes. His forms seem to grow ever brighter and lighter—or are we becoming accustomed to his style? These mazurkas (Opus 33) will charm every one instantly, and seem to us more popular in character than his earlier ones; but his three waltzes (Opus 34) will delight above all things, so different in type, as they are, from the ordinary ones, and of such a kind as only Chopin dare venture on or even invent, —while gazing inspired among the dancers whom he has just called up by his preludes, and while thinking of far different things than those that are to be danced there. Such a wave of life flows through them, that they seem to have been improvised in the dancing-room. I must signalise the preludes as most remarkable (Opus 28). I will confess that I expected something quite different, carried out in the grand style, like his *études*. It is almost the contrary here; these are sketches, the beginnings of studies, or, if you will, ruins; eagles' feathers, all wildly, variegatedly intermingled. But in every piece we find, in his own refined hand, written in pearls, "This is by Frédéric Chopin;" we recognise him even in his pauses, and by his impetuous respiration. He is the boldest, the proudest poet-soul of to-day. To be sure, the

book also contains some morbid, feverish, repellant traits; but let every one look in it for something that will enchant him. Philistines, however, must keep away. And what is a Philistine?

Ein hohler Darm
Von Furcht und Hoffnung ausgefüllt,
Daß Gott erbarm!

Or let us close more gently with Schiller's fine lines—

Jenes Gesetz, das mit ehernem Stab den Sträubenden lenket,
Dir nicht gilt's. Was du thust, was dir gefällt, ist Gesetz.

EUSEBIUS.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

SIX ÉTUDES IN CAPRICE FORM, OPUS 11.

THE reader has long known that our paper has selected a little corps of favourites among the younger composers; the Englishman above named is not the least esteemed of these, for in certain things he leaves all the rest behind him. He possesses the most refined taste, the most lively sense for what is genuine, real. His inborn artistic understanding early raised him above the errors and trivialities under which so many courageous young

minds, desirous of speedy recognition, sink altogether. He always does that of which he is capable, and as his nature is a very fine one, he always does it in a fine manner. These *études* are, in their style, great inventions. From his economical way of setting to work, beginning in a small manner, neglecting nothing, yet never doing too much, bringing out all his strength precisely at the point where it will be most effective, all may learn the points that denote the master; promises that have already been fulfilled in the finest manner. For it should be known that he composed these studies in his eighteenth year, since which time his imagination and knowledge have been greatly enriched. But already in these his thoughts stream forth to the end, freely and uninterruptedly, so that the *étude* aim seems to have become subordinate, as is but natural in an artist like him, one the very opposite of all dry mechanism, and who longs to feel that more is reached through the study of *études* than mere empty dexterity. The title, therefore, distinctly expresses the contents of the work; we have caprices of stricter form than usual, with always different kinds of difficulties; pretty *genre* pictures, by means of which the hands may acquire more grace and facility. I compare most of these to the earlier *études* of Berger, though his were written at a riper age. Certain truths seem as if they must appear to all as clear as the sun—in spite of some sad contrary experiences; but I am this time nearly

certain that the majority will agree with me in the above-expressed judgment. The most striking of these *études* is the last, in G minor.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

THIRD CONCERTO, OPUS 9.

"AN English composer; no composer," said some one before the Gewandhaus concert of a few weeks ago, at which Mr. Bennett played the above concerto. When it was over, I turned to him, questioning, "An English composer?" "A true one, and an English one," answered the Anglophobe. A few words will suffice to-day. Eusebius has already written so warmly on this subject, that I can add little to his sketch. When we remember that the above concerto was written three years ago—that is to say, in its composer's nineteenth year,—we are astonished at the early dexterity of this artist-hand, the connection of the whole, its reposeful arrangement, its euphonious language, its purity of thought. Though perhaps I could have wished certain lengthened passages more concentrated in the first movement, even these are individual. Nothing, on the whole, is out of place; there is nothing in the work that does not appear inwardly related to its fundamental plan; and even where new elements step

in, the golden ground-threads still shine through, led as only a master-hand can lead them. How delightful it is to find an organic, living whole amid the trash of student-work; and how doubly delightful it was to find the Leipsic public, so little prepared for this, recognising it quickly and joyfully! And public opinion was here put to quite a different trial from that it undergoes in the case of ordinary virtuosos. In this case it was not sufficient merely to recognise technical ability, to mark the distinction between schools, to draw comparisons between artists. We need first to recognise the modesty with which our artist rejects all exaggerated means of pleasing, to discover whether this springs from a fine, rich foundation, and whether we are in the presence of one of those rare, inward, artist natures, that, if they permit the outside world a glance into their soul-life, are themselves uninfluenced in their self-communion and contemplation. After the first movement, a purely lyrical piece, full of fine human feeling, such as we meet with only in the best master-works, it became clear to all that they had here to do with an artist of the most refined nature. Still, he was not rewarded with that general thunder of applause, such as only bold virtuosos excite. Expectation was visibly awakened, more was demanded, people wished to make the Englishman understand that he was in the land of music. Then began the romance in G minor—so simple that the notes can almost be counted in it. Even if I had

not learned from the fountain-head that the idea of a fair somnambulist had floated before our poet while composing, yet all that is touching in such a fancy affects the heart at this moment. The audience sat breathless, as though fearing to awaken the dreamer on the lofty palace-roof; and if sympathy at moments became almost painful, the loveliness of the vision soon transformed that feeling into a pure artistic enjoyment. And here he struck that wonderful chord, where he imagines the wanderer, safe from danger, again resting on her couch, over which the moonlight streams. This happy trait set at rest all doubt respecting our artist, and in the last movement the public gave itself wholly up to the delight we are accustomed to receive from a master, whether he leads us on to battle or to peace.

Should it appear that I have been too anxious to take refuge, in the preceding lines, in the public judgment, should it seem that I have interpreted that too favourably, I am ready to be answerable alone for all that I have said regarding the excellence of the concerto. For it is more than necessary that honour and praise, if deserved, should be bestowed on all true artists, when laurels are unthinkingly heaped on virtuosos who have only their fingers to thank for them; and we should learn the distinction between these two kinds of artists. Yes; were there many artists like Sterndale Bennett, all fears for the future progress of our art would be silenced.

"*THE LAKE*," "*THE MILL-STREAM*," AND "*THE FOUNTAIN*."

BY STERNDALE BENNETT.

WE have frequently published our opinion of Bennett's compositions, and of his remarkable talent; and Eusebius has lately spoken of these exceedingly fine sketches in a long article, with the eulogistic nature of which every one will unite who has heard the pieces performed by their composer. It is true that we are all captivated by his personality; yet the lovely traits of these pictures seem to me so prominent, that I cannot ascribe to those who disagree with me—even when they have not heard them played by their author—any very great degree of cultivation. Not a word ought to be lost of certain things. However, we have never declared Bennett to be a natural phenomenon, and have only claimed for him the honour that such a union of artistic gifts deserves. The sketches are entitled, "The Lake," "The Mill-Stream," "The Fountain," and, had Art nothing more than these to thank him for, they would preserve his name from oblivion. In simplicity and tenderness they seem to me to exceed everything I know in the way of musical *genre*-painting, and like a true poet, he seems to have overheard and reproduced Nature in her most musical scenes. Or have we never listened to the music that has

called to us, at evening, from the opposite shores of the lake, or the swift rush of the wheel while the foam sparkles and flies? The manner in which these sketches arose, whether from within to without, or the reverse, has nothing to say to the matter, and none of us can decide that question. Composers themselves cannot always tell; one is so, another so: an outward picture often leads onward, one succession of tones calls forth another. But if music and independent melody are the result, let us not be hypercritical, but enjoy. I had almost forgotten the "Fountain," and how delightedly we heard it from him, while all his poet-soul seemed to flow out in it; how all things were heard through it,—a hundred voices prattling and splashing! Schiller himself could not sketch it for us more clearly when he said—

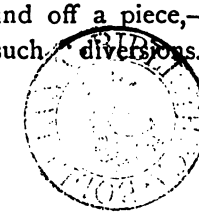
> "The flowers are bending to the west wind's kiss,
> The fountain springs and falls in crystal gushes;
> All happy creatures give and take life's bliss,
> While round mine ear a flood of music rushes."

These lines are the best criticism on these caprices that could be given.

The impromptus are not inferior to them—true poems, though less original, and sometimes reminding us of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words;" their forms and rhythms are also very graceful, if somewhat too reposeful and easy. A great step in advance,—as regards deep, even strange, harmonic combinations, and a bold, broad construction,—is to

be found in the three romances. They have been written lately, and may be regarded as the highest result of the composer's endeavours until now. They resemble his earlier works in richly flowing melody, and the melody of the upper part predominates in them; but they excel them in their highly impassioned character. The first romance is even fiery; the others are only somewhat more quiet, and the last overflows with complaining aspiration. It would be as difficult to analyse them as a fine poem; the right people will understand them. I must call attention to the always newly-harmonised entrance of the melody of the second romance, and to its fine deep basses, as to an especial beauty: it is often principally in his basses that we detect the hand of the artist.

Sterndale Bennett thoroughly delights us in his "Three Diversions," Opus 17, for pianoforte (four hands). Here too, are small forms; but what refinement in detail, what art in the whole! This carefulness is the trait that distinguishes the lofty artist from the mediocre one; for the former handles even his smallest work with attentive love, while the other throws his off in a slovenly manner, fancying that little things do not deserve more care, and that they may be shaken out of one's sleeves by armfuls. Save Mendelssohn, I know no other living artist but Bennett who has so much to say at so little expense, who can so well arrange and round off a piece,—who, in short, is able to write such "diversions."



There may be bolder and more gifted ones, but none more neat and tender. There is an amiability in these pieces that must put rough workmen to shame, a wealth of grace in every lightest movement, and innocence and poetry in all. It seems to me as if this tenderly phenomenal, rare foreign flower were now in its sweetest bloom; so let all hasten to gaze on it. Foreign lands give us so little just at present; Italy only sweeps over to us her butterfly dust, and the knotted outgrowths of the wondrous Berlioz frighten us all. But this Englishman, among them all, comes nearest to German sympathies; he is a born artist, such a one as Germany herself possesses few to boast of. To return to his compositions; it will do no harm that they need the hands of two persons to enjoy them. Perhaps the pieces might be cleverly arranged for two hands only, however; the first of them was at first composed so, and afterwards arranged for four hands.

Bennett's Opus 16 is a work of far larger proportions, and only finds place in this review of smaller works through its title. Like a sonata, it is divided into four long movements, completely worked out and reciprocally connected. Yet the last does not seem to make a decided conclusion,—perhaps because it was written before the others. We can only repeat, in praise of its imaginativeness, what we have said of Opus 16, though this, according to its plan, moves in another sphere, and is far more complicated, difficult, and ambitious. As for lovely melodies, it

rings with them as over-richly as a nest of nightingales. Nor is it lacking in Bennett's own peculiar harmonic treatment. The character of the first three movements is altogether lyrical, while the last rises to a dramatic height of considerable imaginative power; here musician, painter, poet, may find subjects. Only genuine artists will be equal to its performance. There is more in it than the majority of amateurs are able to master.

CONCERT OVERTURES FOR ORCHESTRA.

J. T. H. VERHULST; W. STERNDALE BENNETT; BERLIOZ.

ACCIDENT has brought together the above three names, the bearers of which may be regarded as representatives of the younger generation of three very different nations, Holland, England, and France. The name of the last is already known, the second is beginning to obtain recognition; the first is emerging from obscurity through frequent mention, especially in our pages. They may be reviewed together; we believe that with time all three will attain consequence in the musical art-history of their native lands.

I have, unfortunately, not heard those overtures, of which I am about to speak, played by the or-

chestra. But my judgment will be assisted by my familiarity with most of the other works of these composers, as well as by my personal acquaintance with the two first-mentioned artists. Berlioz promises, from year to year, to visit Germany, in order to make us better acquainted with his music; he has lately sent us a new overture, which is a new example of his remarkable views.

Holland, hitherto famous in art through its painters alone, has lately distinguished itself by an awakened sense for music. The Society for Advancement of Music has doubtless had its influence in this—a society that extends a hundred branches throughout the whole country, the aim of which is to encourage native as well as foreign art. The composer of whom we speak is a *protégé* of this Society; if I am not mistaken, he has won, in several contests, the prize of composition. At present he is residing among us, and last winter earned an excellent reputation as conductor of the Euterpe Society's concerts, &c. We have also to thank this Society in the Netherlands for its publication of some of Verhulst's compositions; a work for the church and an overture have already been mentioned by us as productions of decidedly uncommon talent. A new overture lies before us ("Ouverture en Ut mineur, à grand orchestre," &c.; publiée par la Société de Pays-Bas pour l'encouragement de l'art musical); it was written for the tragedy, well-known in Holland, "Gysbrecht von Amstel," for

which play Verhulst has already composed entr'acte music. The overture, which has been much played in Leipsic, pleases much, and naturally so; there is something in it for all—public, musician, critic; and it stands at just that height of musical progress which the masses respect, and artists, in general, are able to sympathise with. A friendly spirit has, until now, kept this artist safely removed from those attempts, errors, and breakers that often so dangerously influence other young composers; he understands where his own path lies, and ventures on nothing of which the success does not seem certain to him. If we may judge this quite remarkable Belgian by his works, his mind must be of a cheerful and vivacious cast, while he certainly possesses a correct judgment in regard to the measure of his powers—powers that have already attained an uncommon height. As a musician, he possesses such a fine instinct for instrumentation, that he never hesitates between the points, but always hits the correct one; he pleases especially in masses, which he well knows how to direct and move without neglecting details; and though he does not attain extraordinary effects, he always places good models before him, while working out generally recognised and agreeable forms. This overture is now several years old, and must not be regarded as the latest result of his endeavours. Talent of this order certainly does not progress quickly, but its step is therefore more certain; but industry,

observation, acquaintance with masters of their art, open encouragement, accomplish much, and there is no doubt but that the young branch will, from year to year, produce ever richer and riper fruit: its roots already tend to German earth, and the flowers that bloom above droop towards the land that has given nourishment and strength to so many great tone-poets. As, from circumstances, we count among foreign-born poetic names those of Œlenschlager, Chamisso, and others as our own, we also greet Verhulst as an honorary member of that German brotherhood of art which continually grows in numbers.

Bennett also belongs to it, though more apart by nature, as an Englishman; but the English will probably claim him as their property alone, as we once claimed Handel from them as our own—by which remark no comparison between Handel and Bennett is intended. Bennett's latest overture is entitled "The Wood Nymphs" ("Overture for grand orchestra," arranged for four hands, by William Sterndale Bennett; Opus 20); its title is the only not quite happy trait about it. I know that we cannot mortify a composer more than by objecting to his child's name, as, according to his opinion, he must best understand what he meant by it; we may also suppose that, as Bennett had already written "The Naiads," he baptized this "The Wood Nymphs" as a pendant to that; still the title is unfitting, and unfavourable to the work. To be

sure it is poetic, and characterised by an individuality related to that which we find in Mendelssohn's "Lovely Melusina," portraying the century-old romance that glides before us under the transparent waters; yet the name does not suit this especial example, and, had I been Bennett, I would have given it the more general name of "Pastoral Overture," or something of the kind. This secondary consideration disposed of—which, nevertheless, is of unfavourable influence on the effect of the work—the overture is sufficiently raised above its sisters, in its wonderfully tender, slender construction, to breathe the breath of the clearest, purest poetic vitality. The pianoforte arrangement generally gives only half an idea of an orchestral work, but I have been told by good judges that this is not the case here. Bennett is a pianist above all things; and no matter with what tact and care he manages the orchestra, his favourite instrument pierces through his orchestral compositions. But a beautiful thing is effective, even in a small form, as a charming idea delights us pronounced by the lips of a child.

And the overture is charming; indeed, save Spohr and Mendelssohn, what other living composer is so completely master of his pencil, or bestows with it such tenderness and grace of colour, as Bennett? In the completeness of the whole, we forgive and forget all that he has overheard of those masters' tones, and I think he never before gave so much of himself as in this work. Essay measure after

measure; what a firm, yet delicate web it is from beginning to end! How closely, how nearly everything is united here, while in the productions of most men we are accustomed to find gaping holes as wide as one's hand! Yet this overture has been blamed for too great length of treatment; but this reproach strikes all Bennett's compositions, more or less; it is his manner; he must finish everything, even to the smallest detail. He also repeats often, and note for note, after the conclusion of the middle period. But let any one try to alter his works without injuring them; it will not do; he is no pupil, to be improved by touching up; what he has thought out stands firmly, and may not be displaced.

It is contrary to Bennett's simple-minded, inwardly poetic character, and to his corresponding inclination, to set great levers and weights in motion; the splendour of decoration is foreign to him; he loves best to linger in fancy on the lonely shores of the lake, or in the green, mysterious wood: he does not grasp at drums and trumpets, with which to sketch his quiet yet lonely happiness. He must, then, be taken as he is, and not mistaken for what he is not,—namely, the creator of a new epoch in art, a hero whom it is impossible to fetter,—but a genuine, deeply-feeling poet, who passes on his peaceful way, all untroubled because a few hats, more or less, are raised and waved in his honour; but whose progress, though no triumphal chariots may await it, shall be at the very least embellished

by the wreath of violets that Eusebius here offers him.

Other crowns seeks Berlioz, whom the Philistine dreads as a raging priest of Bacchus, a hairy monster with fiery eyes. But where do we find him to-day? Beside the blazing hearth in the house of a Scottish laird, among hunters, hounds, and laughing country lassies. An overture to "Waverley" lies before me (Opus 1, score), an overture to that most Scotch of romances with the English stamp, which is to me in its enchanting wearisomenesss, its romantic freshness, the dearest of all comparatively recent foreign novels. And now Berlioz writes music to it. It will be asked, To which chapter, which scene, why, and with what aim? For critics always wish to know what the composer himself cannot tell them, and critics sometimes hardly understand the tenth part of what they talk about. Good heavens! will the day ever come when people will cease to ask us what we mean by our divine compositions? Pick out the fifths, but leave us in peace. However, we find a hint in the motto printed on the titlepage of the overture:

> "Dreams of love and lady's charms
> Give place to honour and to arms."

This brings us on the track; but at this moment I wish an orchestra were here to play the overture, while my readers sat round me to hear it with their own ears. It would be an easy thing to give a sketch of the overture, either poetically, by a

description of the manifold pictures it calls up in my mind, or by an analysis of the mechanism of the work. There is something to be said in favour of both these ways of describing music, and the former has at least less dry insufficiency than the latter. But Berlioz's music must be heard; even the recording of the score is not enough to understand it, and it is labour lost to try and make it out at the pianoforte. Sometimes a result is produced by mere tone effects, a group of chords thrown off, sometimes by a singular veiling of the tone, which even the experienced eye is unable to appreciate by a mere reading of the notes. Yet if we penetrate to the root of some of its separate thoughts, they often appear, judged alone, as commonplace, even trivial. But the entire effect of his music possesses an irresistible charm for me, spite of many things in it that are foreign and repellant to a German ear. Berlioz shows himself different in all his works: in each one he ventures on new ground; it is hard to know whether we should term him an adventurer or a genius; he dazzles like a flash of lightning, but he leaves behind him the smell of brimstone; he sings to us of noble truths, and then falls back into a mere student-like stammer. Many not yet past the first beginnings of musical feeling and cultivation (and how few ever get beyond this!) must look upon him as insane; and he must appear doubly so to pedantic musicians by profession, who move during nine-tenths of their lives in the

narrowest circles; and he dares to do things that none ventured to do before him. For I have often observed that the greatest amount of prejudice and stupidity is to be found among mechanical musicians, though, on the other hand, they usually possess a great deal of a certain kind of cleverness. Necessarily, his compositions meet with great opposition, and years pass before any of them attain a clear, perfect public performance, though this "Waverley" overture will win its way more speedily; for the novel and its hero are well known, and its motto speaks of love and fame. We only wish the overture already published and performed in Germany; small talent alone, unlikely to progress, can be injured by the hearing of such music. It is singular that this overture bears a distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea;" and an observation on its titlepage is not to be overlooked. Berlioz there remarks of this work (numbered Opus 1) that he has destroyed the work which he formerly published and numbered as his first, "Eight Scenes from Faust," and that he now wishes the "Waverley" overture to be considered as his first. But who can answer for it that his second Opus 1 may not hereafter also cease to interest him? Then let every one now hasten to make its acquaintance; for, in spite of all its youthful shortcomings, it is, in grandeur and originality of invention, the most remarkable creation in the domain of instrumental music that France has recently produced.

SYMPHONY BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

"AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST,"
OPUS 4.

THE varied materials which this symphony presents for reflection may easily become involved; and therefore I prefer to go through it regarded from those four points of view which should be brought to bear on a musical work:—as to form (the whole, the separate movements, the period, the phrase); musical composition (harmony, melody, style, workmanship); as to the especial idea which the artist intended to portray; and mind, which should rule over form, idea, material.

Form is the receptacle of the mind. Great spaces require great minds to fill them. By the word "symphony" we designate the largest proportions hitherto attained in instrumental music.

We are so accustomed to form our opinion of a thing according to the name it bears, that we require other qualities in a fantasia from those we demand in a sonata.

If talent of the second rank masters the form it finds and makes use of, we are satisfied; but from talent of the first rank we demand that the form should be enlarged. Genius must bring forth in freedom.

After Beethoven's ninth symphony, outwardly the

greatest instrumental work, limit and proportion appeared to be exhausted.

And here I must cite:—Ferdinand Ries, whose remarkable originality was only overshadowed by that of Beethoven; Franz Schubert, the imaginative painter, whose pencil was steeped now in moonbeams, and then in the full glow of the sun, and who, after Beethoven's Nine Muses, might have borne to us a tenth;* Spohr, whose tender language did not echo loudly enough in the great vault of the symphony where he spoke; Kalliwoda, the cheerful, harmonious man, whose later symphonies, with a more laboured foundation, did not reach the fanciful heights of his first. Of recent writers, we know and esteem Taurer, Schneider, Moscheles, Müller, Hesse, Lachner, and Mendelssohn,—intentionally we name him last.

None of the preceding, who still (in 1835), except Franz Schubert, live among us, had ventured to make any essential alterations in the old form, save for a few alterations such as we find in Spohr's latest symphony. Mendelssohn, a remarkably productive and reflecting artist, saw, perhaps, that nothing was to be gained on this road, and struck into a new path, in which, however, Beethoven had laboured before him, with his great "Leonora" overture. With his concert-overtures, in which he compressed the idea of the symphony within a smaller circle, he won crown and sceptre above all the other instrumental composers of the day. It began to look

* The symphony in C had not yet appeared.

possible that the name of the symphony would soon become a merely historical one.

All was silent abroad. Cherubini had worked for years at a symphony, but he himself, perhaps too soon and too modestly, declared his inability to compose one. In France and Italy they only cared to write operas.

Meanwhile, in an obscure corner of the northern coast of France, a young student of medicine thought over new plans. Four movements are too few for him. As if for a play, he takes five. At first (not on the last-mentioned account, which is no reason at all, as Beethoven's ninth symphony has four movements, but on another), I took Berlioz's symphony for a consequence of Beethoven's; but it was played at the Paris Conservatoire in 1820, and Beethoven's was only published afterwards, so that the idea of imitation falls to the ground. And now, courage! and to the symphony itself! If we look at the five movements in their relation to each other, we shall find the old order of succession up to the two last, which two scenes from a dream seem, however, to form but one whole. The first part begins with an adagio, followed by an allegro, the second takes the place of the scherzo, the third that of the middle adagio; both the last give the allegro finale movement. In the keys, also, they hang well together; the large introduction is in C minor, the allegro in C major, the scherzo in A major, the adagio in F major, the last parts are in G minor and C major.

So far all is smooth enough. May I succeed in giving my reader a true picture of the separate chambers in this adventurous building, as I conduct him up and down stairs through it!

The slow introduction to the first allegro differs little from those of other symphonies (I speak here of forms only), but for a certain order of succession and interweaving of the larger periods, which is quite striking. They are really two variations on a theme, with free *intermezzi*. The principal theme extends to bar 2, page 2; the incidental phrase to bar 5, page 3; the first variation to bar 6, page 5; the incidental phrase to bar 8, page 6. Second variation on the sustained basses (at least I find the intervals of the theme in the horn obligato, though only as reminiscences) to bar 1, page 7. Then a striving towards the allegro. Preliminary chords. We pass from the ante-chamber to the inner room. He who stops at details will not lose his way, but neither will he arrive at the goal. Run rapidly over the whole to page 9, the first *animato*. Three ideas were placed closely together here: the first, which Berlioz calls "la double idée fixe," for reasons to be explained hereafter, goes to the words *Sempre dolce e ardamente;* the second, borrowed from the adagio, to the first *sf*, until, on page 9, the last joins in to the *animato*. What follows may be taken in general up to the *rinforzando* of the basses on page 10, and overlook, at the same time, the passage from *ritenuto il tempo*, up to the *animato* on page 9.

remarkable and artistic a work apparently is, the more carefully we should judge it. Have we not had a warning and example in Beethoven? Were not his last works, though no one could deny their value as intellectual achievements, treated as unintelligible in regard to construction and form, in which they are so inexhaustible? Now, if we take the whole first allegro *en grand*, without troubling ourselves about any sharp corners here and there, we find this form:—

FIRST THEME.
(G major.)

Middle period, with a second theme.	Middle period, with the second theme.
First theme. (C major)	First theme. (C major.)
Commencement. (C major)	Close. (C major.)
(G major; E minor)	(E minor; G major)

Which we compare with the older model:—

MIDDLE PERIOD.
(A minor.)

Second theme. (G major)	First theme. (C major.)
First theme. (C major)	Second theme. (C major.)
working out of both themes	

We know not whether the latter form really requires greater variety and unity of treatment than the former, but we wish we possessed a magnificent imagination, to be able to write it *sans façon*. Something more is to be said in regard to the tructure of single phrases. Recent times have not resented us with a work in which equal and

equal rhythm and measure relations are more ely united and made use of than they are in s one. Scarcely ever does the latter part of period correspond with the former, the answer h the question. This is so peculiar in Berlioz, so tural to his Southern character, so opposite to it of the North, that the first unpleasant moment feeling, the complaints of gloominess, are at ce excused and explained. Only by reading d hearing can we become convinced of the bold- ss with which this is done, and see, too, that thing can be added to or taken away without priving the idea of its strength, its penetration. seems as though the music sought to return to origin before it was confined by the laws of ne, and to elevate itself to more unfettered nguage, more poetic accent—such as we find the Greek choruses, the language of the Bible, e prose of Jean Paul. We will not enlarge rther on this, but remind our readers of the marks made, many years ago, prophetically, by e child-like, poetic Carl Wagner. "When it comes possible to render the tyranny of measure music wholly imperceptible and invisible, so that is art is made apparently free; when it attains lf-consciousness, then it will possess the complete wer of embodying lofty ideas, and become, from at moment, the first of the fine arts."

It would lead us too far, and to nothing, if we ould analyse the other movements of the sym-

phony like the first. The second moves in varied windings, like the dance it represents; the third, which is also the finest, vibrates ethereally up and down like a semicircle; the two last are without a centre, and strive continually towards the end. In spite of the outward formlessness of this work, we must recognise its intellectual coherence, and perhaps recall the somewhat warped judgment regarding Jean Paul, of a certain writer who termed him a bad logician and a great philosopher.

So far we have only had to do with the garment; but now we speak of the material by means of which the effect is produced,—musical composition.

And here I must at once observe, that my judgment is formed only from the pianoforte score, in which, however, the most salient points for the instruments are indicated. And even were they not so, a good musician, well versed in those new combinations and orchestral effects, where Berlioz is so creative, would be able to form a tolerable idea of the full score; for the work is thoroughly thought out and invented in the orchestral character, every instrument in its right place, and made use of according to its essential tone-powers.

If ever I found a judgment unjust, it was that of Fétis: "I saw that it was wanting in harmonic and melodic ideas." Though he should deny to Berlioz (as he has) all his qualities—imagination, invention, originality, how could he be deaf to his richness of melody and harmony? I should not have thought

opposing this cleverly-written review of Fétis, d I not perceived in it, besides injustice and some rsonalities, an utter want of sense for this descrip- n of music, a positive blindness to its qualities. t my reader need not believe me without seeing himself! Though brief extracts from a work e usually rather prejudicial to it than otherwise, t, with a few such examples, I shall endeavour make my meaning more clear.

And when we consider the harmonic worth of our mphony, we must observe its eighteen-year-old mposer, unassisted, pausing not at the right or e left, and running straight to his principal object. Berlioz wants D flat after G, without any compli- ents he passes over (example 1), see page 16 of e symphony. One may well shake one's head such a beginning! Yet reasonable musical eople, who heard the symphony in Paris, declared at the passage could not be otherwise, and every ne observed of Berlioz's music, "It is all very fine, ough perhaps it may not be music." This is ther airy talking, but still it may be listened to r once. Such crooked places, besides, are only ne exceptions.* I will even say that, spite of the anifold combinations into which Berlioz works up nall material, his harmony is distinguished by such ciness, penetration and simplicity as we only find -though certainly more thorough and complete -in Beethoven. Perhaps he wanders too far from

* See p. 61 of the score, bars 1 to 2.

the principal key. Take the first movement: First section;* C major, decidedly; here he brings in the same intervals of the first thought in E flat major;† then he rests long on A flat,‡ and returns easily to C major. As the allegro is built on the simple C major, G major, and E minor, it can be understood from the outline I have given above. And so it is throughout. In the second movement A major predominates, in the third the idyllic F major, with its related keys C and B flat majors. In the fourth we have G minor with B flat and E flat majors; it is only in the last that, in spite of the predominating C, the keys chase and interlace each other in the most infernal fashion! Yet we are often repelled by flat and common harmonies,§ or mistaken ones forbidden by old rules, some of which, however, sound well ‖—unclear and vague ones,¶ or some that

* P. 1–3, B. 3–5. † P. 3, B. 6. ‡ P. 6, B. 4.

§ P. 2, B. 6, 7, P. 6, B. 1–3, P. 8, B. 1–8, P. 21, last staff, 1–4. In the second movement, P. 35, S. 5, P. 1–18.

‖ In the first measure, P. 1, the B. (probably an error of print), P. 3, B. 2–4, P. 9, B. 8, 9, B. 15–19, P. 10, B. 11–14, P. 20, B. 8–18, P. 37, B. 11–14, 28–29, P. 48, S. 5, B. 2, 3, P. 57, S. 5, B. 3, P. 62, B. 9–14, P. 78, S. 5, B, 1–3; and what follows, P. 82, S. 4, B. 1, 2; and what follows, P. 83, B. 13–17, P. 86, B. 11–13, P. 87, B. 5, 6. I repeat, that I only judge from the pianoforte score; it may be often different in the full one.

¶ P. 20, B. 3. Probably the harmonies are:—

6—7	6—6♯	6♭—6♮	6—6♯
3♯—	3—	3♭—	3—
D♯,	E,	F,	F♯, &c.

62, S. 5, B. 1, 2, P. 65, S. 4, P. 3, perhaps a jest of Liszt's, who hed to imitate the cessation of the cymbals; P. 79, B. 8–10, P. 81, P. 88, B. 1–3.

und badly, tormented, twisted.* May the day which such passages will be sanctioned never me! And yet they seem quite proper to Berlioz; d when we try to alter, improve, or take away ything, how flat one's alterations sound!

In the first outbreak of a powerful, youthful mind, generally find an inexhaustible original fount of ength; though rough, it is of forcible effect, the ore so the less it is polished by criticism into the ial form of artistic efforts. It is vain to seek to ine it by art, or to confine it forcibly within inds, until it has learned to be prudent with its ans, and to find the right direction and the goal its own way. Berlioz does not try to be pretty l elegant; what he hates, he grasps fiercely by hair; what he loves, he almost crushes in his vour—a few degrees weaker or stronger; pardon fiery youth, and seek not to measure him with retailer's yard measure! But now let us point the many tender and beautiful original passages t balance what is rough and *bizarre*.

Such are the whole harmonic formation of the song-theme throughout,† and its repetition in ‡ The Ab, held out for fourteen measures in the ses, is highly effective,§ as is the organ point in middle parts.‖ The chromatic heavily ascend-

P. 2, S. 4, P. 5, B. 1, P. 9, B. 15–19, P. 17, from bar 7 onward little while; P. 30, S. 4, B. 6, 7, P. 28, B. 12–19, P. 88, B. 1–3.
P. 1, from B. 3, on.
P. 6, B. 4.
‡ P. 3, B. 6.
‖ P. 11, B. 10.

ing and descending chord of the sixth,* is nothing in itself, though it may be uncommonly imposing in its place here. The progression, where, in imitations between bass (or tenor) and soprano,† we distinguish octaves and false progressions painfully, must not be judged from the pianoforte score; if the octaves are well covered, it must thrill marrow and bone.

The harmonic foundation of the second movement is, with few exceptions, simple and less deep. The third may, on purely harmonic grounds, be measured with any other symphonic masterwork; here every tone is alive. In the fourth all is interesting, the style marrowy, concise. The fifth raves and rages too crookedly; up to certain new passages,‡ it is ugly, harsh, repulsive.

Though Berlioz neglects details, and sacrifices them to the whole, he understands finely worked-out artistic detail very well. He does not squeeze out his themes to the last drop, nor does he embitter our pleasure in a good idea by tiresome thematic treatment, as so many others do; he gives rather hints that he might have worked it out more severely, had he chosen, and had it just been the place;—sketches in the short, intellectual manner of Beethoven. His finest thoughts he generally utters in a passing

* P. 12, B. 13. † P. 17, B. 7.

‡ P. 76, from S. 4 on, P. 80, where the tone E♭ is held out in the middle parts through twenty-nine bars, P. 81, B. 20. The organ point on the dominant, P. 82, B. 11, where I vainly sought to bring back the unpleasant fifth on S. 4, from B. 1 to 2.

ner, as it were (2).* The principal *motivo* of the phony (3), insignificant in itself, and unsuited to rapuntal treatment, wins more and more upon us s later positions.

is already more interesting at the beginning of second part and onward,† (2) until, through ıorous chords, it winds itself into C major.‡ In second part it builds itself into a trio, note on , with a new rhythm and new harmonies.§ ards the close it comes in again, but dully and ı out.‖ In the third part it appears as recitative, rupted by the orchestra (page 43, last measure); it takes an expression of frightful passion, up to shrill $A_\flat$, where it seems to plunge down as ıgh exhausted. Later (page 49, b. 3–13), it ears softened, calmed, and led by the principal ne. In the "Marche du Supplice" it strives to ık again, but is cut off by the fatal stroke (p. 63,). In the vision, it is played on a common E. $E_\flat$ clarinet (p. 67, b. 1; p. 68, b. 1), withered, ed, degraded. Berlioz did this intentionally.

he second theme of the first movement seems to directly from the first (p. 10, s. 5, b. 3); they w together so closely, that we cannot rightly inguish the beginning and close of the period, l the new thought at last frees itself (4), to ɔpear soon, and almost unobserved, in the bass

P. 3, B. 2, S. 14, B. 6–18, P. 16, S. 6, B. 1–8, P. 19, S. 5, B. 1–15, ɔ, S. 4, B. 1–16.

P. 16, S. 6, B. 3.

‡ P. 19, B. 7.

P. 29, B. 1.

‖ P. 35, S. 5.

(p. 11, b. 5; p. 12, b. 7). He takes it up later, and sketches it intellectually (5); in this last example, his style of modulation is very apparent. He afterwards, with equal refinement, designs a thought that seems to have been forgotten (p. 9, b. 19; p. 16, b. 3).

The motives of the second movement are less artistically woven; yet the theme in the basses appears to excellent advantage (p. 12, b. 7); his carrying out of one measure of the same theme is very fine (p. 28, b. 10).

He brings back the one-toned principal idea of the third movement charmingly (p. 39, b. 4; p. 42, b. 1; p. 47, b. 1); Beethoven himself could scarcely have worked it out more industriously. The whole movement is full of admirable traits. Once he springs from C to the major seventh below; afterwards he uses this insignificant passage excellently (6).

In the fourth movement he counterpoints the principal theme very finely (7); and the careful way in which he transposes it in E♭ major (8) and G minor (9) must be mentioned (p. 87, b. 8).

In the last movement he brings the "Dies Irae" first in whole, then in half, then in eighth notes (p. 71, s. 4, b. 7; p. 72, b. 6, b. 16); at stated intervals of time, the bells strike the tonic and dominant. The following double fugue, which he modestly terms *fugato* (10), if not wholly worthy of Bach, is highly correct and clearly built. The "Dies Irae" and the "Ronde du Sabbat" are well interwoven (11). The theme of the last does not entirely satisfy, and the new accom-

ment is as frivolous as it can be, built on ascend-
and descending thirds. On the last page but
it goes head over heels ; the " Dies Irae "
mmences, pianissimo, at this place (p. 55, b. 15 ;
7, b. 12, p. 58, b. 5 ; p. 60, b. 1, 10, and in the
rsion, p. 61, b. 3). The last pages are ill de-
ɔed without the score.
, as M. Fétis declares, not even Berlioz's best
ıds dare break a lance for him in regard to
ody, then I must be counted among his enemies.
know very well, before we begin, that we have
hing Italian to expect in this case, however.
t is true that the oft-repeated principal melody of
whole symphony has something flat about it.
lioz praises it rather too much, when, in the
gramme, he attributes to it "a somewhat impas-
ıed character, but noble yet timid." However, we
st remember that he did not intend to embody a
at thought here, but rather a haunting persistent
a, such as one finds it hard to get rid of through
entire day. Uniformity, insanity, could hardly
e been better sketched. In the review I have
ntioned, we are told that the principal melody of
second part is common and trivial ; but there
lioz leads us into a dancing-hall (as Beethoven
s in the last movement of the A-major symphony),
hing more and nothing less. It is just so with
first melody (12) of the third part, which Fétis,
I remember rightly, styles gloomy and tasteless.
t wander among the Alpine shepherd paths, and

scores, warbling nightingales and accidental thunder-storms. Enough! further experience will teach us whether or not the composer has stuff in him that will justify such expectations, and whether the clear gain of enjoyment will increase in proportion. It is doubtful whether Berlioz could accomplish as much with small means; but let us be satisfied with what he has given us.

Liszt's pianoforte arrangement deserves an extended description; we will, however, reserve that, as well as certain remarks on the possible symphonic treatment of the pianoforte, for a future occasion. Liszt has worked this out with so much industry and enthusiasm, that it may be regarded as an original work, a *resumé* of his own studies, a practical pianoforte school in score-playing. This art of reproduction, so wholly different from the detail-playing of the virtuoso, the many kinds of touch that it demands, the effective use of the pedal, the clear interweaving of separate parts, the collective comprehension of masses, in short, the understanding of the means and possibilities yet hidden in the pianoforte, can only be the business of a master, a genius in performance, distinguished among all others, as Liszt is. Only in such a case may the pianoforte arrangement be listened to, accompanying the orchestra itself, as Liszt lately, in Paris, played an accompaniment to a more recent symphony by Berlioz, "Le Retour à la Vie," a melologue in continuation of this symphony.

And now let us take a backward glance over the path we have so far trodden. According to our first plan, we intended to treat form, musical composition, idea, and spirit, in separate sections. We saw that the form of the whole differed little from the established one, that the different parts moved, for the most part, in novel figures, that the periods and phrases differed from others in their uncommon relations to each other. In musical composition we observed the harmonic style, the intelligently laboured detail, the alterations and positions, the originality of the melodies; and we gave a glance at the instrumentation and the pianoforte arrangement. We will close with a few remarks on the idea and spirit of the work.

Berlioz has written down, in a programme, that which he wishes us to think of while listening to his symphony. We will give an abbreviation of this.

The composer intended to sketch, in music, a few moments in the life of an artist. It seemed necessary that the plan of this instrumental drama should be explained in words beforehand. The programme should be regarded in the light of the text that accompanies an opera. *First part.*—Reveries, passions. The composer imagines a young musician, consumed by that moral sickness which a famous author has characterised as "the vague of passion;" he then sees, for the first time, a woman who seems to realise all that ideal perfection which he has already preconceived. By a remarkable freak of

accident, the beloved form never appears to him unaccompanied by a musical thought, in which he imagines he traces the character of the maiden, somewhat passionate yet timid and noble; this form and this melody haunt him continually like a double fixed idea. Dreamy melancholy, only broken by a few soft tones of joy, until it rises to the heights of a lover's frenzy,—pain, jealousy, inward fervour,—the grief of first love, in short, forms the contents of the first movement. *Second part.*—A ball. Amid the joy of a festival, the artist stands and gazes, in an exalted mood, on the beauties of nature; but everywhere, in the city, in the country, the beloved form follows him, and troubles his every mood. *Third part.*—A scene in the country. At evening he hears the chant of two shepherds answering each other from afar. This duet, the spot, the soft rustling of the leaves, a gleam of hope that he is loved in return, all unite to shed an unaccustomed repose over his spirit, and to give his thoughts a more happy direction. He reflects that perhaps he will not stand alone much longer. But if he is deceived! This interchange of hope and fear, light and darkness, is expressed in the adagio. At the close, one of the shepherds repeats his chant, the other does not reply. Thunder in the distance. Loneliness. Deep silence. *Fourth part.*—The journey to execution ("Marche du Supplice"). The artist is now aware that his love is not returned, and poisons himself with opium. The narcotic, too weak to kill him,

steeps him in a sleep filled with frightful visions. He dreams that he has murdered her, and that he, condemned to death, is yet the witness of his own execution. The cortége begins to move; a march, now wild and gloomy, then joyous and brilliant, accompanies it; there is a dull sound of footsteps, a murmurous noise of the crowd. At the end of the march, the fixed idea appears, like a last thought of the beloved one; but broken in half by the axe of the block. *Fifth part.*—A dream in a witches' sabbath night. He stands among imps, witches, misformed creatures of all sorts, who have gathered together to his interment. Howls, laughs, cries of pain, complaints. The beloved melody is again heard, but as a common, vulgar dance theme now: it is she who comes. Loud rejoicings at her arrival. Demoniac orgies. Death bells. The "Dies Irae" again, but travestied.

Such is the programme. All Germany greeted it with the declaration that such signboards have an unworthy and empirical air. In any case, the five principal titles would have sufficed; the further suppositions in regard to the composer's personality, and the possibly interesting fact that he had lived his own symphony through, might have been confided to tradition. The German, averse to personalities, does not care to be accompanied in his reflections; he was already sufficiently offended that Beethoven in the Pastoral Symphony did not trust its character to his divinatory comprehension. It seems as if men

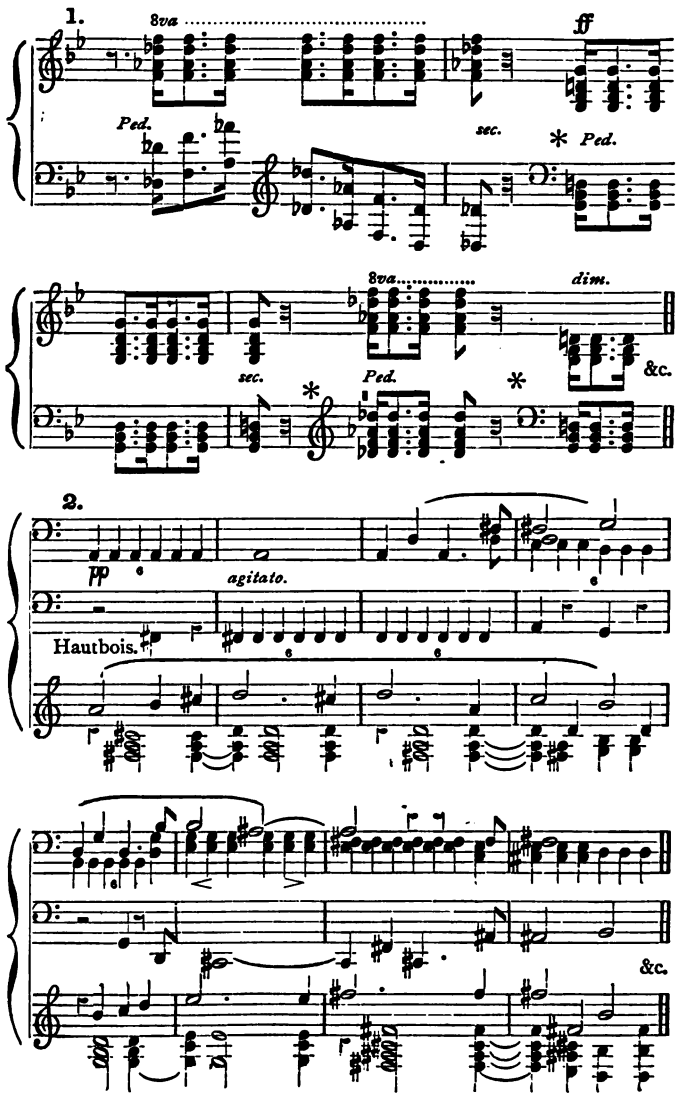
stand somewhat in awe of the workshop of genius; they do not care to know of the causes, tools, and mysteries of creation. Does not Nature herself tenderly cover her roots with earth? Then let the artist also shut himself up with his griefs. We should go through dreadful experiences could we see all works to the very foundation of their origin.

But Berlioz wrote for his own nation, on whom ethereal modesty imposes but little. I can understand how a Frenchman, reading the programme as he listens, would applaud the countryman who so intelligently treated the whole; music alone, in itself, is secondary with him. Whether a listener, unaware of the composer's intention, would see similar pictures in his mind's eye to those which Berlioz has designated, I cannot decide, as I read the programme before I heard the work. If the eye is once directed to a certain point, the ear can no longer judge independently. And if one asks whether music is capable of accomplishing that which Berlioz has demanded of it in his symphony, one should endeavour to attach different, opposite ideas to it. I confess that the programme at first spoiled my enjoyment, my freedom; but as this faded into the background, and my own fancy began to work, I found more than was set down, and almost everywhere in the music a warm, vital tone. Many look too seriously at the difficult question as to how far instrumental music dare venture in the attempted realisation of thoughts and events. People err when they suppose that

composers prepare pens and paper with the deliberate predetermination of sketching, painting, expressing this or that. Yet we must not estimate outward influences and impressions too lightly. Involuntarily an idea sometimes develops itself simultaneously with the musical fancy; the eye is awake as well as the ear, and this ever-busy organ sometimes holds fast to certain outlines amid all the sounds and tones, which, keeping pace with the music, form and condense into clear shapes. The more elements congenially related to music which the thought or picture created in tones contains within it, the more poetic and plastic will be the expression of the composition; and in proportion to the imaginativeness and keenness of the musician in receiving these impressions will be the elevating and touching power of his work. Why is it not possible that the idea of immortality occurred to Beethoven while extemporising? Why should not the memory of a great fallen hero excite him to composition? Why could not the remembrance of past and happy days inspire another? Shall we be ungrateful to Shakespeare, who has called from the heart of a young tone-poet a work not unworthy of himself—ungrateful to Nature, denying that we borrow of her beauty and nobility wherewith to deck our own creations? Italy, the Alps, the ocean, spring, twilight—has music told us nothing yet of these? Music bestows so charmingly firm a character on even small, special pictures, that one is often astonished at her power of

fixing such traits. Thus a composer once told me how, while writing, he had been continually haunted by the image of a butterfly floating down a brook on a leaf: the idea had given to the composition just such a tenderness and simplicity as the actual object possessed. In this fine kind of *genre* painting Franz Schubert was a master. Apropos, I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote of my own experience while playing a Schubert march with a friend. I asked him whether he saw any fixed picture before his mind's eye, and he answered, "Yes! I was in Seville more than a hundred years ago, among Dons and Donnas, with their trains, pointed shoes, and daggers, &c." Strange to say, our visions were the same, even to the name of the city.

We will leave it undecided as to whether there are many poetic movements in the programme of Berlioz's symphony. The principal question is, does unexplained and unaccompanied music contain any meaning in itself, and, above all, does a spirit of its own inhabit it? As to the first, I think I have already said something; the second no one can deny, even where Berlioz openly fails. And if we would combat the spirit of the day, which tolerates a burlesque "Dies Irae," we should only repeat what has been said and written for years against Crabbe, Heine, Byron, Hugo, and others. For a few moments in an eternity, Poesy has put on the mask of irony to cover her grief-worn face. Perhaps the friendly hand of Genius may also loosen it.

There is yet much of good and ill to say; but here, for to-day, I must break off. Could I hope that these lines would have the effect of inducing Berlioz to restrain his inclination towards eccentricity,—should they aid in obtaining complete recognition for his symphony, not as the masterpiece of a master, but as a work distinguished by its originality from all that stands beside it,—should they inspire German artists (to whom Berlioz stretches out the hand of brotherhood—a strong hand, ready to fight with them against dull, pedantic mediocrity) to new production, then the aim of their publication will have been fully attained.

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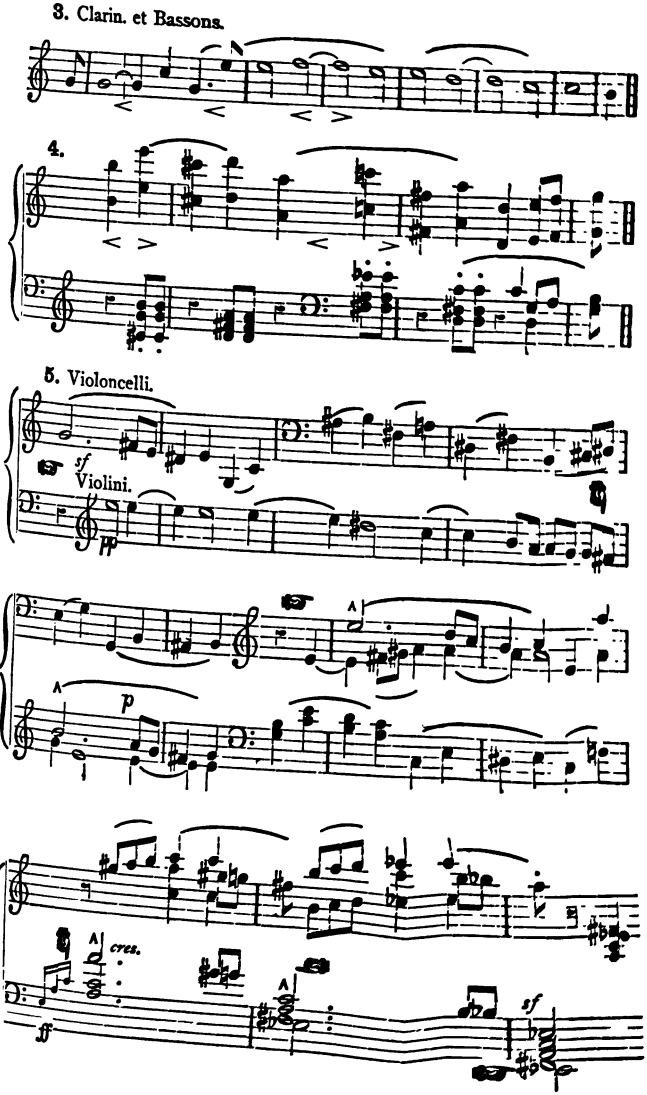
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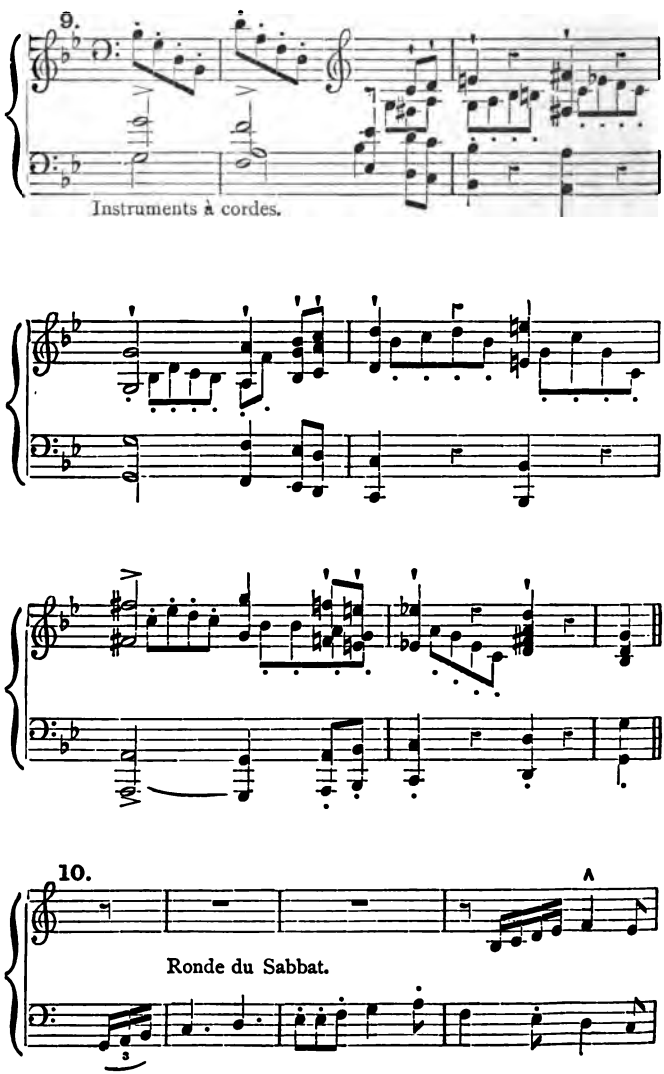
9.
Instruments à cordes.
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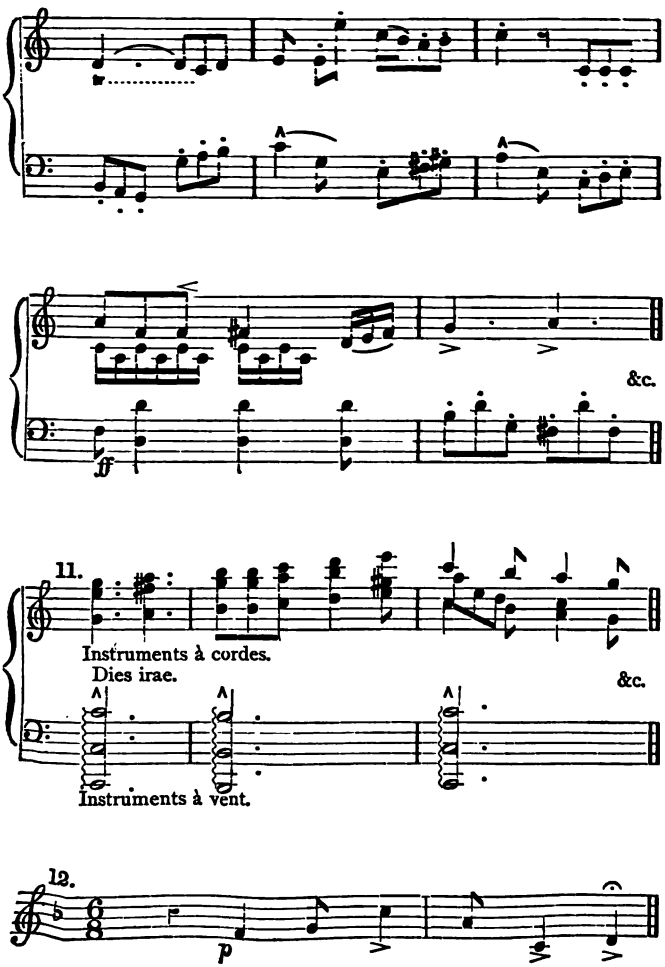
Ronde du Sabbat.

&c.
ff
11.
Instruments à cordes.
Dies irae.
&c.
Instruments à vent.
12.
p

HEINRICH DORN'S TONE-FLOWERS.

(BOUQUET MUSICALE, OPUS 10.)

WHAT says the hyacinth? She says, "My life was as beautiful as my death, for by the fairest of the gods I was loved and slain. But from my ashes sprang the flower that shall console thee."

And the narcissus?—"Think of me, lest thou shouldest become over-vain of thy beauty. Since I beheld my own form in the waters, I have never been able to forget my loveliness—not even for the sake of Echo, whose passion I repulsed. Therefore the gods transformed me into the fair, pale, proud flower."

The violet speaks,—"It was a lovely moonlit night in May. A night-butterfly floated past, whispering, 'Kiss me!' but I drew my perfume so far down into my cup, that he thought I was dead. Then came a wanton little zephyr, murmuring, 'See! I always find thee out. Come into my arms and into the world; no one sees thee down there.' I answered, 'I am sleepy;' and he flew onward, saying, 'Thou art ever but a sleepy, obstinate creature; I will play with the lily.' Then a large drop of dew fell on me, saying, 'How pleasant it must be to lie in thy lap by moonlight!' But I shook my head so that the dew rolled downwards and away. Then a moon-beam stole in from afar, and I prayed the honey-suckle to hide me; but the tall lily said to me, 'Fie,

for shame! look how I hold up my head. Butterflies, zephyrs, dewdrops, and moonbeams kiss me, and even men linger beside me and call me beautiful; but no one sees you in your hiding-place.' I answered, 'Leave me in peace, tall lily; for lately a timid youth came to me and gently said, "How charming thou art! wait until evening, and I will gather thee for *her*."' The lily said, 'Do you really believe he will gather you? You are a conceited thing; he has promised me.' I would have replied, 'That is false, tall lily;' but then the youth and maiden, arm in arm, advanced. He bent down to me, saying, 'How dost thou resemble her!' and gathered me, and now I willingly lie on her gentle breast."

. . . . . .

All this I could imagine of you, ye flowers, had ye not been nurtured by the man who first stretched out the hand of assistance to me, striving upwards; who, when I began to despair, drew me yet higher above the vulgar pursuits of men into the pure ether of Art. Dear artist! may this page greet you in the North, where you now live, and remind you of that happy past! EUSEBIUS.

SOIREES FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

BY CLARA WIECK, OPUS 6.

How can I better celebrate to-day—the eve of that which gave birth to an admired artiste—than by

dedicating a part of it to the consideration of one of her creations? These "Soirées" are the outgrowth of so rich a fancy, that mere practice will not suffice to follow their deftly-woven arabesques; they are the fruit of so profound a spirit, that the merely formal in them fades into the background, while their dreamy character, the essence of an inwardly reflective nature, will render them at first difficult of comprehension. On this account many will lay them down as quickly as they may have taken them up; and should they be sent in, among a hundred others, to any of our ordinary prize academies, it is doubtful whether the prize would be adjudged to them,—so few pearls and laurel wreaths float on their surface. Still I should be anxious about the judgment of the academicians, for while, on the one hand, these "Soirées" betray a delicate yet overflowing life, that seems to stir at the faintest breath, on the other, they display a wealth of uncommon qualities, a power of interweaving and disentangling the deep, mysterious threads of harmony, such as we are only accustomed to meet with in experienced artists and men. We all know that the first-mentioned characteristic is the result of the composer's youth; to understand the other, we must remember that, as an artiste, she already stands on the topmost peak of our time, at a height where nothing is hidden from her. Of those deeps where Sebastian Bach has penetrated so profoundly that even the miner's lamp threatens to become extinguished in their darkness, of those

clouds which Beethoven grasped with his Titanic fist, the young artist knows, and tells of them with charming maidenly wisdom; yet with all this she has raised expectation regarding herself to such a height, that one is troubled when one considers what it must all lead to. I will not venture to predict; where such talent exists, veil hangs behind veil; time dissipates one after another, but always in a different manner from that which we anticipated. So extraordinary a nature cannot be regarded with indifference; she will be followed, step for step, in her intellectual development, by all those who see in our remarkable present the natural, inner union of the related minds of yesterday and to-day, and not the loose confusion of chance.

What, then, do we gain in these "Soirées"? What do they relate, whither do they tend; are they a result worthy of comparison with the works of a master? They tell us much about music, and how it leaves the enthusiasm of poetry behind it, and how we may be happy in grief and sad in joy; and they will be understood by those who can rejoice in music even without the pianoforte—those whose inward singing almost breaks their hearts—those who are already acquainted with the mysterious passwords of a rare order of artists. Finally, are they a result? Yes, as the buds are before their coloured petals have opened in full beauty, fettering attention like all things that bear a future within them. And now, to hear all this by her! But then we should scarcely know how to write it all down, to describe it. For

this, too, is one of the remarkable arts, peculiar to her alone, about which we listen to whole volumes full of vain dissertations. Distrusting the forces of our Davidites, we lately requested an excellent connoisseur to write an article for our paper on the characteristics of Clara Wieck's playing. He promised, and, after two pages of discussion, closed as follows: "It would be very desirable to arrive at a well-founded opinion regarding the technical ability of this artiste," &c. We know very well what shipwrecked him, and why we break off here; but all this cannot be expressed in words.

FLORESTAN AND EUSEBIUS.

September the 12th, 1837.

LUDWIG BERGER.

FIFTEEN ÉTUDES, OPUS 22.

AMONG the older artists, Berger, like Moscheles, has not looked idly on at the new impulse given to pianoforte music. If old recollections sometimes overcome him, he lifts himself above them, and is yet active while daylight shines. After the long silence of this already elderly artist, who enjoys so wide a fame, considering the small number of his works, we should have expected something quite different from these studies. We should rather have expected to find him restfully floating on the stream of harmony, and rejoicing in the recollection of his

long and successful labour. Instead of this, we are allowed to gaze upon a deeply agitated life, that seeks, with strong endeavour, to support itself at the high level of the day. Here and there we find gloomy expressions, mysterious hints, and then a sudden concentration of force, a feeling of approaching triumph,—all emanating, however, from a deeply poetic heart, and accompanied by artistic consciousness up to the moment when it becomes overwhelmed by its own impetuosity. And precisely here we recognise the poet. Here no forms or considerations stand in the composer's path; here he is troubled by no distinction between old and new; here he goes on his own way.* A desire for rest and an impulse towards action characterise most of these studies; an opposition that is, however, in no way foreign or unfavourable to the music. But this has given to the plan of a few an uncertainty and hesitation that we do not find in Berger's older, finely formed études. It would be a very pardonable mistake, should any one suppose these études to have been written early in life, and his former ones at a later period. Notwithstanding, both books excite our highest sympathy, admiration, and respect. But if I confess that Nos. 4 and 5 among these new ones strike me as somewhat behindhand in idea and execution, a little antiquated, we much confess that a few others

* I should like to signalise these particular passages:—They are in the 1st étude towards the close; in many parts of the 6th, which is eccentric throughout; on the last page of the 8th; the 4th page of the 10th; at the close of the 14th; in many parts of the 15th.

cannot be regarded as mere études, but belong to the first class of art works in the smaller *genre*. Among these I place first that in D minor for the left hand alone, which is a masterpiece of invention and labour with such restricted materials; then the first in C major, sublime, original throughout; then the one in D major, half sad, half glad; and the tender, dreamy one in A flat major. And no one must overlook the eighth, in which jesting gradually dies away, until at last we perceive a melancholy poet face behind the loosened mask. There is a musician in Leipsic whose physiognomy is able to express, with great mimic truth, the transition from laughter to tears: seeing him, it is difficult to avoid imitation with one's own face. And one feels something of the same kind with this étude. I must not omit to mention Nos. 2 and 14, on account of their peculiar nature; the last, especially, seems ever to weave itself inward more softly and deeply, as though it wished to be no longer seen. The close of these forms a pendant to the last of the earlier études; it is a challenge from the composer to himself, seeming to ask whether the older artist has equalled the younger in creative power. If we give the preference to the first, the original, yet the pendant is of such refined eccentricity, that the opposition of which we have spoken above, steps out most strongly at the close, like a seal upon the whole work. And yet we hope that some friendly spirit may more often unveil the cheerful, smiling side of life to this artist, and inspire him to new labours.

JOHN FIELD.

SEVENTH CONCERTO, WITH ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE best, though indeed a very dear, review of this concerto, would be a distribution of a thousand copies of it to our readers. We are delighted with it, can do nothing more reasonable about it than to praise it endlessly. When Goethe says, "He who praises stands equal to the thing praised," he is right as usual; and I would allow this artist to cover my eyes and bind my hands, and would say nothing, save that I chose to follow him blindly, a complete, uncomplaining prisoner. Were I a painter, I would endeavour to illustrate the work through a picture—as, for instance, a Grace defending herself from a satyr—or, were I a poet, I would only review it in the Byronian stanza,—so English (in a double sense) I find the concerto. The original MS. score lies open before me, brown as though it had crossed the equator, notes like posts, clarinettes glancing through thick cross-beams over whole pages, in the middle a notturno woven from the odour of roses and the lily's snow, which reminded me of old Zelter, who, at a certain passage of the "Creation," fancied he saw the moon rise, and used to rub his hands at the place, and say, delightedly, "Aha! there we have it again;"—then there is a "Nota Bene" with erased measures, and above it,

written in large letters, "Cette page est bonne." Yes, indeed, all is *bon*, fit to kiss; above all, thou last movement, in thy divine tedium, thy charm, thy delightful awkwardness, thy soulful beauty, bewitching enough to kiss from beginning to end. Away with your ferules and thorough bass formulas! All your school-benches had first to be cut from the cedar-wood of genius. Do your duty, that is, possess talent; be Fields, write what you will; be poets, be men, I beseech ye!

PRELUDES AND FUGUES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, OPUS 35.

A HOT-HEADED fellow (now in Paris) has defined the meaning of "Fugue" to be "a composition in which one voice rushes out before the other (*fuga a fugere*), and the listener first of all;" on which account he always began to talk loud, and often to scold, at concerts, whenever he met with a fugue. Really he did not understand anything about it, and resembled the fox in the fable—*i.e.*, he could not write one himself, however much he secretly wished to do so. Those who can—finished students of music, cantors and others—describe it quite differently. According to these, Beethoven never did or could write fugues;

even Bach has taken liberties with them, at which we must shrug our shoulders: Marpurg is the only guide; and so on. Others, again, think otherwise; I, for instance, who can luxuriate for hours in Bach's, Handèl's, and Beethoven's fugues; and I had thought that only poor, watery, insipid, patchwork things in comparison could be written to-day, until these by Mendelssohn dissipated such ideas. Those with whom the pattern fugue is a hobbyhorse, deceive themselves greatly when they fancy they have carried out any of the fine old artificialities, the *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem*, &c., *or cancricantes motu contrario*, &c.—as also do the Romantic deserters, who hope to find an undreamt-of Phœnix in them arising from the ashes of the old form. Had they a sense for sound, natural music, they might succeed tolerably, though I would not adjudge them blind praise, for I know that Bach wrote, poetised, quite different fugues. But were he to arise from the grave now, he would—first, perhaps, laying about him right and left in regard to the general condition of musical matters—certainly rejoice that a few, at least, still gather flowers from the field where he planted such giant-armed oaks. In a word, these fugues have a Sebastian-like air, and might really deceive a sharp-sighted reviewer, were it not for the melody, the finer flow which savours of modern times, and here and there those little touches peculiar to Mendelssohn, which betray him among a hundred other composers. Whether reviewers find this out or not, it is certain that

the composer did not write them for pastime, but rather to call the attention of pianoforte-players to this masterly old form once more, and to accustom them to it again; while he has chosen the right way to succeed in this, by avoiding all useless imitations and small artificialities, allowing the melody of the cantilena to predominate, and holding fast to the Bach form. Whether the latter, however, might not be advantageously transformed without losing the true fugue character, is a question which many will endeavour to answer. Beethoven shook at that foundation; but he was too largely occupied elsewhere, too busily occupied on high, building the cupolas of so many other cathedrals, to find time for laying the new foundations of a new fugue form. Reicha also made an effort, but his creative powers lagged far behind his good will; yet his often peculiar ideas are not to be overlooked. However, the best fugue will always be that which the public takes for—a Strauss waltz; in other words, where the artistic root-work, like that of a flower, is so beautifully concealed that we only perceive the flowers. I know a by no means contemptible connoisseur of music who mistook a Bach fugue for a Chopin étude—to the honour of both; and many young girls might fancy the second part of a Mendelssohnian fugue to be a song without words (the entrance of the parts at the beginning would puzzle them); while the grace and softness of their forms will cause their dreaded name and ceremonious dwelling-place to be forgotten. In

short, these are not fugues worked out with the head alone, according to a receipt, but pieces of music sprung from the mind, and carried out in poet fashion. But as the fugue is the organ of cheerfulness and gaiety, as well as of dignity, the collection contains many of that short, fiery kind, such as Bach has thrown off in abundance with his own masterhand. Every one will find them out; but these especially betray the polished, intellectual artist, who plays with fetters as though they were garlands of flowers. To mention the preludes: many of these, like many of Bach's, do not seem to have been originally connected with the fugues, but rather appended subsequently to these. Most players will prefer them to the fugues, as, even when played separately, their effect is complete; the very first charms at once, from beginning to end. Players may find out what the others are like for themselves. The work is valuable in itself, and would be found so without the surety of the composer's name.

JEANQUIRIT.

OVERTURE TO THE LEGEND OF THE FAIR MELUSINA.

BY F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

[Heard for the first time in Leipsic Concerts, December 1835.]

IT is difficult for many persons to decide which of Mendelssohn's overtures is the best and finest. We had enough to do with the earlier ones—and here is a fourth! Florestan divides parties into the Summer Night's Dreamers (the strongest by far), the Fingallians (not the weakest, especially among the fair sex), and so on. The Melusinians must be called the smallest party, as this overture has not yet been heard in Germany outside of Leipsic, and England—where the Philharmonic Society first performed it as their own property—can only be used as a reserve force in case of necessity.

There are works of such delicate intellectual frame, that the greatest bear of a critic is ashamed to meet them with anything but compliments. As this was the case with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture,—I can only remember to have read poetical (were not this term a contradiction here) reviews of it,—so is it now with the legend of the fair Melusina.

In order to understand it, it is not necessary to read the long-spun-out, though very fantastic, account of the legend by Tieck, but simply to know:—That

the fair Melusina was deeply in love with, and loved by, the handsome knight Lusignan, and exacted a promise from him that he should allow her to remain alone on certain days in the year. At last, Lusignan discovers that Melusina is a mermaid, half woman, half fish. This foundation is worked out a great deal in words and in tones. But we may just as little in this overture, as in that to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," pursue the bare historic thread further. An inquisitive person once asked Mendelssohn what signification the overture to Melusina possessed especially. He answered quickly, "Hm! a misalliance." Poetically as Mendelssohn always conceives a subject, in this he merely sketches the characters of the proud knight Lusignan and the alluring, yielding Melusina; but the waves seem to mingle with their embraces, to cover and separate them again. And here the pictures beloved of youthful fancy seem living—the traditions of existence in the sea deeps, of shooting fish with golden scales, of pearls in open shells, of treasures washed away from men, of emerald castles rising tower-like above each other, and so on. In this respect it differs from former overtures; they merely related, but did not live through similar legendary subjects. At first sight, the surface appears somewhat cold and still; but the life and motion of the depths is far more clearly described in tones than we can hope to describe the overture in words.

After two hearings and a few glances into the

score, we have merely to observe, in regard to its musical composition, that it is scarcely necessary to say, the work is that of a master in the treatment of form and means. The whole begins and ends with an enchanting, water-like motivo, which ebbs and flows with such effect, that we seem to be carried from the battle-ground of violent human passion to the midst of the sublime, earth-embracing ocean, especially where it modulates from A flat through G to C. The rhythm of the knightly motivo in F minor would gain in pride and significance, were it taken in a slower tempo. The melody in A flat is so tender and caressing, that we think we see Melusina's lovely face behind it. Among fine instrumental details, we still seem to hear the fine B flat of the trumpets (near the commencement), forming the seventh of the chord—a tone of primeval times.

At first we fancied the overture to be written in six-quaver time. This misapprehension was caused by the swift tempo in which it was played on the first occasion (the composer absent). The six-crotchet measure which we found in the score has a less passionate, more fantastic appearance, and quiets the player; yet it seemed to us too broad and spread out. This observation may seem insignificant, yet it arises from a feeling we could not repress, and merely express here, without upholding it as correct. But however written, the overture is fine. *2.**

* Schumann occasionally signed his papers for the *Neue Zeitschrift* with the figure 2.—TRANS.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL" IN VIENNA.

[FROM A LETTER OF MARCH 2, 1839.]

"ST. PAUL" has been given here at last—last of all in the greatest musical city of Germany. The fact that Mendelssohn's compositions have been so slow in making way here is one too closely connected with our inward musical life to permit me to enter into details regarding it; but I think of returning to the subject. For the present I will merely observe, that the Viennese generally distrusts foreign musical celebrities (except some Italian ones); but if he is once won over, he may be turned and twisted in any direction—he scarcely knows where to stop with his praise, and embraces the object of it unceasingly. Then there is a clique here, the continuation of the clique that formerly hissed "Don Juan" and the "Leonora" overture—a clique that believes Mendelssohn composes merely to puzzle it, and that intends to hinder the spreading of his fame with canes and pitchforks—a clique so mean, so ignorant, so incapable in judgment and accomplishment, that it is as bad as any clique in Flachsenfingen. It is quite unnecessary to annihilate dwarfs with the apostolic thunderbolts of a St. Paul; they creep into their holes as soon as the truth looks them steadfastly in the eyes. But our "St. Paul" has done greater

wonders. Like a festal fire, its continuous chain of beauties communicated the composer's inspiration to the listeners. Such wealth, such masterly power, and above all, such melodic charm, was not expected. When I counted the public at the close, it was as numerous as at the commencement,—and one must know Vienna to know what that means. Vienna and three-hour-long oratorios have lived until now in a wretched misalliance; but "St. Paul" has made all right again. What more can I say? Every number took, three were encored, there was most emphatic applause at the close. Old Gyrowetz declared that, "according to his judgment, this was the greatest work of modern times;" old Seyfried said, "I did not hope to experience such an event in my latter days." In short, the victory was quite a passable one. And when we consider that the performance took place after only two previous orchestral rehearsals, we must respect the acquirements of the Viennese players. The representation was not, could not be, perfect in all its details; but such a chorus as this, singing with all its physical powers, requiring rather to be softened than inspired, is very rarely to be found in North Germany, where the singers intrench themselves behind their printed parts, and are quite happy if they do not upset things altogether. In this the Viennese is thoroughly unique; give him something to sing, and he becomes as loudly, gayly melodious as a nest of canaries. The solo parts were not performed by the first nota-

bilities of the city, but they were satisfactory; a few, like the bass, quite excellent. The performance took place at the suggestion of the Society of the Friends of Music, a very honourable society, that has lately displayed a fund of fresh new life. Doctor Edler of Sonnleithner deserves especial mention, as his unwearied endeavours made the performance possible; for no one would believe how much management is necessary to bring together an orchestra of a hundred here, where, with more discipline and *esprit de corps* among the forces, a thousand might easily be brought into the field. Honour also to those who, filled with admiration for this work, one of the brightest jewels of our day, took a zealous pleasure in presenting it to the true friends of art in a manner worthy of it and of themselves. This cannot fail to bring forth fruit, even among the masses, and the cry "Sleepers wake" will find its echo in many souls. There is already question of a second and third performance.

THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

[EPISTOLARY.]

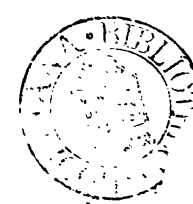
YOU are naturally the first to obtain a report of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" from me, dear friend. It was at last performed yesterday (1843) for the first time after about three hundred years; and the theatrical director showed his good sense in beautifying a winter evening with it; in summer, of course, we should be more pleased with "A Winter's Tale." I assure you that many went to see Shakespeare in order to hear Mendelssohn; the case was the reverse with me. Though I know very well that Mendelssohn is not like those inferior actors who put on grand airs when they are placed in accidental association with great ones, his music (with the exception of the overture) only pretends to be an accompaniment, a conciliation, a bridge between Oberon and Bottom, without which it would be almost impossible for us to enter fairyland, however much in vogue that was in Shakespeare's time. Those who expected more from this music must certainly have been disappointed; it retires even more modestly into the background than that to "Antigone," where, certainly, the choruses forced the musician to a richer use of his powers. This music does not interfere with the action, with the love entanglements of the four young people. Only once, in speaking accents, it sketches

Hermia's search for her beloved; and this is an admirable number. On the whole, the music only accompanies the fairy portion of the piece. Here Mendelssohn is in his place, no one more so, as we all know. The world has long been of one opinion regarding the overture—though, of course, there are transformed Bottoms to be found everywhere. The bloom of youth sparkles upon it more brightly than is the case with any other of the composer's works; here the finished master reached his highest flight in his happiest hours. It was almost touching to me to hear fragments from the overture in some of the more lately written numbers; but I could not wholly approve of the finale, which repeats the close of the overture almost word for word, The composer's intention in rounding off the whole is clear; but this seems to me to be done only in accordance with the dictates of reason. He should have beautified this scene with his freshest tones; here, where music might have produced its greatest effect, I expected something quite original. Imagine the scene where the elves dance their magic rounds in every nook and corner of the house, Puck leading them—

> "I am sent with broom before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door."

Oberon scattering blessings,—

> "With this field-dew consecrate,
> Every fairy take his gait;—
> And each several chamber bless,
> Through this palace with sweet peace."



[illegible] better adapted for music could be invented. [illegible] Mendelssohn compose something quite new [illegible] this passage? So it seemed to me that the [illegible] effect of the piece was wanting at the close. [illegible] we well remembered the many charming [illegible] musical numbers, though Bottom's ass's [illegible] no doubt enlivens many persons to-day, though [illegible] enchantments of that night in the greenwood, and [illegible] complications, can never be forgotten, yet the whole produced more the impression of a rarity than of anything else. For the rest, believe me that the music is as fine and intellectual as it can be. From the first entrance of Puck and the elves, the instruments chatter and jest as if the elves themselves played them; we hear quite new tones there. The speedily following song, closing with the words—

"So, good night, with lullaby,"

is especially lovely, like all this music when the fairies are in question. There is also a march (the first, I believe, that Mendelssohn ever wrote) before the close of the first part. It somewhat resembles the march in Spohr's "Consecration of Tones," and might have been more original, though it contains a very charming trio. The orchestra played admirably under Dr. Bach's direction, and the actors took all the pains possible, but the mounting of the piece was almost poor. The performance will be repeated to-day.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

IT is some time since any pianoforte music was reviewed in our paper. Very little of consequence has appeared lately, in spite of the quantity that is written daily for this instrument. The masters of the more recent period have either departed from among us, or keep silence; those of our own day either pursue those tendencies that have been frequently written of and pointed out in our pages, or they have degenerated. Besides these, the weeds still flourish that have flourished at all times; but Czerny, Herz, and Hünten have lost much of their former favour with the public. Since as little can be said of a certain class of music, as of a very similar style in circulating-library literature, this merely deserves a very cursory mention in an art paper. A new, genuinely artistic talent, devoting its powers to the pianoforte, has not recently appeared. We shall afterwards refer to a few pleasing or hopeful manifestations.

Among the pianoforte composers who laboured during the period immediately preceding the most recent one, we had only Moscheles and Kalkbrenner, with the exception of Cramer, who belonged to a still earlier epoch, but who published, quite lately, a few new compositions, the finest of which—"Studies for Four Hands"—we have not yet been able to meet with. Moscheles, in his "Romanesca," Opus 104, played a

joke on that pseudo-Romanticism, which is at home in the Parisian Grand Opera, but which has stolen thence into pianoforte music, and even penetrated beyond the Rhine ;—a capital joke, the sense of which will be mistaken here and there, so that some may be inclined to class its author among the crazy fellows he intended to sketch. The merry piece is worth the trouble of learning to know it. Another but a serious piece by the same composer (Opus 103) again proves him to have taken an interest in the excitement of the last pianoforte epoch, though we are not inclined to consider it as one of his best efforts.

We still find Herr Kalkbrenner's name attached to a few fantasias on themes from operas that are favourites in Paris, but little is to be said regarding the style and aim of these.

A curiosity lies before us in the bravura variations (Prague, published by T. Hoffmann) of a very old composer, F. D. Weber, Director of the Prague Conservatory. We look on the piece as an amiable caprice in the old musician. But we can only smile at those German critics who have ecstatically praised the piece, declaring this to be the genuine classic bravura style. It is a *pièce d'occasion*, like a hundred similar ones, and there can be no question of genuine music in connection with it. We do not consider even the theme remarkable, and the harmonisation of two measures before the next to the last one is very unmusical. No doubt, however, the work would appear to better advantage in its original form, which,

as we learn from a note on the title-page, was accompanied by the orchestra with ritornelles.

These are the most celebrated among the older composers who have given us new works recently. The selection is certainly not very numerous.

We have unfortunately missed Mendelssohn for a year among those modern composers who occupy themselves with the pianoforte. His last works were the fourth book of "Songs without Words," and a set of variations for the Beethoven album—both of which compositions have already been mentioned in our paper. Taubert in Berlin, whose fruitful beginning led us to expect a rich harvest, also keeps holiday, we are sorry to say. Let us hope that these composers are only, like many others, withholding their gifts from us for a time.

We again find much spirituality in a few separate compositions by Chopin. These are a concert allegro (Opus 46), a ballade (Opus 47), 2 notturnos (Opus 48), and a fantasia (Opus 49); and, like everything that issues from his pen, they may be instantly recognised as Chopin's compositions. The concert allegro has the complete form of the first movement of a concerto, and was originally written with an orchestral accompaniment. A fine middle melody is wanting, though the cantilena is rich in new and brilliant passages; but it floats past us too restlessly, and we feel the absence of a slow after-movement, an adagio,—for the entire plan suggests a complete concerto in three movements. The idea of raising

the pianoforte to the highest point of independence possible, and of rendering the orchestra unnecessary, is a favourite one with young composers, and it seems to have influenced Chopin in the publication of his allegro in this form; but this new attempt again proves the difficulty of the task, though it will by no means serve as a warning against future endeavours. We place the ballade—Chopin's third—far higher than the allegro; it differs in a striking manner, in form and character, from his earlier ones, and must be counted among his most original creations. The finely intellectual Pole, accustomed to move in the most courtly circles of the French capital, will be distinctly recognised in it. We shall not attempt to analyse its poetic atmosphere any further. The notturnos must be placed, from their melancholy and graceful manner, among Chopin's earlier ones. The second especially will speak to many hearts. In the fantasia we again meet with the bold, stormy tone-poet, as we have often learned to know him. It is filled with genial traits in detail, though the whole did not choose to subject itself to the limits of a fine form. We can only make suppositions as to the figures that floated before Chopin when he wrote this, but the pictures were certainly not cheerful ones.

Since Sterndale Bennett published his "Diversions," charming pieces which we described in our paper a year and a day ago, he has only given us a single pianoforte composition, "Suite de Pièces," Opus

24; but this is sufficient to refresh our respect for his fine talent. This collection contains six pieces, very similar in character, all proving the genuine creative power of their author, so fully able to accomplish anything with sportive ease. Here it is not the profound, the sublime, that awakens thought in and imposes on us, but the delicate, playful, often fairy-like grace, that leaves small yet deep traces behind it in our hearts. No one will style Bennett a great genius, but he has a great deal of one kind of genius. In these days, when so much uninspiring music is published, when what is merely outward and mechanical is cultivated to an unreasonable and immeasurable degree, we take double delight in that natural grace, that tranquil inward feeling, which is an innate quality in Bennett's compositions. We do not doubt but that this style of music, with its relatively higher and lower tendencies, will gain more and more in favour, and that, no matter how opinions may vary regarding its cultivators, the history of the art of our period, which endeavours to unite all that is soulful and artistically rich, will establish and ensure to it a lofty place, above all that mere fashion and the caprice of fortune has set up on high. Much has already been done; and among those composers whose tendency is of this rare and noble kind, Bennett deserves an honourable position. He ought to write more, however. But it seems as though he feels himself moving in but a small domain, on which he should not always remain; for

though we love fairy sports, we prefer manly deeds; and in order to accomplish these, the realm of the pianoforte is too confined; they need an orchestra or a stage. But we are straying too far from these compositions, which will be an honour to their author, no matter what his future may become. Of course, in his case there can be no question as to errors of form, &c.; he rounds the commencement, progression, and conclusion of his pieces in a masterly manner. The resemblance of his compositions to those of Mendelssohn has often been remarked; but those who think they have sufficiently designated Bennett's character by such a remark, do him great injustice, and betray their own want of judgment. Resemblances are common between different masters of the same epoch. In Bach and Handel, in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in his earlier period, we find a similar aim, like a bond of union between them, and which often outwardly expresses itself, as though one were calling unto the other. But this inclination of one noble mind to another should never be misnamed imitation, and Bennett's likeness to Mendelssohn is involuntary. Yet Bennett's works have continued to increase in originality; and in the one that lies before us, we are merely reminded of the artistic striving that inspires him in common with Mendelssohn. We think more frequently of older masters, into whose nature the English composer seems to have penetrated. The study of Bach and of Domenico Scarlatti, whom

Bennett prefers among pianoforte composers, has not been without influence on his development. And he is right to study them; for he who desires to be a master can only learn this from masters — though of course we do not place Scarlatti at the same elevation as Bach. Among the separate pieces of the "Suite"—a good old word—we find it difficult to give the preference to any single one. Every one will select according to his views. We fancy the second and fourth are the most original, the former on account of its very peculiar and delicate construction, the latter because of its fantastic character.

Adolph Henselt, like Bennett, has been rather unproductive of late, unfortunately for us. Perhaps merely outward causes are to blame for this. We cannot believe a fountain that sprang forth so gladly and freshly from the beginning is already exhausted. His latest piece for pianoforte alone is entitled "Tableau Musical" (Opus 16). A Bohemian-Russian folk-melody is followed by a pastoral theme, and these meet again afterwards in a graceful manner; the result is such a picture as that presented by the meeting of gipsies with modern peasants; and perhaps, as we half surmise from the title, some such idea floated before the composer. The whole work creates a cheerful and almost picturesque impression, while it is vivified by the euphony that characterises all the compositions of this artist.

Among famous virtuosos, who have again lately busied themselves with the pianoforte, we must first

mention Thalberg, who, besides his second fantasia on themes from "Don Juan," which differs little from his other fantasias, has published, under the title "Théme Original et Etude" (Opus 45), one of his most effective pieces, the same with which he has so often created a furore in his concerts. Its charm lies, first, in its graceful theme, which some one has compared to an Italian muleteer-song — a remark that may suffice to describe the general character of the melody; but its sparkling variations are the cause of its great effect with the public, and when we hear them played by their composer, we wonder from where he gets all his fingers. But the *étude* sounds more difficult than it is. If a more solid introduction and a rather longer close had been added, the piece would have been found worthy of unreserved praise. For the public, however, it is still excellent enough.

Liszt has lately brought out, besides some fantasias on operatic themes, his most extensive, and, we believe, his most remarkable work, his "Pélerinage," which will fill three large volumes. We have, so far, only seen the first volume, and therefore reserve our opinion for a later, separate article, when we have learned to know the entire work.

Among young composers who are already widely known in other branches, but who have, until now, published little or nothing for the pianoforte, we must mention Otto Nicolai and Julius Rietz, two of whose pianoforte compositions now lie before us.

And as we are always glad to meet with new sonatas, the very title-page of Nicolai's compositions pleased us, because it is that of a sonata (Opus 27). This composer has often been attacked on account of his Italian sympathies. We do not know those of his operas which he wrote in Italy, but we find enough good German blood in this sonata. Or is he so much a master of his pen that he can write to-day in the Italian manner, and to-morrow in any other? This is the dangerous sort of cleverness to which Meyerbeer has already fallen a sacrifice. However, we know too little of Nicolai's compositions to hazard an opinion on this point regarding them. At all events, this sonata betrays its German origin, and also displays great ease of invention and execution. If the former is not exactly profound, the latter not extraordinarily and artistically rich, the whole piece attracts and rivets attention from its other good qualities, such as its eager, swift vitality, which does not hold, in too mole-like a manner, to small details, but produces a highly favourable (to the composer) total effect. The last movement appears to us the least successful, the tempo is too often altered in it—a fault that only a very intelligent performer will lead the hearer to forget. On the other hand, the first movement, the scherzo, and especially the trio, are admirable. The composer has taken a Swedish folk-melody, and one of the finest, for the principal motive of his allegro; yet we fail to discover its connection with the rest of the work.

[illegible], who has won for himself a note-[illegible]ation through his two overtures, makes [illegible] as a composer for the pianoforte in a [illegible] Capriccioso" (Opus 5). His imitation of [illegible]ssohn's manner has often been spoken of; we [illegible] have often been disagreeably struck by it in [illegible]y passages of his compositions. It is difficult [illegible] explain why reminiscences displease us more in [illegible]me composers than in others (Bennett, for example), unless because copyists lack the tact necessary in cases where outside material needs to be assimilated; while in other cases (as those of Bennett and Mendelssohn), certain characters seem to have possessed features of resemblance between them, from their first appearance in the world. However, the highly talented composer of whom we speak has so much cultivation, and displays so decided a character, that perhaps only a little more caution is necessary on his part, to avoid reminiscences altogether. On the whole, this scherzo does not much remind us of Mendelssohn; it has a discouraged, almost doubting tone. But behind the not too cheerful humour of the piece, an excellent artist is hidden, so much at home in his art that we cannot but wish that he might feel more happy in it.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

FOUR IMPROMPTUS FOR THE PIANOFORTE, OPUS 142.

HE should have lived to see how he is idolised to-day; it would have inspired him to do his best and highest. Now that he has long lain at rest, we carefully endeavour to collect and examine all that he left behind him; and there is nothing among all this that does not betray its origin. Few authors have left the stamp of their minds so clearly impressed on their works as he has done. Every page in the two first of the above impromptus whispers "Franz Schubert," as we know him in his inexhaustible moods; as he charms, deceives, and again fetters us, we find him here. And yet I can scarcely believe that Schubert really entitled these movements "impromptus." The first is evidently the first movement of a sonata, so perfectly carried out and concluded, that no doubt can exist about it. I consider the second impromptu to be the second movement of the same sonata; in key and character it fits it precisely. Schubert's friends must know what has become of the conclusion of the sonata, or whether he ever concluded it. Perhaps the fourth impromptu may be regarded as the finale, yet, if the key be in favour of this supposition, the volatility of the whole plan is opposed to it. These are only conjectures, which a glance into the original manu-

script might clear up. Yet I do not consider them of no consequence; titles and superscriptions are of little value, while a fine sonata is so great an ornament in the wreath of a composer's productions, that I would willingly imagine another—yes, twenty—added to Schubert's many works in this form. I should scarcely have attributed the third impromptu to Schubert, unless, indeed, as the work of his boyhood; it is a set of indifferent or insignificant variations on a similar theme. They are wholly devoid of invention or fancy—qualities which Schubert has displayed to so high a degree in the variation style in other places. But if the two first impromptus are played in succession, and rounded with the fourth to make a lively close, we shall possess, if not a complete sonata, one more fine souvenir of Schubert. To those who are well acquainted with him already, it needs but a single performance for the complete understanding of it. The light, fantastic embroidery between the melodic pauses in the first movement, is precisely what should lull us to slumber; the whole seems to have been written during a pensive hour, as if while meditating on the past. The second movement is of a contemplative character, like many things of Schubert's; the third (the fourth impromptu) is quite different; it pouts, yet softly and good naturedly. Its mood is difficult to comprehend; it reminded me often of Beethoven's amusing, little-known piece, "Anger over a Lost Penny."

This is a fitting opportunity to mention Franz

Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's songs, which have found such favour with the public. Performed by Liszt, they must be highly effective, but other than master-hands will vainly labour with them; they are perhaps the most difficult things for the pianoforte in existence. A witty fellow wonders "whether an easier arrangement could not be published, and also whether the result of such a one would be the original Schubert Lied again?" Not always. Liszt has added to and altered; the way in which he has done it betrays the powerful nature of his conception and execution; others would think and write differently. And now the old question suggests itself, whether the executive artist shall be allowed the privilege of modifying the works of the creative artist, so as to suit his individual powers? The answer is easy. A bungler is ridiculous when he does it badly, but we approve of the intelligent artist's arrangement, unless he destroys the sense of the original. This kind of workmanship forms a separate chapter in a method of pianoforte-playing.

The last of Schubert's compositions which have appeared are entitled "Grand Pianoforte Duo for Four Hands," Opus 140, and F. Schubert's last composition, three grand sonatas for pianoforte.

There was a time when I talked unwillingly of Schubert, whose name, I thought, should only be whispered at night to the trees and stars. Who is not, at some period, enthusiastic? Enraptured with this new mind, whose wealth seemed to me measure-

less and boundless, deaf to everything that could bear witness against him, I thought of him alone. Who is the master we can esteem the same at every period of our lives? With increasing years, with increasing demands, the circle of our favourites grows smaller and smaller. The cause of this lies within ourselves as well as in them. In order to value Bach properly, we must have passed through experiences impossible in youth; even the sunlit heights of Mozart are at that time under-estimated. Mere musical studies are not enough to enable us to understand Beethoven, who inspires us more in certain years with certain works. It is at least sure that equal ages exercise a reciprocal attraction on each other, that youthful enthusiasm is best understood by youth, and the power of the mature master by the full-grown man. So Schubert will always remain the favourite of youth. He gives what youth desires—an overflowing heart, daring thoughts, and speedy deeds; he tells of what youth loves best—of knights and maidens, romantic stories and adventures; he mingles wit and humour with these, but not to so great a degree that the softer ground-tone is disturbed. He gives wings to the performer's own fancy, as no other composer has done save Beethoven. Some of his peculiarities, which may be easily imitated, allure to imitation; we carry out a thousand ideas which he only lightly suggests. Such is the effect he produces, and thus he will long influence us.

Ten years ago I should have declared, without

more ado, that these lately published works were the finest in the world,—and, compared with the productions of to-day, such they still appear to me. But, as compositions by Schubert, I do not place them in the class where I place his quartet in D minor for string instruments, his trio in E flat major,* and many of his lesser songs and pianoforte pieces. The duo, especially (which I regarded as a symphony arranged for the pianoforte, until the original manuscript, in which, in his own hand, it is entitled a "Sonata for Four Hands," taught me otherwise), seems to me still to stand within Beethoven's influence. And, in spite of Schubert's handwriting, I still hold to my own opinion respecting the duo. One who wrote as much as Schubert, cannot have given much time to reviewing or reflecting on his titles, and thus he probably wrote in haste over his work "sonata," while "symphony" was what he had in his mind. Then, to give a more vulgar ground for my opinion, it is probable that at a time when his name was only beginning to be known, he was more likely to find publishers for a sonata than for a symphony. And, in comparing this work with his other sonatas, in which the purest pianoforte character is expressed, I can only, familiar as I am with his style and his manner of treating the pianoforte, regard it as an orchestral work. We hear string and wind instruments, tuttis, solos, the mutter of drums; and my view is also supported by the

* The Symphony in C was not known at the time this article was written.

broad symphonic form, even by its reminiscences of Beethoven's symphonies, such as, in the second movement, that of the andante of Beethoven's second, and, in the last, that of Beethoven's last in his A major symphony, as well as several paler passages, which seem to me to have lost in the arrangement. In this way, too, I shield the duo from the reproach of being unfitted to the pianoforte, that something has been attempted with the instrument of which it is incapable; while, as an arranged symphony, it must be looked at in a different light. If we so accept it, we are the richer by one symphony. I have mentioned the reminiscences of Beethoven; but do we not all subsist on his treasures? Yet even without this noble forefather, Schubert would have been the same, though his originality might have found its way out later. To one who has some degree of cultivation and feeling, Beethoven and Schubert may be recognised, yet held apart, on their very first pages. Schubert is a maidenly character compared to the other, far more talkative, softer, broader; compared to him he is a child, sporting carelessly among the giants. Such is the relation these symphonic movements bear to those of Beethoven, and, in their inwardness, they could not have been imagined by any other than Schubert. To be sure, he brings in his powerful passages, and works in masses; but there is always a masculine and feminine contrast; one commands, and one beseeches and persuades. This, however, is in contrast to Beethoven alone;

compared to others, he is man enough, and even the boldest and most freethinking of musicians. With this conviction we should take up the duo. It is not necessary to seek for its beauties; they meet and win us more and more the oftener we consider it; indeed, this loving poet-soul cannot fail to win us all completely. And though the adagio so strongly reminds me of Beethoven, yet I scarcely know anything in which Schubert is more distinctly himself; he stands bodily before us—with the first measures his name passes our lips. And all will agree that the work sustains itself at the same height from beginning to end—a quality that should always be insisted on, yet one which modern works seldom offer to us. No musician dare remain a stranger to such a work, and if so many among them fail to understand some creations of to-day, and some of the future, it is their own fault; their insight is blind to transition. The new (so-called) Romantic school is not woven from the air; everything has its own good foundation.

The sonatas are sufficiently distinguished and remarkable, as being the last work of Franz Schubert. Probably those to whom the period of their creation was unknown would judge them differently—as I did, placing them at an earlier epoch in the composer's career, while I always considered the trio in E flat major as Schubert's last work, as well as his most original one. It may be, however, that these sonatas were really the last work of his hand, for it

would be something more than human in a man who wrote so much and so continually as Schubert were he to improve and surpass himself in every succeeding effort. I cannot learn whether he wrote these sonatas on his sick-bed or not; from the music I rather surmise that he did; and yet it may be that one's opinion and fancy are influenced beforehand by the sad ideas awakened by the word "last" on the title-page. However it may be, these sonatas seem to me to differ from his others in their greater simplicity of invention, their voluntary resignation of novel brilliancy (just where he formerly made such great demands on his powers), and through a general spinning out of musical ideas where he formerly joined period to period with new threads. It flows on from page to page, ever more musical and melodious, as if it could never come to an end or lose its continuity, broken, here and there, by a somewhat more lively emotion, that is, however, soon quieted again. Colder judges must decide whether or not my opinion has been influenced here by the thought of his illness; but the work affects me as I describe it. Then it closes so lightly, cheerfully, courageously, as though he would be ready to begin again the next day. But it was otherwise ordained. He met his last moments with composure. And if the words are written on his tombstone, that "a rich possession, but still fairer hopes," lie buried there, we will thankfully remember only the first. It will lead to no-

thing to guess at what more he might have attained. He did enough; and those must be honoured who have striven and accomplished as he has done.

TWELVE LIEDER BY ROBERT FRANZ.

OPUS I.

THERE is much to say regarding these *lieder* by Robert Franz; they are not isolated productions, but bear an inward relationship to the whole development of our art during the past ten years. It is well known that in the years 1830–34, a reaction took place in opposition to the reigning taste. On the whole, the struggle was not a difficult one; it was principally waged with that empty flourish of manner that displayed itself in nearly every department of art (always excepting the works of Weber, Loewe, and a few others), and especially in pianoforte music. The first attack was made on this last; more thoughtful pictures began to take the place of mere passage work, and the influence of two masters—Beethoven and Bach—became perceptible in these. The young musical party grew numerous, the new life penetrated into other branches. Franz Schubert had already worked on the *lied* form, but principally in the Beethovenian manner, while the influence of Bach was more perceptible in North German song.

... was hastened by the appearance of a ... of German poetry. Eichendorff and ..., though they began to write before this time, ... became familiar to musicians, and Uhland ... Heine were frequently set to music. Thus arose ... more artistic and profound style of song, of which ...er composers could of course know nothing, since ... was the new spirit of poetry reflected in music.

The songs of Robert Franz thoroughly belong to this noble new style. Hurdygurdy sing-song writing, the reciting penny verses with the same indifference as a poem by Rückert, for example, is beginning to be estimated at its proper value; and though this progress has not yet reached the mass of the public, the better class has long been aware of it. And indeed the *lied* is the only form of composition in which a remarkable improvement has taken place since Beethoven's time. If, for instance, we compare the industry which has been made use of in the songs before us, to interpret the ideas of the poems almost word for word, with the negligence of the former mode of treatment, in which the poem was considered of very secondary importance; the whole harmonic construction here, with the slovenly formulas of accompaniment which earlier times found so difficult to shake off; only narrow-minded prejudice will fail to perceive this great improvement. Robert Franz's characteristics as a *lied* composer are expressed in the preceding sentence. He desires more than well or ill sounding music; he strives to reflect the poem

with lifelike profundity. He is most successful in the quietly dreamy mood, but we find in him some simple, charming traits, as in the first song, then the "Dance-song in May," and some yet more cheerful out-wellings to some of Robert Burns's texts. This double book of songs suggests the most varied pictures and feelings, and all bear a trace of melancholy. For the performance of these songs we need a poet as well as a singer; but they will please best sung when alone and at evening. A few things in them are painful to my ear, as the beginnings of the 7th and 12th songs, and the often-returning E in the last. I wish the 7th had been omitted from the collection; it seems to me too artificial in melody and harmony. The others are interesting, remarkable, often uncommonly fine. Tieck's slumber-song should have had a more richly musical close, but it is, notwithstanding, one of the happiest. It would be an endless task to describe separately the fine musical features of these songs; musicians of feeling will discover them for themselves.

These *lieder*, then, differ remarkably from others. But he who has thus commenced, must not wonder if higher things are demanded from him in future. Success in a small style often leads to one-sidedness and mannerism. We trust that the young artist will protect himself from this by grasping new artistic forms, and by expressing his rich inward feelings otherwise than in songs. Our sympathy, however, will be with him on any path.

MEYERBEER AND MENDELSSOHN.

I.—MEYERBEER'S "HUGUENOTS."

I FEEL to-day like a brave young warrior who draws his sword for the first time in a great cause. As if musical questions should also be settled in our little Leipsic, where universal ones have already been disputed, it happens that the two most powerful compositions of modern days—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—have been brought out here together—together for the first time, apparently, until now. Where shall we commence the subject, where leave off? There can be no question here of rivalry, of preference, for our readers know well to what aims our pen is devoted; they know too well that when Mendelssohn is the subject there can be no question of Meyerbeer, their paths lie in such diametrical opposition; and, if we would point to the characteristics of one, we have simply to mark those qualities which the other does not possess, always excepting talent, which they possess in common with each other. One is often inclined to grasp one's brow, to feel whether all up there is in the right condition, when one reflects on Meyerbeer's success in healthy, musical Germany, when one hears otherwise worthy people, musicians even, who look, too, on Mendelssohn's quieter victories with pleasure, declaring that there is really some value

in his music. Still warm from Schröder-Devrient's lofty portraiture of Fidelio, I went for the first time to hear the "Huguenots." Who does not rejoice in novelty, who does not gladly hope? Had not Ries himself written that many things in the "Huguenots" might be placed beside some by Beethoven, &c.? And what said others, what said I? I agreed at once with Florestan, who, shaking his fist towards the opera, let fall the words: "In 'Il Crociato,' I still counted Meyerbeer among musicians; in 'Robert le Diable,' I began to have my doubts; in 'Les Huguenots,' I place him at once among Franconi's circus people." I cannot express the aversion which the whole work inspired in us; we turned away from it—we were weary and inattentive from anger. After frequently hearing it I found much that was excusable, that impressed me more favourably in it; but my final judgment remained the same as at first, and I must shout incessantly to those who place "Les Huguenots" at ever so great a distance beside "Fidelio," or anything of the kind, that they understand nothing about it—nothing, nothing! As for proselytism, I will not hear a word; there would be no end of controversy.

I am no moralist, but it enrages a good Protestant to hear his dearest choral shrieked out on the boards, to see the bloodiest drama in the whole history of his religion degraded to the level of an annual fair farce, in order to raise money and noise with it. Yes, the whole opera, from the overture, with its

ridiculously trivial sanctity, enrages him, to the close, after which we should all be burnt alive together as soon as possible.* What is the impression left behind it by "Les Huguenots"? That we have seen criminals executed, and flighty ladies exposed to view. Reflect on the whole, and what does it amount to? In the first act we have an orgy of many men, with—oh, refinement!—only one woman, but veiled; in the second, an orgy of bathing women, and, among them, a man scratched up with the nails to please Parisians, with bandaged eyes; in the third, we have a mixture of the licentious and the sanctimonious; slaughter spreads in the fourth, and in the fifth we have carnage in a church. Riot, murder, prayer, and nothing more, does "Les Huguenots" contain; in vain we seek one pure, lasting idea, one spark of Christian feeling in it. Meyerbeer nails a heart on the outside of a skin, and says, "Look! there it is, to be grasped with hands." All is made up, all appearance and hypocrisy. And now to the heroes and heroines—two, Marcel and St. Bris, who do not sink so low as the rest, excepted. There is Nevers, a finished profligate,† who loves

* It is only necessary to read the closing lines of the opera :—

"Par le fer et l'incendie
Exterminons la race impie,
Frappons, poursuivons l'hérétique!
Dieu le veut, Dieu veut le sang,
Oui, Dieu veut le sang!"

† Words like "Je ris du Dieu de l'univers," &c., are little things in this text.

Valentine, then gives her up, then accepts her as his wife,—Valentine herself, who loves Raoul, marries Nevers, swears she loves him,* and then betroths herself to Raoul. Raoul, who loves Valentine, rejects her, falls in love with the Queen, and finally takes Valentine to wife,—and then the Queen, the queen of all these dolls! And people can be pleased with this, because it looks prettily, and comes from Paris! And respectable German girls do not shut their eyes before it! And the arch-clever one of all composers rubs his hands for joy! An entire book would be insufficient for the discussion of the music; every measure is full of meaning; there is something to be said about everything. "To startle or to tickle," is Meyerbeer's maxim, and he succeeds in it with the rabble. And as for the introduced choral, which sets Frenchmen beside themselves, I declare that if a pupil brought such a lesson in counterpoint to me, I should certainly beg him to do better in future. How overladen yet empty, how intentional yet superficial! what blacksmith's work, that the mob may not fail to observe it, is this eternal chanting of Marcel's. "A firm fortress!" Then a great deal is said about the dedication of the swords in the fourth act. I acknowledge that it has much dramatic movement, some intelligent, striking turns, and that the chorus especially is of great outward effect; situation, scenery, instrumentation, work together, and as the horrible is Meyerbeer's element, he has written this with

* "D'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous," &c.

warmth. And if we look at the melody from a musical point of view, what is it but a vamped-up Marseillaise? Is there real art in producing an effect with such means at such a passage? I do not blame the use of every means in the right place; but we must not exclaim "Glorious!" when a dozen of drums, trumpets, and ophicleides are heard at a little distance, in unison with a hundred singing men. One Meyerbeerian refinement I must mention here. He knows the public too well not to know that an excess of noise stupefies at last. How cleverly he goes to work then! After such explosions as that mentioned above, he gives us whole arias with the accompaniment of a single instrument, as if he meant to say, "Behold what I can do with but small means! Look, Germans, look!" *Some esprit* he possesses, we cannot deny; but time will not allow us to go through every detail of Meyerbeer's outward tendency; his extreme non-originality and want of style are as well known as his talent in dramatic treatment, preparation, polish, brilliancy, instrumental cleverness, as well as his very considerable variety in forms. It is easy to point, in Meyerbeer, to Rossini, Mozart, Herold, Weber, Bellini, even Spohr; in short, to the whole musical repertory. But one thing belongs to him alone—that famous, unbearable, bleating rhythm, which appears in almost every theme of the opera. I was beginning to point to the pages where it may be found (pages 6, 17, 15, 68, 77, 100, 117), but got tired of it. Only envy and hatred can deny that the

work contains many better things, many noble, sublime emotions;—thus Marcel's battle-song is effective, the page's song lovely; the most of the third act is interesting through the living portraiture of its national scenes, the first part of the duet between Valentine and Marcel from its character; so is the sextet interesting; the jesting chorus is in a comic vein; the dedication of the poniards has more than Meyerbeer's usual originality; and above all, the following duet, between Raoul and Valentine, has flow of idea and musical workmanship;—but what is all this compared to the commonness, distortion, unnaturalness, immorality, unmusical character of the whole? Thank heaven, we are at the goal, for nothing worse is to come after this, unless we transform the stage into a scaffold; and in such a case, the last agonised cry of a talent tortured by the spirit of our day will be followed by the immediate hope that matters *must* now take a turn for the better.

II.—MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL."

And now we turn to a nobler subject. Here we are again attuned to hope and faith; here we learn to love mankind once more; here we rest, after a weary search, under the palm-trees, while a flowery landscape lies at our feet. "Paulus" is a work of pure art, the creation of peace and love. We should injure ourselves and grieve the poet if we sought

to compare it, even distantly, with a Bach or Handel work. In certain traits, all church-music, all temples of religion, all painted Madonnas, resemble each other, as do the works of the masters in question; but Bach and Handel were men when they wrote their oratorios, while Mendelssohn was yet little more than a youth. So "St. Paul" is the work of a young master, with whose senses the Graces sport, who is yet inspired with delight in life and the future; and it ought not to be compared to those of a more severe day, by any one of those divine masters, whose long and almost holy life lay in a great measure behind him, while his glance already reached beyond the clouds.

We have spoken before, in our paper, of the manner of treatment, the resumption of the choral, as we find it in old oratorios, the division of choruses and solos into active and passive masses and persons, the character of these, &c. It has already been correctly observed, that the principal events lie, to the injury of the general effect, in the first part; that the character of Stephen, if not of more consequence than St. Paul, at any rate lessens our interest in the latter; that, in the music, Saul is more effective as a convert than as a converter; and that the oratorio is very long, and might easily have been divided into two. Mendelssohn's conception of the appearance of the Lord invites artistic discussion; but I think that a subject is sometimes spoiled by harping on it; and one could not offend the com-

poser more than here, in one of his finest inventions. I believe that the Lord God speaks in many tongues, and that He unveils His will to His chosen ones by angel choruses. I think that a painter can express the near presence of the Highest more poetically by means of cherub heads looking out from the edge of the picture, than by the form of an old man, the symbol of the Trinity, and so on. I know not that beauty could offend where truth cannot be attained. It has also been remarked, that the simplicity of certain chorals in "St. Paul" has been sacrificed to the rare decorations with which Mendelssohn has surrounded them. As if choral music were not as good a symbol of joyful trust in God as of supplicating prayer; as if there were no possible difference between "Sleepers, wake!" and "Out of the depths;" as if a work of art were not intended to satisfy other demands than those of a singing congregation! And, finally, they have tried to classify "St. Paul," not as a Protestant, but as a concert-oratorio, though one clever person has struck on the middle path, and baptized it a "Protestant concert-oratorio." We see objections made,—and the zeal of true criticism must be acknowledged. But at the same time we must acknowledge those qualities which no criticism can take away from the oratorio,—its masterly musical perfection, its noble melodies, the union of word and tone, of speech and music, that cause us to gaze into the whole as into a living depth,—the charming grouping of personages, the grace that

seems to have been breathed over the work, the freshness, the inextinguishable colour of instrumentation, the perfectly formed style, its masterly sporting with every form of composition, besides its inward heart, the deeply religious feeling which is expressed throughout it,—and we ought to be satisfied, I think. One observation I will venture on, however. The music of "St. Paul" is sustained in so clear and popular a tone, impresses so instantaneously yet lastingly, that it seems as if the composer had intended, while writing, to be effective among the people. Fine as this aim may be, it will certainly deprive future compositions of something of that power and inspiration which we find in the works of those who yield themselves, regardless of consequences, without aim or limit, to their grand subjects. Let us reflect that Beethoven wrote a "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and also a "Missa solemnis;" and let us believe that, as the youth Mendelssohn has written one oratorio, the man will perfect another.* Until then, we will be satisfied with, and learn from, and enjoy this.

And now to arrive at a conclusive judgment on the works of two men who, in those works, most sharply point the tendency and confusion of our day. The noise made about Meyerbeer seems to me contemptible in its cause; for in his "Huguenots" we simply find the collective type of all the errors, and some few of the excellencies, of the time. But the

* Mendelssohn fulfilled this prophecy in his "Elijah."

Mendelssohnian "St. Paul" ought to be honoured and loved, for it is the prophet of a finer future, in which his works, and not the narrow applause of his contemporaries, will ennoble the artist. This road leads to good, the other is the path to evil.*

* The above article gave rise to a great many attacks on its author, especially in Paris and Hamburg papers; but at the same time it awakened the approbation of a very worthy man—Fr. Rochlitz. It happened in this way: A musical lady friend, the same to whom the "Recollections of a Lady Friend" are dedicated, had made herself the medium of communication between him and the rising young artists, by playing pianoforte works by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Florestan, Eusebius, and others, to him, and occasionally making him acquainted with critical articles like the above fragments. After reading the last, Rochlitz handed to her a communication, which, bequeathed to me as a remembrance by the lady, bears witness to the decided views entertained by the noble judge of art, who had then already attained an advanced age :—

"*September 14th*, 1837.

"My grateful thanks for the communication, which I return with this. For years I have read nothing, absolutely nothing, about music that has so truly pleased me—such as I am constituted—as this. Clear, decided, firmly grounded, these views will be valuable wherever justice and reason possess value; pure, honourable, noble ideas,—and that not merely in respect to the works in question or in respect to music. A method of declaring these views and ideas which is at once thoughtfully and moderately carried out, while it is at the same time full of motion, freshness, and free life; this is what I find in the article, from the first to the last line. Besides this, it is so free from partisanship, that it recognises all that is clever and able in the devil himself, and allows that one's friend may not be altogether an angel; yes, and even grants to angel and devil a great deal more humanity than others (I, for example) are willing to recognise in them. I believe that all readers who possess a sense of justice and reason—and of course only such readers will be of any consequence to the author—will discover these qualities in this article, as I have done. In this way—and I do not mean merely with reference to the two works here treated of—the author will certainly attain a good result, and a just, honest, penetrating influence. When he has acquired this power, which, sooner or

THE CONSECRATION OF TONES.

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN LEIPSIC OF SPOHR'S SYMPHONY, FEBRUARY, 1835.

IN order to describe this symphony well to one who has not heard it, one should give the subject a poetical form for the third time; for the poet owes his inspired thanks once more for the art with which Spohr has translated his words into music. If we could find a hearer, uninstructed by the poem or the different headings to the movements of the symphony, able to give us a description of the pictures called up before him by the work, it would be a partial test of the composer's success in the fulfilment of his undertaking. Unfortunately for myself, I knew the design of the symphony beforehand, and was reluctantly obliged to throw the material garment of Pfeiffer's poetry over the musical forms that obtruded themselves only too distinctly on my imagination.

Setting all this aside, I will touch on something quite different to-day. But if I handle somewhat freely the setting to music of just *this* text, and the inner essence of the idea, it must yet be understood

later, he necessarily must, all the rest will follow of itself. And such a conclusion I most heartily hope for our author.

"But what matters all this to you? Nothing, dear lady, it may be; but it will prove to you at least that I was in earnest about my thanks for your communication. ROCHLITZ."

that no attack is intended on what is in other respects a musical masterwork.

Beethoven understood the danger he ran with his Pastoral Symphony. In the few words with which he headed it, "Rather expressive of the feeling than tone-painting," lies an entire æsthetic system for composers. But how absurd is it in painters to make portraits of him sitting beside a brook, his head in his hands, listening to the bubbling water! With this symphony, I thought the æsthetic danger would be still greater.

If any composer ever differed from another, if any one ever remained true to himself from the first tone on, it is Spohr, with his fine immortal lament. But as he looks at everything as though through tears, his figures run into each other like formless, etherial shapes, for which we can scarcely find a name. It is a continuous resonance certainly, held together by the hand and mind of an artist—we all know that. Later he threw his powers into the opera. And as nothing better can be recommended to an overweening lyric poet than to study dramatic models, and to make dramatic attempts himself, in order to gain greater formative strength, it was to be expected that the opera, in which he would be obliged to follow the situations, and to carry out action and character, would tear him from his visionary uniformity. Jessonda seems the very growth of his own heart. Yet after this he remained the same in his instrumental works; his third symphony

possesses but an outward difference from his first. He felt that he must dare to take a new step. It was perhaps the example of Beethoven's ninth symphony—the first movement of which contains perhaps the same poetic ground-thought as Spohr's first—that induced him to take refuge in poetry. And what a peculiar choice he made—how true to his nature, to his being! He did not grasp Shakespeare, Schiller, or Goethe, but a poem more formless than music itself (if this is not too boldly said); a poem in praise of music, and painting its effects; describing in tones the tone described by the poet, eulogising music with music. When Beethoven caught and expressed his own thoughts in the Pastoral Symphony, it was not a single, short spring day that inspired him with his cry of joy, but the dark commingling of lofty songs above us (as Heine, I think, says somewhere); the eternal-voiced creation moved around him. The poet of the "Consecration of Tones" caught these up in a somewhat dull mirror, and Spohr again reflected that which he found mirrored within it.

But I, who look up with veneration to the creator of this symphony, may not accord the rank it deserves as a work of art among recent musical creations. I leave judgment to the famous veteran* who has already promised to declare his views upon the work in our paper.

* Ignaz von Siegfried of Vienna.

"JOHN HUSS."

ORATORIO BY PROFESSOR DR. A. ZEUNE, COMPOSED BY DR. C. LÖWE (1842), OPUS 82.

WE rejoice in the activity of the talented man who gives us a new proof of this in the above work. This new work must, from its tendency, be placed side by side with other similar ones by Löwe. It is not—on the poet's side either,—suited to the church; but, proper for the concert-hall or for festival musical occasions, it stands half way between opera and oratorio. We have no fitting title for this medium style. "Sacred Opera" suggests something quite different, and "Dramatic Oratorio" does not express the idea. In fact, this whole genre of art has been much opposed. But must music withdraw altogether from the presence of characters like Huss, Luther, Gutenberg, Winkelried, and other heroes of faith and freedom, because they do not wholly suit either the opera or the church? It seems to me that Löwe deserves praise for continuing to cultivate this style, which, if it has not yet given us any epoch-marking work, has not yet been finally thought out. The purely biblical oratorio cannot suffer in consequence; it will always find its composers. And we rejoice that history possesses many grand characters, which music only needs to appropriate in order

render them effective and expressive from a novel point of view. Löwe seems also to have reflected on this, since he again returns to the path which he formerly trod. And let him not be led away from it because he has not achieved a great triumph now. A work may fail to create a furore, and yet it may be deemed worthy of honourable remembrance in the history of art. We must also accord to Löwe the credit of having beaten out a new artistic path.

Would that he had done so in the first flush of his manly powers, or at the time which we have to thank for his fresh and forcible ballads; though, indeed, it is easy to review the past development of an artist, but difficult to foresee what it may become. Life and circumstances exert too powerful an influence upon it. The opera composer Handel became an oratorio composer; Haydn the instrumentalist gives us the "Creation" in his old age; Mozart proclaims the "Requiem" in the midst of a triumphant operatic career. Though such apparent phenomena may be deeply grounded in the inmost nature of art, life, surroundings, circumstances, are often the only ripening causes.

To make use of a metaphor,—Löwe was thrown at an early period on a solitary island. All that goes on in the outer world reaches him but as a tale that is told, while, on the other hand, the world seldom hears of him. To be sure, Löwe is king of his island, and builds on and beautifies it, for nature has bestowed poetic powers on him. But he cannot,

and probably does not care to, exert a greater influence on worldly affairs.

And therefore Löwe may almost be said to belong to the past, in spite of his continuous productivity. His early ballads are still sung, and his "What passes and sounds up the street" still rings from the throats of a few old students; but his later and greater works are scarcely known even by name. This is unjust, but natural. And here I must express a thought that I announce unwillingly, and so introduce it with Goethe's words: "He who courts solitude is soon alone." A too long-continued absence from the world finally affects the artist injuriously; he accustoms himself to certain forms and mannerisms, until he becomes an exception, a visionary. So far all may yet go well with him. But should a voice from the public cry to him, "Beware, my friend!" he begins to mine without, to doubt himself; and pedantry is too often the ally of discouragement and of hypochondria, deadliest enemy of creativeness.

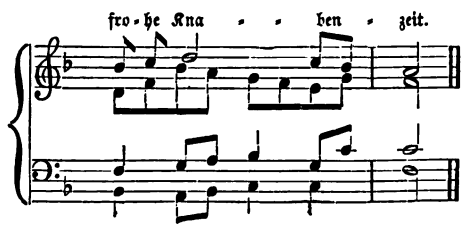
We are far from applying the above remarks, in their entire significance, to Löwe; but there lies his danger. Though his "Huss" contains innumerable passages that testify to the elasticity and freshness of its creator's mind, in many others we fancy that we can perceive the injurious influence of an isolated or self-isolating position. There is a pedantic simplicity bearing the same relation to genuine artistic naïveté that mannerism bears to originality. The amateur is sometimes satisfied with this; but we artists must be musically interested, and "Huss"

does not always fulfil this requirement. It may be that the composer felt this himself; for he occasionally falls into the opposite extreme, and gives us—in the third part of his work, for example—a highly artistic canonical mass. But we cannot help wishing that he would always remain in the medium between too great simplicity and artificiality,—the only true artistic style. Of course, it is also the most difficult one, and, presupposing the existence of great talent, can only be obtained by means of continual study, and experience of one's self and among others. May our true poet prove kind to his own genius, and lead it into this path. But even genius is not enough to reach it without unremitting industry, continual watching of one's own powers, and an iron will cultivated until the ripest age.

And now, in order to justify some of the above remarks, we shall proceed to a closer examination of the oratorio, first thanking the poet—certainly in a composer's sense—for his text. It is one that rewards the reader, even when unaccompanied by the music, on account of its natural arrangement, noble idiomatic language, and thoughtful meaning. He who picks out faults in detail, who grumbles at separate words, must seek among the gods for a text. We should regard that composer fortunate who was never obliged to write to worse texts than this.

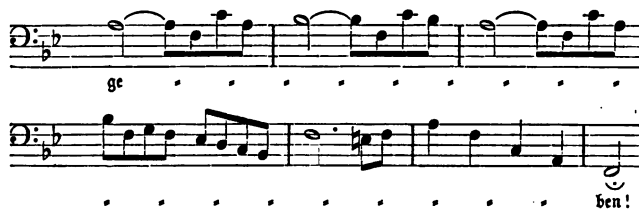
We of course presume that the story of the text is well known; the nature of the subordinate characters will be treated of in the following description.

The oratorio begins with an introduction, which, though not extraordinarily interesting from a musical point of view, suitably prefaces the prologue. The prologue follows, describing in a few words the epoch and significance of the events treated of. This is simply but originally done by the chorus alone. In the postlude to this chorus we find a passage of so-called sequences, similar to those we afterwards too often meet in the oratorio. We mention this at once, and once for all, as the passages would occupy too much space should we mention them every time separately. The next short movement in A major is taken up in a later chorus. But as it appears here, it has no real meaning, and is not effective either.

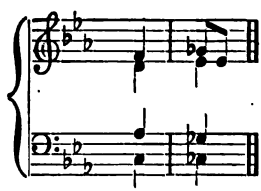
No. 1 is a chorus of scholars and students of Prague, rejoicing in their studies. This number is light and characteristic, but almost amateurish in its simplicity. It lacks the finer polish and labour in detail that would entitle it to the term artistic; and a hard passage occurs—

In No. 2, Hieronymus, a friend of Huss, enters, and announces that the latter has been commanded to

appear before the Council of Costnitz. From all Löwe's earlier works it will be naturally concluded that he has handled this recitative finely; and every recitative in the oratorio merits equal praise for equally fine treatment.

The following chorus, "Huss, go not forth," possesses a theme of great vitality; but we think it has been rather superficially worked out.

No. 3. Huss appears, and gives explanations. Hieronymus warns him, "Too boldly, Huss," &c.; and the aria for bass is excellent; but we must oppose such passages as this—

It reminds one too strongly of the Graun pigtail period. We present the close also, as this conduct of the voice into the depths towards the close of a number seems to be a favourite mannerism with the composer (we find it at the close of Nos. 9, 12, and 17 again), one that we could wish to meet less frequently.

No. 4 gives us the fine choral "May the will of God be ever done." It is a refined and living trait in its treatment that the first period is entoned by Huss alone. But genuine talent may be displayed

in trifling traits. In No. 5, after a recitative-like introduction, Wenzel, Sofia, and Huss sing a terzette. The two first are the royal Bohemian pair; Huss attacks the Papacy. In the terzette they unite in praise of faith, hope, and love. The form of the poem gave the composer a fine opportunity for an artistic interweaving of the voice parts, which, however, he has allowed to escape him. The return from A flat to E flat, on page 36, does not seem to us to have been accomplished in a masterly style; but, on the whole, the number contains much feeling. And here is a nut for theorists of the genuine sort to crack—

But according to our judgment, it is not a mortal sin—it is only the kind of pedantry and intellectual indolence in art matters such as is most frequently to be found among thorough bassists.

The second part begins with a gipsy chorus, from which we expected more. Euphony and grace should never be found wanting, even when gipsies are the singers. Weber has done these things better in his "Preciosa."

On the other hand, No. 7, in which the distant

Hussite chorus is heard through the gipsy voices, must be extremely effective.

In the chorus, No. 8, the former gipsy character returns, quite too simply, and based, it seems to us, almost entirely on the tonic and dominant. And if we have hinted above at passages that seem to prove the composer's isolated position, we referred to such choruses as this one.

In No. 9 the Hussites ask their way to Costnitz; a gipsy woman warns them against the journey in an aria that possesses little meaning, and seems to us ill-chosen, melodiously and formally. So it appears, at least, in the pianoforte edition, though its effect may be increased by orchestration.

No. 10. Huss displays no fear; and then he has been promised a safe-conduct by the Emperor Sigismund. The chorus jests: "Safe conduct?" and then "Sigismund of the lying lips." These choral outbreaks are very short; in the second, the entrance of the basses on the dominant does not seem to us very finely managed.

No. 11. Huss takes leave of the friends who accompany him in expressive music.

No. 13 is almost a verbal repetition of the chorus No. 6. The gipsies are going. The *d* that seems to float before the *e* in the close (page 64), is an overheard, natural sound. Such tones are only caught up and breathed again by poet ears and minds.

In No. 14 we first meet with the words "Lovely

Wiesenthal," which denote the place in which the action occurs. It seems unnecessary, as the oratorio has evidently not been intended for stage performance; and it is equally unnecessary to endeavour to assist the hearer's fancy by such hints. Besides, the music sketches the scene, in cheerful A major, more distinctly. Huss, who has entered the pastoral valley, asks the shepherds for a drink of milk. Chlum warns him against poison. This is characteristically done in a duet between Huss and Chlum (page 67). The later words of the shepherd, "God send you, also, happiness and salvation," &c., though expressively recited by the composer, we could have wished set to music by a Beethoven. Deep emotion could have been reached in this passage.

The following number begins with the words of the psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," and breathes the right character; yet the whole remains too continuously in A major. But the chorus introduces more movement in the piece. The second part also closes gently, like the first.

In the third part, we find ourselves in Costnitz. Barbara, the Emperor Sigismund's wife, entreats that Huss shall be pardoned. He resists. Bells ring, which is rendered by the music in the well-known succession of fifths. The succeeding air of Barbara's, "Eyes are the true mirrors," &c., is full of feeling, though not new. The next duet seems to us of far more consequence as a composition, and much more impassioned in colouring.

Then follows, under the title "Missa canonica," that artificial piece of music, of which we have already said that it is an exception, in the extremest sense, to the predominant simplicity of the whole oratorio. Still, such writing does honour to any musician. The form is that of a double canon on the fifth below. In Bach's "Passion according to St. John," we remember a similar one, though of course more artistic, on the word "crucify."

No. 20 contains the scene of accusation. Huss's air, which follows, seems to us one of the best in the work. Resignation to the will of Heaven, and scorn of his persecutors, are the most striking features of this warm, energetic number. Once more he sings the choral that he has already sung in the first part; then comes a somewhat insipid chorus, then the scene with the peasant who brings a large billet of wood to increase the funeral pyre. Here follows the famous "O sancta simplicitas" of Huss, most intelligently composed.

We could have wished to hear the closing chorus in its complete setting, for it must be remarkably effective, especially at the passage where Huss cries, "Miserere mei, domine," between the chorus of flame spirits, and then, with continually decreasing power, closes on the words "Non confundar in æternum." The composer seems to have worked with enthusiasm at this number, which we consider the worthy crown of the whole.

In the above sketch we have done our best to

render its due value to this oratorio, as far as is possible with merely a pianoforte arrangement. The world has long agreed as to the capability of the composer; but there are many paths. Löwe has selected a difficult one. May he not weary of it; but even if he does, his will still be the merit of having struggled in the first ranks towards reaching a new goal. With this recognition, which we have already awarded to him at the commencement of this article also, we take our leave of him, trusting to hear frequently from him in further works.

THE LITERATURE OF DANCING.

J. S. KESSLER; THREE POLONAISES, OPUS 25.—S. THALBERG, TWELVE WALTZES, OPUS 4.—CLARA WIECK, VALSES ROMANTIQUES.—L. EDLER VON MEYER, SALON, SIX WALTZES, OPUS 4.—FRANZ SCHUBERT, FIRST WALTZES, OPUS 9, BOOK 1.—THE SAME, GERMAN DANCES, OPUS 33.

"AND now, play, Zilia! I will dive deeply beneath the tones, and only peep out from time to time, lest you should think I have drowned myself out of melancholy; for dance-music makes me sad, instead of cheerful and busy, like church-music," said Florestan, while Zilia already floated into the first of Kessler's polonaises. "It was truly charming," he continued, half speaking, half listening; "a dozen of lady

Davidites made the evening one that could never be forgotten, and embraced each other as at a festival of the Graces. Jean Paul has already said that girls should only dance with girls (which would decrease the number of weddings), and men should never dance at all (I agree with him there)." Eusebius remarked, "Though it should happen so, yet, at the trio, one must say to the lady, 'How simple and good thou art!' and it would be well if at the second part she let her bouquet fall, that he might pick it up again, and dare to look into her grateful eyes." However, this was more a mental than a verbal remark of Eusebius, and the music certainly suggested it. Florestan looked up several times, especially at the third polonaise, full of horn and violin tones.

"Now something swifter. Play us Thalberg, Eusebius. Zilia's fingers are too weak for that," said Florestan. But soon he begged that the parts should not be repeated, as the waltzes were too water-clear, especially the ninth, which moved for ever on one line, in one measure, from tonic to dominant, dominant to tonic. Yet it was good enough for the one who listened to it below. He who listened (a student) actually encored it in earnest, and all laughed at Florestan's rage while he told the student to take himself off as fast as possible, and not to disturb people with such encouragement, or else an hour's practice of trills in thirds should bring him to reason.

So! By a lady (as a critic would begin, on seeing

the "Valses Romantiques"). Ay, ay! Now we shall not have far to look for the melody or the fifths either.

Zilia sustained four soft moonshine chords. All listened attentively. A branch of roses lay on the grand pianoforte (Florestan always keeps vases with flowers there, instead of candles), that, with the vibration, approached the keyboard nearer and nearer. As Zilia reached towards a bass key, she touched the branch suddenly, and then drew hastily back, as her finger bled. Florestan asked what it was? "Nothing," said Zilia. "No great pain, at least, like these waltzes — only drops of blood, drawn forth by roses." May she who said this never know greater griefs!

After a pause, Florestan rushed into Meyer's drawing-room, full of sparkling countesses and ambassadresses. How pleasant is this display of wealth and beauty of the highest rank and degree illustrated by music! All speak, but no one hears the other, for waves of tone overwhelm them. "With such a piece," said Florestan, "one needs an instrument with an additional octave right and left, to spread out comfortably." No one has any idea how Florestan storms out such a piece, and carries us away with him. The Davidites grew warm, and cried out for more in their excitement (musical excitement is insatiable), until Serpentin proposed a choice between Schubert's waltzes and Chopin's boleros. Florestan placed himself in a corner far from the piano, saying,

"Now if, grasping at the keys in a hurried run, I chance on the first chord of the last movement of the D-minor symphony, it must be Schubert." Of course he chanced, and Zilia played the waltzes by heart.

First waltzes by Franz Schubert! ye are little, lovely genii, floating above the earth at about the height of a flower. Though I love not much "Le Désir," in which a hundred maiden fancies bathe themselves, or the three last, and cannot forgive this æsthetic error in the whole to their creator,—yet how the rest circle round these, entangling them more or less in their perfumed threads, and what a dreamy thoughtlessness wanders through them all! We forget to think, listening to them, and when we play the last one, we fancy we have not yet got beyond the first.

An entire carnival dances through his "German Dances." "How admirable it would be," screamed Florestan in the ear of Fritz Friedrich (the deaf painter), "if you should bring your magic-lantern, and follow the thread of this masked ball on the wall for us in shadows!" Off he hurried delighted, and soon returned. The group in the chamber was as interesting as any the magic-lantern could show. The room was dimly lighted; Zilia sate at the pianoforte, the wounding rose in her hair; Eusebius leaned over the back of his chair; Florestan, dressed, like him, in black velvet, stood at the table playing the cicerone; Serpentin sometimes rested with

his feet on the dog Walt's neck, sometimes rode about on its back; the painter, *à la* Hamlet, with great ox-eyes, worked away at his shadow figures, of which a few spider-legged ones already ran up the wall to the ceiling. Zilia began to play, and Florestan commenced his description something in this wise, though more at length:—

"No. 1 in A minor. A crowd of masks, drums, trumpets, an extinguisher, a wig block. No. 2. A comic figure scratching its ear, and whispering "Pst! pst!" It disappears. No. 3. Harlequin with his hand on his hips; turns a somersault out of doors. No. 4. Two stiff, polite masks, dancing, and conversing very little with each other. No. 5. A slender cavalier following a mask. "I have you at last, fair zither player!"—"Let me go!" She escapes. No. 6. An upright hussar with sabretash and plume. No. 7. Two reapers merrily waltzing together. He says softly, "Art thou she?" They recognise each other. No. 8. A farmer from the country prepares for the dance. No. 9. The folding-doors open widely. Brilliant procession of knights and noble dames. No. 10. A Spaniard says to an Ursuline nun, "Speak, at least, though you dare not love." She answers, "I would renounce speech, could I hope to be understood!"

But in the middle of the waltz, Florestan sprang from the table to the door. They knew what he meant by it, so Zilia ceased playing, and the others separated.

Florestan is in the habit of breaking off at the moment of highest enjoyment, perhaps to embalm it in memory, in its full freshness and completeness. This time he succeeded, for when the friends talk of their merriest evening, it is to recall the 28th of December 18—.

FERDINAND HILLER.

[This paper was written in 1835, after the publication of Hiller's Studies, Opus 15.]

I.

ONE feature of the Beethovenian romanticism, which may almost be styled Provencal, was cultivated by Franz Schubert, in his own peculiar spirit, to the point of virtuosity. On this basis a fully developed school has established itself, either consciously or unconsciously, which may be expected to mark a distinct epoch in the history of art.

Ferdinand Hiller belongs to its young members, its most remarkable individualities.

With him I include an entire youthful generation, whose task seems to be that of unchaining a whole century, still hanging, by a thousand links, to an antiquated period. With one hand they labour at unloosening the chain, with the other they point to a future in which they will command a new king-

dom, suspended, like Mahomet's earth, on wondrously interlaced diamond fillets, and concealing within it strange things, yet unseen, though faintly foretold by Beethoven's prophetic spirit, and whispered by the gifted Franz Schubert in his own wise, yet child-like, fairy-like manner. For as it was with the poetic art of Jean Paul, which, as soon as he had been laid within the earth, streamed forth like a life-giving fountain from a dark mine, inspiring and leading back into the sunshine two youths whom I need not name, and heralding the commencement of a new epoch, so it was with the music of Beethoven. Like that of a divinity, his influence aroused, commanded a few intellects to the instant work of overthrowing that idolatry to which the masses had been given up through long and tedious years. And he recommended them to use in combat, not the smooth, soft language of poesy, but the free, unfettered speech he had so often made use of himself. This, indeed, these young intellects fashioned into new formulas, instinct with deep feeling.

The old people laughed a good deal, and remarked, like the giant in Albano's dream: "Friend, the waterfall does not run up!" The young people answered, "Aha! but we have wings!" A few among the people accepted the youthful voices, and cried, "Hear, hear!" The world still expectantly awaits the result.

II.

It is unfortunate that to a review we cannot append a performance of the composition reviewed, by a virtuoso able to play it perfectly, or, better still, a copy of the entire work; then many difficulties would be obviated. It is, however, well to give at least a few examples, lest the reader should be unable to use his own judgment, but be forced to believe us blindly, on our bare word.*

With a sigh I proceed. In no other art is demonstration so difficult as in music. Science fights with mathematics and logic; poetry wields the golden, decisive, spoken word; other arts have chosen Nature, whose forms they borrow, as their judge, —but music is an orphan, whose father and mother none can name; and perhaps in the mystery of her origin lies half her charm.

The editors of this paper have been reproached with laying too much stress on the poetical side of music, to its disadvantage as a science; they have been told that they are young enthusiasts who do not thoroughly comprehend Greek and other music, &c., &c. This blame touches precisely those points that distinguish this paper from others. We will not venture to decide in what manner art is best and most quickly served, but we must declare that

* In the collected edition of his criticisms, Schumann was obliged, from want of space, to omit these musical examples (Trs.)

we regard that criticism as the highest which leaves behind it an impression resembling that awakened by its subject. In this sense, Jean Paul, by means of a poetic companion picture, may contribute more to the understanding of a Beethoven symphony or fantasia (even without mentioning either symphony or fantasia) than a dozen so-called art critics, who place their ladders against the Colossus, and measure him carefully by the yard. But to awaken such impressions, a great poet, somewhat similar in gifts, is required. With studies which do not merely teach, but from which we expect to learn beautiful things, yet other questions come into play; and on this account we shall investigate Hiller's work, not only on the æsthetic, but also on the theoretical, and even the pedagogic side.

And as a pedagogue, I must search for three objects—root, flower, and fruit, or for the mechanical, harmonic, melodic, and poetical contents, or for the gain offered to heart, ear, and hand.

Many works are wholly above discussion; for instance, Mozart's C-major symphony with fugue, many things by Shakespeare, some of Beethoven's. But those which are principally intellectual, individually characteristic, stamped with mannerism, excite us to many thoughts. On that account, I will divide this review into three parts, like an ordinary sermon, and close the whole with a description of the character of each study in itself.

First Part.—The poetry of the work, bloom, spirit.

I believe that Hiller will never be imitated. Why? Because he, original in himself, attracts to himself so much of other originals, that this native-foreign mind breaks forth in most peculiar rays. An imitator would be forced to enter into this union of originality and unoriginality, and would merely make nonsense out of it. I do not mean to say that Hiller intends to imitate—who would do that?—or that he has not strength enough to defend his own nature from outside influences; on the contrary, he possesses so much, that he has reason to fear it may not be intelligible in its highest manifestations;—but he strives towards the first and best of all times with so much daring—will not be too intricate, as Bach sometimes is, will not merely be etherial like Mozart, will not write of the unmeasured depths like Beethoven, but seeks as far as possible to unite the highest qualities of these and others, that it is not astonishing that a great deal of this striving comes to nothing. Discontent dogs the heels of such insatiable spirits; as in Schiller's "Berg-Alten," the giant form leans over, and calls to us, "Dare not advance further, friend; this is my region." This is perhaps a reason for a peculiarity that strikes us in each *étude*. I mean a sudden pause, a failure of the wings in the midst of their flight. He starts for the race boldly, like a conquering steed, to fall short before he reaches the goal; indeed, this seems to recede more and more the nearer we should approach it; and so we lose the golden delight of feeling that presentiment

of conquest which convinces us at the first word uttered by a strong mind.

Perhaps I see too much here. Perhaps I err. But at least I believe myself certain of the excellences which I can lay in the other side of the scale.

These are fancy and passion (though not the enthusiasm and inspiration of a Chopin), veiled in a Romantic clear-obscure that may one day become elevated to serenity. In the meanwhile, let the composer take heed of his next step—there kobolds and gnomes may run riot,—and let him bear in mind the overtures to the "Hebrides" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (which bear the same relation to each other that Shakespeare does to Ossian), through which the spirit of Romanticism floats at such a height that we entirely forget the material means, the tools used. And yet, though Hiller is not so poetically at home as Mendelssohn in adventurous and fairy-like regions, he is very happy there; and his 2d, 17th, 22d, and 23d studies are among the best in the collection, as well as among the best things written of that kingdom of wonders which Franz Schubert in many works, and Beethoven in his F-minor sonata, first opened to us.

If to this we add a strong power of invention, and a character that somewhat too often and too groundlessly falls back into the ordinary, we see before us a young artist well worthy of inspiring interest, who owes much to nature, but who has not yet acquired that manner of using his gifts which leads to self-

knowledge, and which will render him master of his inborn mental wealth.

I hope to make this assertion clearer as I proceed.

Second Part.—Theoretic; relation of melody to harmony, form, construction of periods. Where Hiller's talent does not suffice, his knowledge cannot either. He has learned much, but, like certain lively intelligences that desire early prominence, he sometimes seems to have studied and turned over the last pages, while his teacher is still explaining the commencement.

That such an ambitious character will seek out a way of concealing his weaknesses may be well supposed. Thus he tries to deceive us as to the superficiality of his work with varied harmonies; he strives to dazzle us; he seizes something quite dissimilar, or suddenly breaks off with a pause, &c.

The first example may be found in the first study from the 9th bar on; there are many such places in the 20th study; in the 15th from the 4th bar on the 45th page; in the 24th in the last measures of page 73 at the passage into C minor; in No. 7, page 19, bar 5,—indeed, in several places in the same study. When he seeks to lead it out in a serious, workman-like manner, as in the fugue No. 12, and in No. 18, which, by the way, is the weakest (and I well know why); in No. 12, also, where he brings in the theme of the seventh measure again, he becomes gloomy, stiff, and weak.

Unfortunately I do not exactly know how to

advise a distinguished poetic talent, that has perhaps passed too quickly through a course of study. In the case of a genius it would be easier; genius falls and rises again unaided. Would it be best for him to retrace his steps, to begin again from the beginning, to forget what he has already learned? Should he study nature and simplicity, as is so often advised? Should he write *à la* Mozart? But who can lay down the law, "so far shalt thou go, and no farther"? Shall we condemn a fine idea because it is not finely expressed and carried out? I do not know how far Hiller may progress; but he must be made attentive in spite of himself—he must learn to distinguish a success from a failure, and to deliberate how far a thing is suitable for publicity, questioning well-wishers in whose judgment he confides, and who will not be afraid to say to him, "One cannot be great from morning to night; beloved children must be chastised; within our own four walls we do as we please, but when we step into the sunlight of publicity, we must submit to be shone on."

We return to the studies. One thing strikes me. Hiller often seems to value the word, the expression, more than the sense, the thought; he prepares the decoration without possessing the beauty that should give it value; he has the cradle ready before a thought has been bestowed on the mother; he is like the jeweller who is indifferent in regard to the head that wears his diadem, whether a proudly beautiful Roman girl or a grey-haired governor's lady, so

that he sells his wares. Although this incongruity is less objectionable in *études* than in higher styles of composition, yet I would have recommended the suppression of studies in which the form is made principal, the thought secondary, as in Nos. 4, 8, 18, which contrast disadvantageously with Nos. 5, 6, 10, 16, and 23, in which the object of study and nobility of thought are united.

His melodies are subordinate to his harmonies; the latter are rich, even Oriental, and yet they progress stiffly. It is difficult to understand how any one who has lived through, and written, so much music as our composer, can allow harmonies to stand in his own works that are not merely false according to certain washed-out, antiquated rules, but that sound so repugnant to us, that if I did not know him better, I should say, "You do not possess a musical ear." Among such examples I would signalise the first notes in the 2d measure of the 9th study. At first I suspected errors of the press, but I found the dreadful doubled third again at the repetition. Almost in every study I found such insupportable intervals. And now we come to the—

Third Part.—Mechanism. For young composers who are also performers, nothing is more inviting than to write studies, the more difficult the better. A new figure, a difficult rhythm, are so easily invented and carried out; one learns while composing these, without knowing it; one practises one's own compositions in preference to others; reviewers can-

not blame us for writing too difficult things—what else is the use of studies? Hiller has a name as a virtuoso, and wishes to deserve it. Early instructed by Hummel, he went to Paris, where rivals were not lacking. In his intercourse with Chopin, who understands his instrument as no other man does, this and that suggested itself:—in short, he sat down to write. It is questionable whether he had certain aims in view when he first began, to which his *études* were devoted,—whether he wrote for his own practice or for that of his scholars—who knows? But the pianoforte-playing reader and teacher will want to know whether he should procure the studies, what he has to expect, how difficult they are, what class of players they are especially suited to. These questions can be answered. In some of the studies an exercise peeps out, here and there a new difficulty; but it is evident that the composer thought more of writing character pieces, and adding wings to the poetic feelings, than of improving piano-playing capacities. On this account, I suppose, we do not find any fingering; and there are few directions for the use of the pedal, and except the observation at the beginning of every study, which applies to the entire piece, no direction as to the performance, in words such us "animato," &c. All this presupposes the possession of such skill as a performer does not bring with him into the world. And if I should mention the class of players in whose hands the studies may be placed with most advantage, it would

be those clever and fanciful ones who already possess great mastery over their instrument, but who do not expect to acquire it through these studies; above all, musical men who have got too far to be spoiled. I will close these general observations with a short characterisation of the separate studies.

No. 1. An exercise in the heavy staccato. Strong and weak alternately, lively rhythm, antique colouring.

No. 2. A dream. Subterranean pursuits. The gnomes sing and hammer; fairies nod on diamond flowers; all goes on spiritedly. The dreamer awakes: "What was that?"

No. 3. A Gothic church-piece. On a *cantus firmus* other voices move up and down. A good idea, but unsuccessfully carried out.

No. 4. Says nothing. A passable exercise for keeping the right hand steady while the left makes leaps.

No. 5. A tender picture; reminds one of a beseeching child. A reversal of the preceding exercise. The right hand leaps quick octaves, while the tenor carries on a flowing melody, which towards the middle, however, is stiff and overladen.

No. 6. Although in form and keeping this is perhaps the most successful of the collection, it is not very rich in invention. A wave-like movement of tenths for one hand, while the other holds fast to the melody. Pure harmonies.

No. 7. Somewhat artificial, and vague as an exercise also.

No. 8. Lively, but unattractive. Good as an exercise for the rapid passing under of the thumb. On the third staff of the 25th page there are so many errors of print, that one is obliged to compose for one's self.

No. 9. A pretty accompaniment, a cold melody. Exercise for the turn. A masterly performance would lead one astray in regard to the value of the piece.

No. 10. With more care, in a more restricted form, this would have been excellent. The rapid progression on the return of the first theme in *fortissimo* is brilliantly effective. A weak close. An exercise with leaps in the bass for the left hand; a melody held to by the thumb of the right, while the other fingers accompany this.

No. 11. Full masses of ascending and descending triads, reminding one of the manner in which Handel often accompanies his choruses. Noble, with a few weak moments.

No. 12. A fugue in Bach's style; in the "well-tempered clavichord" there is one similar to this in key and style. Yet the contrapuntal treatment of this is not remarkable. There are too many free entrances of the theme; the parts are dropped too often. An excellent theme, one that allows much to be done with it.

No. 13. A *gigue* in the old style. Admirable; full of beauties up to the point mentioned above. From the 5th bar on, at page 41, I cannot find a resolution.

No. 14. To be played rapidly. Possesses a certain charm. In the D-sharp minor passage a melody struggles itself in vain. As an exercise this has no utility.

No. 15. Empty of idea, yet a fine staccato performance might lead one to forget this. The middle phrase, good in itself, would be better if well connected with the beginning and the continuation. The feeling of the piece is a zigzag ascent and descent.

No. 16. Very fine almost throughout. The flat close is vexing, however. I would skip from the second measure of the 5th staff to the 8th of the 6th. The pedal, too, which Hiller so seldom uses, seems in this study out of place, and renders the inner melody indistinct. Useful as an exercise in the springing of the left hand over the right.

No. 17. Perhaps the most desirable of all for the player, especially when played *prestissimo*. Spectres, shadowless, one-legged men, mirages, pass through it,—in short, it must be played.

No. 18. I have already said that this was the weakest of all, and that I knew why. Because Chopin has written two *études*, one in F, the other in C minor, and Hiller must have known them, even before he wrote Nos. 7 and 8.

No. 19. This has been already sufficiently described.

No. 20. May be imposing when played quickly, but is too fierce in its harmonies. In the 4th measure

of the 5th staff a fine harmonic passage begins. As a study this is useful, but fatiguing.

No. 21. The fifth fingers of both hands are at rest while the others move in double notes. A good exercise for extensions and catching at the upper keys. Good as a composition.

No. 22. Belongs to the fairy style; light throughout, airy, perfumed, Æolian-harp music. An excellent exercise, and perhaps unique in one particular, that the thumb and three first fingers of the right hand touch the keys the same number of times, 322, the little finger 324 times. Any one may find it out in a minute, as I did, and smile.

No. 23. Original and fantastic. A study for short trills in both hands.

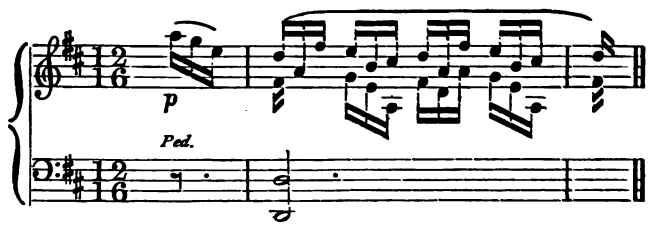
No. 24. Octave passages in both hands. A strong rhythm in the first theme, but afterwards confused and without unity. The principal thought, however, is so freely and happily accompanied, that it excels all other *études* in this. The incoming (as we say) of the leading idea at the repetition is really a stroke of genius.

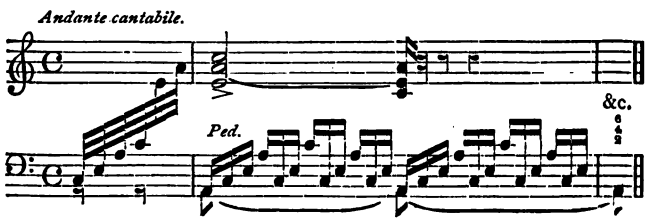
And now we end. Hiller, when he wrote his "*Fin*" at the close of No. 24, could hardly have been more happy than our reader, whom we now set free. With interest and care I have many times played and gone through these studies. If the editors of this paper have devoted a greater space to their reviewal than they ordinarily allow, let this be a proof to the young German that he is not

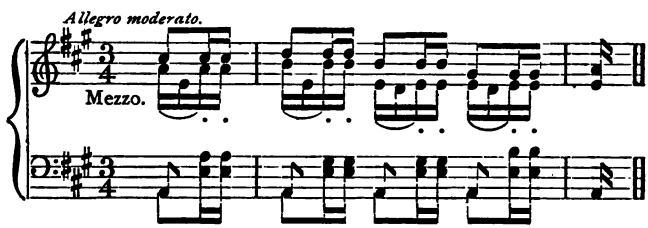
overlooked at home. If he finds more blame than praise, let him remember his own desire to be judged by the highest standard. And if the reader wishes for a final judgment, I can do no better at parting than to repeat the words of Wilhelm Meister, which have been in my mind while writing this review:—"The narrowest man may be complete while he moves within the bounds of his own capacities and acquirements; but even fine qualities become clouded and destroyed if this indispensable proportion is exceeded. This unwholesome excess, however, will begin to appear frequently; for who can suffice to the swift progress and increasing requirements of the ever-soaring present time?"

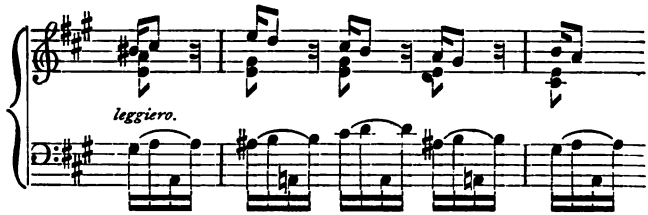
SIXTEEN NEW ETUDES.

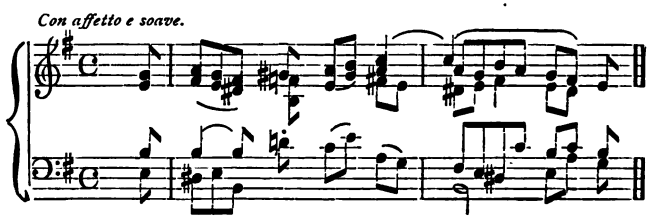
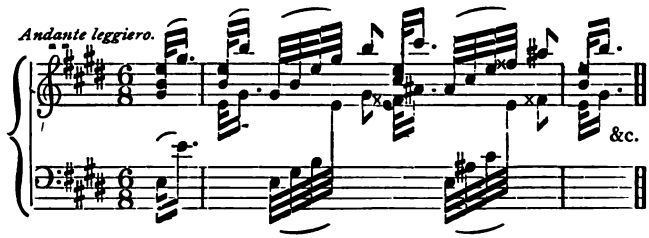
THE title-page is lost, and I know how to review without the aid of Cupid's fillets; for names deprive us of freedom, and personal acquaintanceship takes us wholly prisoners. If these studies are by Moscheles, I shall not fear to blame them too much for want of character—if by Chopin, dreamy eyes shall not allure me—if by Mendelssohn, I shall feel him a thousand feet distant in my finger-ends—if by Thalberg, he shall know the meaning of truth—and if by thee, Florestan, who art capable of surprising us at last with violin studies for the pianoforte, nothing shall be kept hidden from our Goliaths.

After throwing a searching, wholesale glance into the collection (I think a good deal of the *look* of printed music), I see something more than commonly solid, even neat, finical, such as old persons like to wear on Sundays, but, above all, something well known, something that I have already met at least once in my life. I hear nothing at all of romantic torrents, only elegant fountains in well-cut yew-tree alleys. But these are only optical presentiments, and it will be more safe to open, at page 30, *Moderato en carillons*—

A carillon is a ring of bells, and I compare this *étude* to a resounding Chinese tower, when the wind wanders through its silly little bells. It is very pretty, worthy of a good musician, and has a touch of Cramer. Further, at page 32—

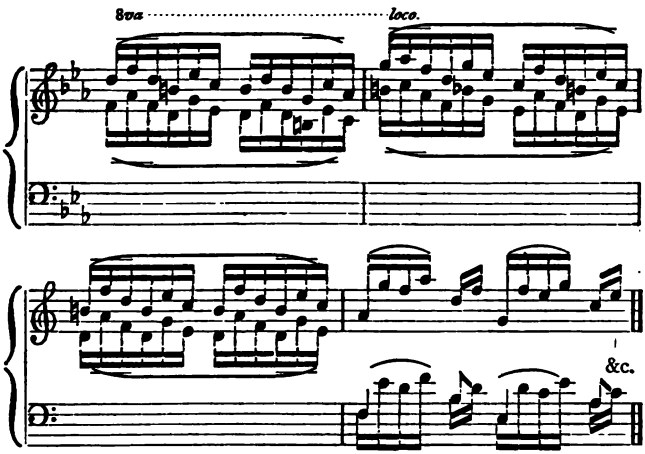


Melody does not seem to be thy forte, veiled artist, and yet, at page 34, thou canst feel deeply. That looks as when a gleam from earlier times glows in a greybeard's face, transfiguring it for a moment, ere he sinks back again, fatigued, on his bed of rest. I will swear this *étude* is not one by Chopin. Page 20—

Moscheles might have had something to say here, did it not move too long in the primeval scale; but how happily it leads to the goal in newer motion—



Then I find, at page 23—

Ludwig Berger is in the habit of polishing a work for years: I strongly suspect him here. It speeds so steadfastly through the stream of harmony, without the slightest fear of shallows or shoals; in C major it lands, and suns itself on the green turf, but then hastens back again into the waves. Back to page 18—

which puzzles me regarding its composer, and leads me to suspect a Southern tinge. Yes, it has some resemblance to a quartette in an opera of Bellini's. I began to suspect it a posthumous work of Clementi's, but here I feel more modern influences. Yet page 2 seems very old-fogyish to me; pages 28 and 42 dry and tiresome. But what is this on page 26, that sparkles and breathes perfume towards me?

A woven tone-play of six and more voices, a happy interlacing, a whispering of beloved lips; and here I gladly let fall my dagger, for only a master can write such things. Yet this passage puzzles me—



And, to my astonishment, I see at the head of one of the *études*, No. 99! Can they be, after all, by old J. B——?

Yes, Eusebius, they are, after all! Behold the title-page:—"Seize nouvelles *études* pour le piano-forte, composées et dédiées à M. A. A. Klengel, organiste à la cour de sa Majesté le Roi de Saxe, par son ami J. B. Cramer, membre de l'Académie Royale de Musique à Stockholm. Œuvre 81 (Nos. 85–100.) Propriété des éditeurs. Enrégistré dans l'archive de l'Union Vienne, chez T. Haslinger, éditeur de musique, &c." EUSEBIUS.

ETUDES, OPUS 1, *AND GRAND ETUDES,* NOS. 1, 2.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

WE must make our readers acquainted with a discovery of ours concerning these *études*, that will certainly increase their interest in the works. We refer to our collection, published by Hofmeister, numbered Opus 1, and termed on the title-page "Travail de la Jeunesse," and to another published by Haslinger, and entitled "Grandes Etudes." But on closer acquaintance we find the latter to be, in most of its numbers, a working over of certain youthful compositions that appeared in Lyons about twenty years ago, that disappeared on account of the obscurity of their publication, and that have been hunted up and newly published by the German firm. Though we cannot term this collection, beautifully brought out by Haslinger, a new original work, it must be doubly interesting, on account of the circumstances above related, to any professional pianist who has an opportunity of comparing it with its first edition. On making this comparison, we at once perceive the difference between the pianism of then and now, and find how the latter has gained in richness of means, brilliancy, and fulness, while we

cannot fail to observe that the original simplicity which is natural to the first flow of youthful talent is almost entirely suppressed in the present form of the work. Thus, this new working out enables us to measure the artist's everywhere increased power of thought and feeling, and to glance at his more inward intellectual life, while we remain undecided as to whether the boy was not more to be envied than is the man, who scarcely seems able to attain to a peaceful content in his art.

Opinions regarding Liszt's talent for composition vary so greatly, that it may not be out of place if we take a glance at the most significant points in these works. This is somewhat difficult, for there is much confusion in the opus numbers of Liszt's compositions, while some are not numbered at all; so that it is sometimes only possible to conjecture as to the time of their appearance. There can be no doubt, however, that we have here to do with a remarkable, variously gifted, and most inspiring mind. His own life is to be found in his music. Early parted from his Fatherland, thrown amid the excitement of a great city, already admired when but a child, we find him, in his earlier compositions, by turns aspiring, longing for home, or foaming with the light and effervescent life of Paris. He does not seem to have enjoyed the repose necessary to persistent study; perhaps he never found a master suited to him; he therefore practised the more as a virtuoso, his lively musical nature perhaps preferring quickly-awakened

tones to dry labour on paper. He carried his powers as a pianist to an astonishing height, but remained somewhat behindhand as a composer; and it is probable that this disproportion will be felt even in his final works. Other personalities stimulated the young artist in another manner. While he endeavoured to present the ideas of French romantic literature, among whose celebrities he lived, in his music, he was incited by the appearance of Paganini to try the powers of his instrument to the verge of impossibility. Thus, in his "Apparitions," we find him mining for the most wonderful of fancies and indifferently *blasé*, and then giving way unrestrainedly to virtuoso art; jesting then, and again wildly daring. A glance at Chopin, it would seem, brought him first back to his senses. For Chopin is a master of form; under his wonderfully musical figuration we can always trace a rosy thread of melody. But it already began to be too late for the extraordinary virtuoso to recover what the composer had missed. No longer, perhaps, satisfying himself in the latter capacity, he took refuge in the works of others, embellishing them with his art, spiritedly transcribing Beethoven and Schubert for the piano; or else, in his desire to give something of his own, he endeavoured to improve his earlier pieces, and to surround them with the pomp of his acquired virtuosity.

These remarks must be taken as an attempt to explain the unclear, often interrupted, progress of

Liszt as a composer by the preponderating influence of his genius as an executive artist. But I sincerely believe that had Liszt, with his eminently musical nature, devoted the same time to composition and to himself that he has given to his instrument and to the works of others, he would have become a very remarkable composer. What may yet be expected from him we can only conjecture. To win favour, he must, above all things, return to simplicity and cheerfulness, such as so agreeably meets us in these old *études*—must subject his compositions to a process the reverse of the usual one—must simplify rather than render them more weighty. However, we must not forget that these are *études*, and that the difficulties and complications he has added in this new working over of them are excused by the object of such compositions, namely, the overcoming of the greatest difficulties.

To aid the reader in his judgment respecting the *études*, their original form, and the manner in which they have been worked over, we annex a few examples.

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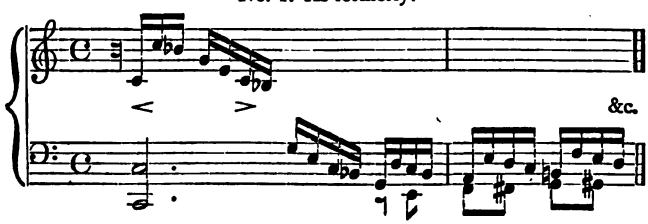
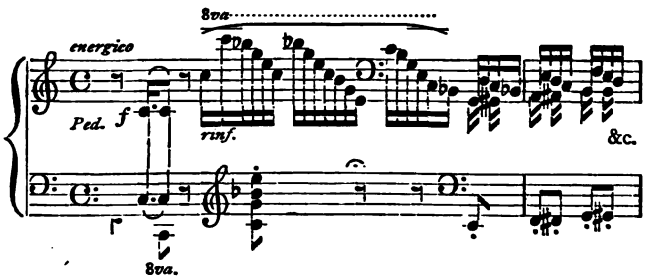

The same now.



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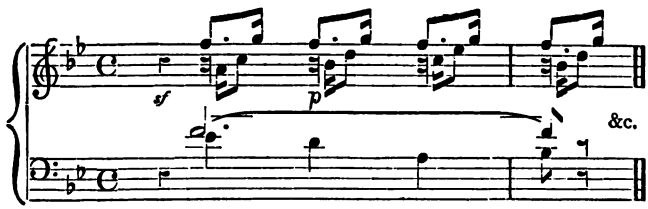
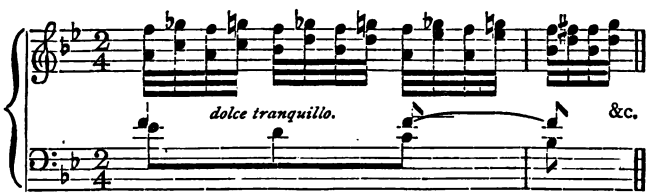
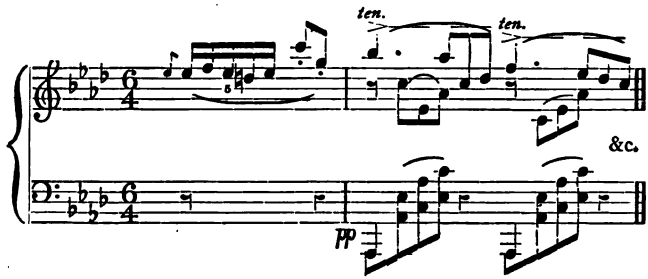
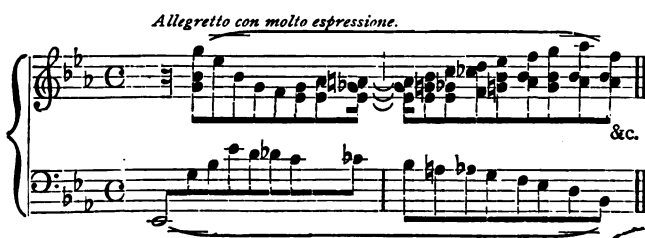
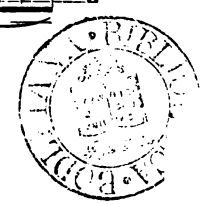
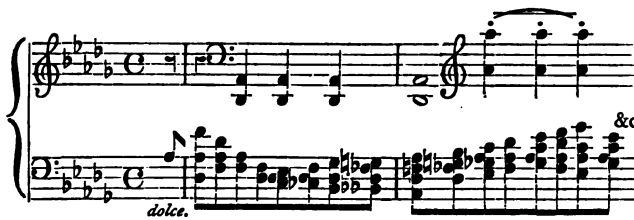

The same now.

No. 9. As formerly.

The same now.



Here we may trace the resemblance and the difference. The fundamental mood on which they were based has been retained at the outset of nearly all of them, though they are hung with more exuberant figuration, supported by richer harmonies, all emphasised more strongly; we find many alterations, however, during the course of the pieces, so that the original often almost wholly disappears. Thus the second *étude*, in A minor, has received a number of additions and a new close. In the third, in F major, the early *étude* is still less recognisable; its motion has become quite different, it has acquired another melody, while the whole piece has gained in interest (even to the more trivial middle period in A major). In the fourth, D minor, he has constructed a melody above the figuration of the first original, inserted a middle period of quieter character, and at the close given new accompaniments to the new melody. The fifth has undergone a total transformation. The following three are wholly new, and the greatest

studies we know in regard to length, not one of them covering less than ten pages. It would be useless labour to attempt to criticise them in the ordinary manner, or to seek for and correct consecutive fifths and false harmonic relations. Such compositions must be heard; they are wrung from the instrument with the hands; they must be made audible to us again through them. And one should see their composer play them also; for if any virtuosity be elevating and strengthening, how much more so is it when the tone-creator himself sits at the instrument, struggling with and subduing it to his will! These are *études* of tempest and dread, *études* for at most ten or twelve of this world's players; weaker executants will only raise a laugh in attempting them. They greatly resemble those of Paganini for the violin, some of which Liszt is now engaged in transcribing for the pianoforte. The next succeeding numbers of the new edition are also founded on the old one. No. 9 has received an introduction, and several interesting additions throughout. No. 10 appears in broader form, and ten times more difficult than before. In No. 11, the principal idea—



is thus transposed—

In the course of the new *étude*, a new figuration appears above a somewhat insipid idea, while the middle cantilena is charming, and the most deeply felt melody of any in the whole collection. The new figuration then appears again in the fullest pianoforte masses.

Finally, No. 12 is a working out of the last *étude* in the earlier work, in which the melody, originally in 4-4 time, is broken up into 6-8; it presents a number of highly difficult modes of accompaniment, which one scarcely knows how to finger. Nos. 6, 8, and 11 of the Hofmeister edition are omitted in the new one (three new numbers inserted in their places); perhaps Liszt will introduce them in succeeding collections, as he intends to go through the entire circle of the keys.

As we have said, these should all be heard played by a master, and, if possible, by Liszt himself. Even then, some passages in them might offend us, where he transgresses all forms and boundaries, where the effect attained does not sufficiently atone for the beauty that is sacrificed. But

we look forward in anxious expectation to the visit he has promised to pay us next winter. During his late residence in Vienna he made the most astonishing impression with precisely these studies; but great effects can only be produced by great causes, and the public does not become enthusiastic for nothing. So let every one prepare himself for this artist by preparatory examination of both collections; he himself will give us the best criticism upon them at his pianoforte.

SIX ETUDES DE CONCERT.

AFTER CAPRICES BY PAGANINI. BY R. S., OPUS 10.

I SET an opus number to the above *études*, because the publisher told me that they would then "go" better; and to such a reason my objections were obliged to yield. Secretly, however, I considered the 10th (for I have not yet arrived at the 9th Muse) as the symbol of an unknown quantity, and the composition a very Paganini-like one, with the exception of the basses, the richer middle parts, the fuller harmonisation, and the smoother finish of the forms. And if it be a praiseworthy thing to absorb, adapt, and reproduce the thoughts of one higher than one's self, with love and self-sacrifice, then I am perhaps entitled to a little praise.

Paganini is said to have rated his merit as a composer more highly than his talent as a virtuoso. If general opinion has not, until now, agreed with him, it must at least be allowed that his compositions contain many pure and precious qualities, worthy of being firmly fixed in the richer setting required by the pianoforte. This is especially true of his violin caprices (the original title was "24 capricci per il violino solo, dedicato a gli artisti: opera 1, Milano, Ricordi"), from which the above *études* are taken; they are imagined and carried out with rare freshness and lightness. When I formerly edited a book of studies after Paganini ("Studies for the pianoforte, after violin caprices by Paganini; with a preface. Leipsic: Hofmeister"), I copied the original, perhaps to its injury, almost note for note, and merely enlarged a little harmonically; but in this case I broke loose from a too closely imitative translation, and strove to give the impression of an original pianoforte composition, which, without separating itself from the original poetic idea, had forgotten its violin origin. It must be understood that, in order to accomplish this, I was obliged to alter and do away with much, especially in regard to harmony and form, but it was done with all the consideration due to such an honoured spirit as Paganini's. It would occupy too much space were I to point out all these alterations, and my reasons for making them. I leave the decision as to whether they have been always well chosen, to competent judges, by means of a comparison—which

cannot prove uninteresting—of the original with the pianoforte.

But, in order to excuse much in the original, the manner in which the work was composed, and its speedy publication, should be made known. Lipinski says that the caprices were written at different hours and places, and the MS. sent by Paganini to his friends immediately. When Ricordi the publisher proposed to have the whole set published together, P. hastily wrote them down from memory. With the affix "de concert," I sought to make a distinction between these *études* and those I had formerly arranged; besides, their brilliancy renders them suitable for public performance. But as most of them enter quite brusquely into the principal motive—to which trait a mixed concert audience is unaccustomed—they are best introduced by a brief but free prelude.

I beg my readers' attention to the few following observations.

In No. 2 I selected a different accompaniment, as I thought the tremolo of the original would fatigue player and hearers too much. I consider this number especially fine and tender, and sufficient in itself to assure Paganini's position as one of the first among modern Italian composers. Florestan says that here he is an Italian stream that opens on German soil into the sea.

No. 3 is scarcely showy enough, considering its difficulty; but he who has vanquished this has conquered many other things with it.

In the working out of No. 4, the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony floated ever before me. Perhaps others will find that out. This whole number is full of Romanticism.

In No. 5 I intentionally omitted the marks of expression, leaving students to find out its heights and depths for themselves. This will afford a good opportunity for testing the scholar's power of comprehension.

I doubt whether No. 6 will be at once recognised by any one who has played the violin caprices. Played faultlessly as a pianoforte piece, it is charming in the flow of its harmonies. I may mention, that the left hand, crossing the right (to the 24th bar), has but one key to strike,—that of the highest note on the staff. The chords sound fullest when the (crossing) finger of the left hand sharply meets the fifth of the right hand. The following allegro was difficult to harmonise. The hard and somewhat flat return to E major (pages 20 to 21) was not to be softened without almost composing it over again.

These *études* are of the highest difficulty throughout, each one of especial difficulty besides. Those who take them up for the first time will do well to read them over before playing, as even a lightning-swift eye and finger will scarcely be able to carry out the *études* correctly *à prima vista.*

It is not to be expected that the number of those able to perform these *études* in a masterly manner will ever be very great; but they contain so much

geniality, that it is impossible that those who have once heard them executed perfectly should not often think of them with pleasure.

FRANZ LISZT.

BRAVURA STUDIES, AFTER PAGANINI'S CAPRICES, ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE (IN TWO PARTS).

THE original work is entitled "24 capricci per violino solo, composti e dedicati agli artisti, da N. Paganini, op. 10." An arrangement of twelve of these, by Robert Schumann, appeared (in two books) in the years 1833 and 1835. An arrangement of a few of them was also published in Paris, but we have forgotten the name of the arranger. The Liszt collection consists of five numbers from the capriccios; the sixth is an arrangement of the well-known "Bell" rondo. Here there is of course no question of any pedantic invitation or a bare harmonic filling out of the violin part; the pianoforte is effective through other means than those of the violin.

But to produce the same effects, through whatever means, was here a difficult task for the arranger. Every one who has heard Liszt, however, knows that he understands all the means and effects of his instrument. It must be highly interesting to find the compositions of the greatest violin virtuoso of

our century in regard to bold bravura—Paganini—illustrated by the boldest of modern pianoforte virtuosos—Liszt. A glance into the collection, on the wonderful, seemingly overturned, scaffolding of notes, is sufficient to convince the eye that simplicity is not to be found here. It is as though Liszt had resolved to lay down all his experience in the work, to bequeath the secret of his playing to posterity; nor could he better evince his admiration for the great deceased artist than by this transcription, carefully worked out into the smallest detail, and reflecting the spirit of the original in the most truthful manner. Though Schumann's arrangement was intended to bring out the poetic side of the composition more, that of Liszt, without ignoring its poetry, rather aims at placing its virtuosity in relief. He correctly entitles the pieces "Bravura Studies," such as may be performed in public for the purpose of display. To be sure, very few will be able to master them; perhaps only four or five in the world. But this need not restrain others from studying them, nor need they be therefore ignored. It is pleasant to approach the highest point of virtuosity, though even at some distance. If we look more closely at many things in the collection, we undoubtedly find that the purely musical foundation is not correctly proportioned to the mechanical difficulties. But the word "study" covers many things here. They must be practised, no matter at what cost.

The collection is probably the most difficult ever

written for the pianoforte, as its original is the most difficult work that exists for the violin. Paganini knew this well, and expressed it in his fine short dedication, "agli artisti,"—that is to say, "I am only accessible to artists." And so it is with Liszt's pianoforte arrangement; this can only be understood by virtuosos in profession and of rank. The collection can only be judged from such a point of view. We must deny ourselves a comparative analysis of the original and the arrangement; it would occupy too much space. This goes best with both works in the hand. But it is interesting to compare the first *étude* here with Schumann's arrangement of the same, which comparison Liszt has thoughtfully invited by printing Schumann's above his own, measure with measure. It is the sixth caprice in the Italian edition. The last number gives us the variations with which the original edition also closes, the same that apparently excited Ernst to his "Venetian Carnival." We consider Liszt's transcription of these the most musically interesting number of the whole work; but here also we find, often in the smallest space of a few bars, immense difficulties, and of such a nature that even Liszt himself may have to study them. He who is able to master these variations, and in such an easy, sportive manner that they glide past the hearer—as they should,—like the scenes of a marionette show, may travel securely round the world, to return crowned with the golden laurels of a second Liszt-Paganini.

FRAGMENTS FROM LEIPSIC.

(1837.)

I.

EXCELLENT reader, it was impossible for us, before to-day, to sit down to write to you about the delightful abundance of music and musicians which has been showered on us during the past two months, because enjoyment prevented us from writing. Mendelssohn, Lipinski, the Lachner prize symphony, Henriette Grabau, Chopin,—passing through,—the opening of the "Euterpe," Henriette Carl, Döhler, eight subscription and as many extra concerts, Ludwig Berger, the beginning of the quartettes, Elizabeth Fürst, Polish, French, and English artists (Novakowsky, Brzowsky, Stamaty, Bennett), several others with letters, "Israel in Egypt," Reissiger's symphony, the theatre, Bach's motettes,—in short, one flower blossomed after another; every week, every day brought something.

First, as all know, Mendelssohn conducted the principal events, at the head of his faithful orchestra, with the power that is peculiarly his own, and with a zeal which must be partly inspired by the kindliness that greets him on all sides. If ever an orchestra, without a single exception, believed in and depended on its director, ours thoroughly deserves praise for doing so. Of intrigues and cabals we have not heard

a word; and the result of this harmony has been most favourable to art and artists.

Beside him stands David, the support of the orchestra, a musician of the very finest grain. Nor must we forget the well-beloved, accustomed presence of the first songstress, Fraülein Grabau, from whose Madonna voice Time has only taken that which was too earthly in it. Then there were the excellent musicians Queisser, god of the trumpet, C. G. Müller, Ulrich, and Grenser, who, when others begin to grow tired, first warm thoroughly to their work.

Supported and elevated by such forces, we have had eight concerts in the Gewandhaus rooms.

It will be impossible for me to mention here, more than the most remarkable things which our resident or travelling artists have given us, of new compositions or virtuoso performances.

We must not, however, fail to mention (among new compositions, or such as have not until now been played here), the little-known first overture to "Leonora" by Beethoven, which, at the height of creative power, holds the middle point between the usual one in E major and the sublime one in C major—perhaps the most striking work of musical art. This sublime production failed in Vienna on its first performance (Beethoven wept about it), and this is the reason why we have so many "Leonora" overtures, as my readers are doubtless aware. Herr Schindler in Aachen has one of them (this has since been published as No. 2 by Breitkopf and Haertel).

So! an entirely new overture to (Shakespeare's?) "As You Like It" by Ferdinand Hiller. It would be wrong to estimate its value, or that of public opinion, according to the reception it received. The reason for the coldness, or at least quietness of this, is to be sought for in the finely concealed humour of the composition, which rather excites reflection and comparison than enthusiasm. The public, like an individual, has its bright and its gloomy hours. If we play the overture only once, the curtain becomes a veil, behind which the astonished eye will detect a multitude of gay or melancholy forms, meeting or parting in changeful variety. Besides this quiet peculiar ground-tone, Hiller's work is distinguished by its national growth—if I may so express it—and its artistic drapery. In mind, it far outweighs all the overtures "*d'occasion*," with which Heaven has lately so often punished us.

Then, amid countless drums and trumpets, Lachner's prize symphony came and went. Our paper has already given an account of this.

The overture, some single numbers, and a finale from Lindpaintner's new comic opera fell below expectation. Every artist nature feels doubly grieved at such failures, knowing that foreigners are so often undeservedly greeted with an honourable reception. The public showed itself almost dictatorial on this occasion, imposing instantaneous silence on a few applauders at the close. Yet the opera would perhaps be otherwise effective on the stage.

The latest novelty was a first symphony by Reissiger. Though possessing more endurance, inward strength, and brevity, with less pretension, than that by Lachner, it falls somewhat within the domain of the overture. As the stately chapel-master conducted it himself, its favourable reception was natural and correct.

These works, though containing, on the whole, little that was enjoyable, were the most remarkable of the new compositions. Among old ones, we heard most of Beethoven and Weber.

I must mention the 27th October, which many Gewandhaus musicians must have marked for recollection with a red line. The desire for repetition of an entire orchestral composition may be an ordinary occurrence in other cities, but is in Leipsic an extraordinary one; and the inspiring performance of the great "Leonora" overture by the orchestra on that evening deserved this distinction. Then it was that art nobly drew towards each other the varied, remarkable natures that cross in such a spot, uniting their perhaps unavoidable inward and outward divisions under her reconciling influence.

We may style these works, in large form, the pillars of musical life, while the virtuoso performances may be compared to perfumed wreaths that garland them about. Of these, the finest were:— A violin concerto, played in masterly style by David; Italian bravuras, sung by Fraülein Fürst with an Italian-like voice and an original style; pianoforte

pieces, played charmingly, and composed distressingly, by Theo. Doehler; an interesting, though perhaps too much involved, violincello concerto by J. B. Gross; as well as an easy quartette on a barcarole, played enchantingly by him and Messrs. David, Ulrich, and Queisser; above all, the G-major Beethoven pianoforte concerto, with its grand adagio, so full of mystery, played by Mendelssohn in an inspired and enrapturing manner; violin variations by Franz Schubert, brilliantly performed by Ulrich; German arias by Weber and Spohr, sung well by Herr Sösselmann from Darmstadt; and, finally, a flute concerto by Lindpaintner, played by Herr Grenser, with the agreeable mastery that has won so high a position for this artist.

II.

While I was turning over the programmes of the last twelve subscription concerts, and recalling, here wholly, there in part, the music which I had listened to in those programmes, my imagination strove to gather all these reminiscences into one picture. A blooming mount of the Muses seemed to stand before me, upon which, under the eternal temple of the older masters, I saw new pillars, paths, arcades laid, while lovely songstresses and gay virtuosos wandered among them as birds and butterflies might;—all this so rich, so varied in aspect, that the common and insignificant disappeared of itself.

We have already chronicled the older compositions that were given lately. Many people think they are doing all that can be expected of them when they remind us of a Mozart, a Haydn, as great masters; as if it were not a matter of course that their music should be known thoroughly by heart! But the D minor symphony gives such people something to think about yet, and they ask whether it does not perhaps transgress the boundaries of the purely human. Assuredly Beethoven must be measured by inches (but with King Lear's); and the study of the score accomplishes the rest.

We recognise with gratitude that the directors, especially during last season, have given opportunity for the production of manuscripts, novelties, and little-known works. In this, great capitals can scarcely compare with small Leipsic. And if we were disappointed in some things, yet judgment was awakened, opinion was confirmed, and here and there cheerful prospects were opened to us. We had new symphonies by Molique from Stuttgart, chapel-master Strauss of Carlsruhe, and M. D. Hetsch of Heidelberg. The judgment of the public ranked them almost together, though the first named undoubtedly deserved the preference. In all we found clever workmanship, euphonious instrumentation, firm hold on old forms; but in Strauss's work we found so striking a sympathy in tone, time, form, and idea with the past, that we seemed to behold the first movement of the heroic symphony mirrored,

like a form in water, though pale and reversed, certainly.

We owe especial mention to the arrangement for grand orchestra by Edward Marxsen of Beethoven's so-called Kreutser sonata, which it deserves (although Ritter von Seyfried has already praised it in our paper) on account of the Beethovenian fancy, care, and instrumental knowledge with which the score is written. But I think it was an unfortunate idea to introduce as a scherzo (which the original lacks) that of the great B flat major sonata, which was written at so different an epoch of Beethoven's life and art. Even the instrumentation of this movement seems to have been written by another hand, and is awkward enough in comparison with the rest to set an orthodox Beethovenian raging, rather than agreeing with the good humour of the Leipsic public. Yet the dithyrambic flight of the last movement makes one forget the preposterous insertion. We advise concert directors to produce this splendidly painted life-size copy, but to omit the inserted scherzo, though they should make the reproducing composer their deadly enemy in consequence.

If the new symphonies moved in almost equal circles, the inner and outer differences between the new overtures were therefore the more remarkable. Florestan lately asked, roguishly, "To which of Shakespeare's plays have the greatest number of overtures been written?" But his question does not apply to the four we now allude to. One by J.

Rosenhain of Frankfort, to the opera "A Visit to Bedlam," betrayed much sympathy with our western neighbours; and the fine, the common and the uncommon succeeded each other in it so quickly, that we found it impossible to grasp either. Still it displayed talent, that, if it hopes to accomplish greater things, must keep close watch over its inborn frivolity. In a fantastic prelude to Raupach's "Daughter of Air," by Spohr, his well-known originality was more than ever prominent; while in his elegiac violins, his sighing clarionets, we recognised once more the noble, suffering Spohr; but I do not feel quite clear about it all, and have not been able to procure the score for enlightenment. I distinctly perceived in Ferdinand Hiller's overture entitled "Fernando," a Spanish character, interesting throughout, cavalier-like, everywhere finely and carefully worked up, striving towards Beethovenian significance; but, unfortunately, so built, note for note, in its principal rhythm, on a thought of Franz Schubert's (from a march in C major), that it seemed to me in this, as well as in its fundamental character, nothing but a broader development of the Schubert march.

I have often delightedly read through William Sterndale Bennett's overture "The Naiads," a rich, charming, nobly executed picture. If it leans towards the Mendelssohn *genre* (as Mendelssohn has leaned towards the "Leonora" overture), though it has discovered all that is graceful and feminine in Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, to mingle all in one stream

of tone, and to reach overflowing goblets of this to us, yet it is but in consequence of the intellectual brotherhood that has led him to absorb and assimilate the excellences of others in living union with his own. And then, what fresh poetry is to be found in the work! how heartfelt its melody, how tender its construction, how softly fine its instrumentation! Yet we can scarcely defend it from the imputation of too great monotony; the two principal themes, at least, bear a close resemblance to each other.

The detached scenes from "Faust" by Prince Radzivil were very interesting. With all respect for the endeavours of the noble dilettante, I think the work suffered in consequence of the excessive praise it received in Berlin and elsewhere. The downright clumsily instrumentated overture must have opened the eyes of musicians at once, even if the choice of the Mozartean fugue had not enlightened the critics beforehand. If the composer did not feel himself equal to the demands of the overture and the by no means contemptible idea of opening a "Faust" drama with a fugue—the most profound of musical forms—others might have been found of a more Faust-like character than that by Mozart, which no one can term a masterpiece compared to some by Bach and Handel. The introduction of the harmonica, and the succeeding triads, are at first original and thrilling in their effect, but in their continuance become so painful that we wish them away. And, indeed, I think that too little musical art is deve-

loped in a C-sharp major chord that lasts for two minutes at least. It is impossible to deny that some of the succeeding numbers possess original value and a princely simplicity, an unstained fancy, a power of invention, that often strikes at the very root of the subject.

Novel—that is to say, now a hundred years old—sounded J. S. Bach's D-minor pianoforte concerto, played by Mendelssohn with a strengthened string quartette accompaniment. I should like to speak of many thoughts that were awakened in my mind by this noble work, as well as by some scenes in Gluck's "Iphigenia," although a glance towards the broad road over which we have still to pass somewhat hinders me. However, the world shall be made acquainted with one of them. Will it be believed that on the music shelves of the Berlin Vocal Academy, to which old Zelter bequeathed his library, at least seven such concertos, and a countless number of other Bach compositions, *in manuscript*, are carefully stowed away? Few persons are aware of it; but they lie there, notwithstanding. Is it not time, would it not be useful for the German nation, to publish a perfect edition of the complete works of Bach? * The idea should be considered, and the words of a practical judge, who speaks of this undertaking on page 76 of this volume of the "Neue Zeitschrift," would serve as a motto. He says:—"The publication of the works of Sebastian Bach is

* This idea was realised, to the delight of all artists, in 1852.

an enterprise which I hope soon to see in execution—one that delights my heart, which beats wholly for the great and lofty art of this ancestor of harmony."

Let this be looked to speedily!

And now, a few words regarding the songstresses and virtuosos, who, like arabesques, formed the decoration of these never to be sufficiently praised concerts. I pass over the more ordinary ones to speak of the first, among whom were:—Fraülein Grabau, always firm, ready, correct, artistic; Fraülein Werner, a novice full of talent, fresh and young in voice and form; B. Molique, whose masterly playing of his D-minor concerto has already been mentioned in our pages. We have also spoken of the inwardly musical life of Sterndale Bennett's performance. Among art enjoyments of the very first description, we must not forget Spohr's E-minor concerto, played by David; trumpet variations by C. G. Müller, played by Queisser; Beethoven's E-flat major concerto, and Mendelssohn's in G minor, played by Mendelssohn—that is to say, cast in bronze in his own manner.

Beethoven's ninth symphony closed this year's cyclus of concerts. The hitherto unheard-of rapid time in which the first movement was played destroyed, for me, the ecstatic pleasure which we are all accustomed to feel while listening to this luxuriant music. This complaint may appear incomprehensible to the directing master, who knows and

honours Beethoven as few will know and honour him again; and who, indeed, could truly decide in such a case, except Beethoven himself, to whom, perhaps, such an impassioned hurrying of the time, accompanied by faultless execution, might have appeared correct? Therefore I will count this feeling as one among my many remarkable musical experiences, and with a certain grief, as when, regarding the outward appearance of the Highest, a division of opinion arises. But how the heavens opened to receive Beethoven, a soaring saint, in the adagio; how then the littlenesses of the world were forgotten, while a presentiment of the glad hereafter thrilled those who listened, looking after him in soul!

III.

About ten years ago, a few young musicians met together in a plain room here, to perform or listen to good old works, or else their own latest ones. New members joined them; the public began to hear of these meetings; sympathy and curiosity attracted many persons; the little secret society took courage, brought out greater works with increased resources, took the name of "Euterpe," selected a committee, and a director in a well-known, good musician, Herr C. G. Müller. Already in the winter of 1835, the company removed from its practising-room to a convenient, handsome hall. The crowded attendance there proved the increasing

favour of the public—and so, during the past winter season, we had twelve of these concerts, from the 12th of November to the 14th of March; and if any one asked, on Mondays, whether anything was "going on?" the answer, in true Leipsic style, was pretty certain to be "It's Euterpe to-night." The worthy society was, in fact, obliged almost to borrow its concert evenings, as most of its members play in the theatre or in Gewandhaus, extra, or other concerts; and few days passed on which they had not something to do. This uncertainty about any especial concert evening, however, gives the institution a slight touch of poetic freedom; and when the Euterpists really stand before their well-lighted desks, they play with such freshness that they give more pleasure than a princely orchestra, in presence of which one dares not wink one's eyes, or feel really happy in the music. But to the subject! The original object of the society, that is to say, the production of the best works by the best masters, as well as recent compositions (by natives or foreigners), and the performance of solo and *ensemble* pieces by members or non-members of the society, is still carried out; but its degree has become more elevated, its kind more select. Song is excluded altogether; this peculiarity has its bad side, but the society has thereby acquired an original colour, established wholly on an instrumental foundation.

The execution of symphonies and overtures by this society is not much behind that of the Gewandhaus

concertists, and naturally, as most of the members of this play in that also. There we have more respect, here more daring; there the director is firm as a rock in the tempo, here they rush over head and heels to the end, in a Beethoven scherzo. Both of these institutions are useful to each other, both of great influence on the varied standing of their audiences. Certain failures, however, ought never to take place, and must be punished with death; thus a Euterpist blew, in the first measure of the allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a damned C sharp; but we will lay such accidents to the account of roguish cobolds, who may have hidden once, perchance, in an oboe tube. They gave us Beethoven's symphonies in C minor, D major, A major, and the Pastoral; by Mozart, the Jupiter; Haydn's in E flat major, and Spohr's "Consecration of Tones;" by members of the society we had C. G. Müller's older one in D major, and one, long promised, in C minor; one in F minor by F. L. Schubert; and one by a non-member, Gäbrich (in G minor). The finest choice of overtures was made among antiques, of which a very noticeable one was that to "Samori," by the pedantically genial Abbé Nagler; of the moderns, we had some by Attern and Courant, besides Berlioz's "Francs-juges," which has been declaimed against as a monster. But I can only discover in it a well-cut, clearly sustained, but, in detail, still unripe work, by this true genius of French music; here and there it shoots forth a few lightning flashes,

precursors of the tempest that thunders from his symphonies. To return to our own Euterpe hall,—after such thunderstorms, such things as a concertino for the horn certainly sound weak enough; so we will pass over the performances by unknown soloists, which cannot stand the test of that severe criticism with which our well-known players, such as Grabau, Uhlrich, and Queisser are sufficiently familiar. I do not mean to say that the Euterpe should exclude the first efforts of young virtuosos; on the contrary, it is to be hoped that this society will continue to keep its doors open as a preparatory practical school of public performance and concert routine.

Those who were not satisfied with the thirty-two concerts in the Gewandhaus and the Hotel de Pologne, could quietly enjoy the quartettes performed by Concert-master David, Messrs. Uhlrich, Grenser, and Queisser. Unfortunately, they only gave four, but next winter that number must be at least doubled. The gentlemen are known; may heaven preserve to us the concert-master, at least!

When we point with pride to three institutions like these, vital with enthusiastic devotion to the noblest works of our masters, which scarcely any other German city can rival, our readers may ask why we have not always given immediate and detailed accounts of single performances. The writer of these lines confesses that his double position as editor and musician is the cause of this. The musician is only interested in the whole, or only

in the most important details; while, as an editor, he would like to mention all things. As a musician, he would fain be silent on many subjects, which the editor, for the sake of completeness, would fain speak of. But how is time enough to be found to treat of every subject thoroughly, and in a manner that will be really useful to artists? For phrases like "He was greatly applauded," "Met with a sympathetic reception," "She won an encore," "A splendid performance, a crowded audience," &c., &c., cannot wash out stains, or do honour to any one; they stretch the pupil and the master on the same last. It is our future intention—the deed ever more in view than the doer—to group significant events in larger frames, in which a sharp sketch of the whole will appear prominently, while small things will disappear of themselves; and this, in order to present to our contemporaries and to posterity a cheering picture of that youthful strength and soaring life, which the musical history of our city presents to an almost unequalled degree in our day.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF MUSICAL LIFE IN LEIPSIC DURING THE WINTER OF 1837–38.

IN order to judge of the spirit and taste that predominates in our subscription concerts, we only need to observe the choice of pieces performed, and the masters preferred there. And, as is but right, we find Mozart's name oftenest (17 times), then Beethoven (15 times), 7 numbers by Weber, 5 by Haydn, from 3 to 5 by Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Rossini; Handel, Bach, Vogler, Cimarosa, Mehul, Onslow, Moscheles, were each heard twice; Naumann, Salieri, Righini, Fesca, Hummel, Spontini, Marschner and others were played once. We also heard a few works by the most recent composers, and even three new symphonies by Tägliehsbeck, Robert Burgmüller, and Gäbrich, the last of whom was most applauded, though Tägliehsbeck's symphony was not inferior to it, while Burgmüller's left both the others behind; it almost seems to me the most remarkable, the noblest work in symphonic style that recent times have produced, on account of its musical nature, its uncommonly fine and powerfully marked instrumental character, and this in spite of certain reminiscences of Spohr, which, however, do not appear to be the result of imitation and weakness of intellect, but rather of that noble endeavour that gratefully strives

to follow in the path of its instructor. A book of songs by R. Burgmüller, published by Hofmeister, has been highly praised lately; we, also, made acquaintance with it, to count these songs as among the finest that have recently appeared. And such a gifted one must die! The trio of the scherzo may be termed worthy of a master; the close of the entire symphony sounds like a presentiment of the death that robbed us too early of this young composer. In the symphonies of the other gentlemen, we found many Beethovenian reminiscences, besides very clever workmanship and instrumentation. The brevity of the separate movements was a remarkable trait in Gäbrich's symphony, if we except the adagio,—but few succeed in adagios now-a-days!

A new psalm by Mendelssohn was an event of great importance; it commences with the words, "As the hart pants," and the great difference between it and the same master's earlier sacred music, might have been observed at a concert for the benefit of the poor, when an older psalm by Mendelssohn was given previous to this. Though Mendelssohn has long been recognised as the most finished, artistic nature of our day, in all styles, whether of church or concert-room, original and of masterly effect in the chorus as in the Lied, yet we believe that in this 42d psalm, he has attained his highest elevation as church composer; yes, the highest elevation that modern church-music has reached at all. The grace, the art of workmanship which such a style demands, is fully displayed

here; tenderness and purity in the treatment of details, power and inwardness of the masses, but, above all, what we cannot term other than the intellectuality of the whole, delights us, and proves what art is to him, as well as what it is to us through him.

And, indeed, when we consider what a standard is demanded, and what comparisons are made, young artists, whose works are brought out here, find themselves in a dangerous position, though the direction always insists on such a performance, with the very best means at its disposal, that anything better can scarcely be wished for. Thus we have heard a new overture by Dr. L. Kleinwächter, the only new one this winter has given us (though, if we include the concert for the benefit of the poor, we must also mention Onslow's overture to the "Duc de Guise," which pleased us but little); we can say of this, that its cheerful character and lively movement caused it to be pretty well received by the public, though we do not attribute to it any great artistic merit.

So much for the compositions, recently brought out here, of young artists. Besides these, one of the earlier concerts brought us Beethoven's "Glorious Moments," the origin of which is well known. The performance of this work under Beethoven's personal direction, at a momentous historical period, in the presence of great men, potentates, and ambassadors, must have been an event never to be forgotten by those who were present; and even without all this, as in our performance, there are many passages of the

music that will yet produce their effect after the lapse of centuries. It would be unjust to compare such works, written for occasional events, by great composers, with the independent inspirations of their own genius; yet we discover here, beside the gleam of accident and fugitive feeling, that geniality which masters who can appreciate such things find to a high degree in even the shortest and slightest of Goethe's poems. Such a spirit vitalises this work also, with an almost ironical breadth and splendour, that seems at once, in certain moments, to bring the master's figure in all the fire of life before us. Add to this a poem as perverse, for composition, as a Pindaric hymn, and one has a faint idea of the embarrassments, in spite of which the composer ended a work that must have been dear to his patriotic heart.

But something unheard of, truly new, that is to say very old, was presented to us in some of the last concerts, when works by masters from Bach to Weber were performed in chronological order. It was a lucky thing for our forefathers that they were unable to establish historical concerts stretching into the future. Honour bright! they would have but sorrily stood the test. Happy though we were to hear what was performed on these occasions, we were as much annoyed to hear what was said about it all, here and there. A great many people conducted themselves as if they thought we were doing Bach an honour, as if we were wiser than the olden

time, and thought it all both curious and interesting! The connoisseurs were the worst of all, smiling as if Bach had written for them—he who could have swung us all, together or separately, on his little finger—Handel, too, firm as the heavenly vault above us—or Gluck, not less so. And people listen, praise, and think no more about it. I prize our own times thoroughly, and understand and respect Meyerbeer; but let any one guarantee that in a hundred—what do I say?—in the next fifty years, historical concerts shall be given, in which a note of Meyerbeer's will be performed, and I will confess that Beer is a god, and I have been entirely in error.

There is little to be said respecting the Bach music that was performed; we must take it in our own hands, study it as much as possible, and then—he remains as unfathomable as before. Handel is more human; we reject Gluck's arias, and let his choruses pass; that is to say, we take away the ornamental curls from the brow of the statue of a god, and then praise the torso. It would be most desirable to give many such concerts yearly; the ignorant would learn from them, the wise would smile at them; in short, the retrogression would probably be a step in advance.

After these great composers, presented at the first concert (in which a concerto by Viotti was introduced, played happily by Concert-master David, and greatly applauded), we had in the second, Haydn, Naumann, Cimarosa, Righini; in the third, Mozart, Salieri, Mehul, A. Romberg; in the fourth, the Abbé Vogler,

Beethoven, and Weber. Among their works we heard Haydn's "Farewell" symphony (it is known that in this the musicians—ours also—extinguished their lights and went softly away; and no one laughed, for, indeed, it was no laughing matter); a highly Mozartean, still unpublished quartette from his "Zaida;" an overture by the Abbé Vogler, whom, according to our opinion, his contemporaries did not appreciate half enough; and a symphony by Mehul, most interesting of all on account of its difference from the German symphony style, yet so thorough and so spirited, in spite of some mannerisms, that we cannot sufficiently recommend it to outside orchestras. There is a remarkable resemblance between its last movement and the first of Beethoven's C-minor symphony, as also between the scherzos of both these works; it is so striking, that there can be no doubt of a reminiscence on one side or the other; on which side I cannot decide, as I am not certain of the date of Mehul's birth. Such were the four historical concerts, which many will envy us. It would be easy to object to the choice of pieces, their position on the programmes, &c., in order to make a show of great historical learning; but we accept what was offered to us with gratitude, but with the wish that we may not come to a stand-still with this beginning.

To complete the agreeable picture, we will close with some account of the different artists with whose assistance the grander orchestral performances took place.

Miss Clara Novello was the most interesting of these. She came to us from her friendly London circle, heralded as an artist of the first rank; and this weighed with us in Leipsic. For years I have heard nothing that has pleased me more than this voice, predominating over all other tones, yet breathing tender euphony, every tone as sharply defined as the tones of a keyed instrument; besides the noble performance, the simplicity, yet art, which seemed to desire prominence for the composer and his work only. She was most in her element with Handel, amid whose works she has grown up and become great. People asked each other, in astonishment, "Is that Handel? Did Handel write so? Is it possible?" From such a performer the composer himself may learn; when we hear such a performance we again feel respect for the executive artists, who give us caricatures so often, because they leave school too soon; such art at once snaps asunder the stilts on which ordinary virtuosity strides and thinks it looks over our shoulders. Miss Clara Novello is not a Malibran, and not a Sontag, but she possesses her own highly original individuality, of which no one can deprive her.

Before and after her we had Fräulein Schlegel, Madame Bünau-Grabhau, and Madame Johanna Schmidt as solo singers; and, last of all, Fräulein Auguste Werner and Fräulein Botgorschek, from Dresden, appeared. The first was a success as a beauty; the other ladies had to combat the favour-

able impression that Clara Novello had inspired us with; and therefore we must praise ourselves for acting as if nothing had happened, and for receiving the always gladly-heard songstresses with the customary applause. Fräulein Werner had returned to us from Dresden, where she went to study for a year. Fräulein Botgorschek is a true heroic contralto, possessing a brilliant Italian method, and a sort of defiance such as we find among operatic prima donnas. She earned the highest degree of applause, the tone of which is not to be mistaken, and repeated one aria.

Of stranger singers we had only one, Herr Genast, from Weimar, who sang a ballad, "Schwerting," with a very full orchestral accompaniment, above which a manly voice alone could soar; the composer reproduced his work with fire and passion.

We had counted on Liszt and Lipinski among foreign instrumental performers, but they disappointed us; and Henselt only played once, in his own concert. But we heard many good and fine things played by Messrs. Kotte from Dresden, Blagrove from London, Concert-master Hubert Ries and C. Schunke from Berlin, Th. Sack from Hamburg, the youthful Nicolai Schäfer, M. D. Alscher (contrabasso), Schapler from Magdeburg, Louis Anger from Clausthal; and, besides these, performances by our own orchestral members, the most distinguished among whom were Messrs. Queisser, Uhlrich, Grenser, Heinse, and Haake. We remember, too, with especial

pride, the frequent and masterly performances of Mendelssohn and David, as well as those of the finest yet boldest of all lady artists, Clara Wieck.

Before we take leave of the Gewandhaus concerts for half a year, we must award a crown of merit to its forty or fifty orchestral members. We have no solo-players like Brod in Paris, or Harper in London; but even these cities can scarcely boast such fine, united symphony playing. And this results from the nature of circumstances. Our musicians here form a family; they see each other and practise together daily; they are always the same, so that they are able to play a Beethoven symphony without notes. Add to these a concert-master who can conduct such scores from memory, a director who knows them by and reveres them at heart, and the crown is complete. A separate leaf should be awarded to the kettle-drummer, Herr Pfund, who is swift and certain as thunder and lightning; he plays excellently.

We meet nearly the same orchestra, or, at least, its youngest members, in the concerts of the Euterpe Society. The number of their concerts was twelve, as formerly; their place of meeting, the hall in the Hotel du Pologne, which is ill adapted to the performance of music. The writer of this article has been obliged to trust to the opinion of a third party regarding a few of their performances, as he was not present at all of them. An examination of the programmes shows Beethoven to have been the preferred master here; six of his symphonies were

played. Haydn is wholly, perhaps accidentally, absent; Mozart appears twice; Spohr once. There were two new symphonies—one by the director of the concerts, C. G. Müller, the other by W. Sörgel. The latter, though not an extraordinary production, showed itself to be the work of a clever musician who has grown up in the orchestra. We have already briefly mentioned the former in an earlier number of our paper; it is the composer's fourth, and this is apparent in the more rapid execution of it, and a pen that no longer delays at small figuration, single details, and so on. We may also term it cheerful; but its feeling does not seem to come from within, and is more a reflection of cheerfulness. As if the composer himself were doubtful of his talent for merriment, he often interrupts his separate periods with slower inserted ones, in the manner we often find in Beethoven's later works, the impression of which on our composer is often distinctly visible. The intermezzo (in place of a scherzo), in four-crotchet time, is quite original. The last movement has a wonderful headlong rush; yet I miss in it that finer poetical perfume, which renders humour amiable and lovable. As to overtures, we had usually two on the Euterpe evenings; here we also heard Weber, Cherubini, and others. Beethoven's in E major, with its truly annihilating geniality, was most successfully performed; it is the same, I think, on the title-page of which Beethoven makes use of the words "poetised by" (*gedichtet von*) instead of

"composed by." Besides these, there were overtures to a new opera, "Oleandro," by C. G. Müller, as well as to the oratorio "Gutemberg," by Löwe—the latter as superficial as the former is industriously worked out. Among the new overtures in manuscript, entrusted to the Society for performance, we find—besides those by F. Rohr (of Meiningen), J. Mühling (of Magdeburg), C. Conrad (of Leipsic)—a very interesting one to Schiller's "Robbers," by Ernst Weber from Stargard, which, wildly and barbarically instrumentated, revealed some uncommon instrumental beauties, of a kind that the composer himself must wonder at, when he hears them; for they did not all seem to me to have proceeded from artistic consciousness. The fragmentarily introduced robber song, "A Free Life," seemed to me highly effective, and the close of the whole on the dominant of quite peculiar meaning. Had this overture come to us from Paris, it would have been listened to more attentively, as was the now well-known overture by Berlioz, "Les Francs-juges," with which the first concert opened.

There were many mediocre numbers among the solo performances, as every one who wishes to appear at these concerts is permitted to do so. More exclusiveness is desirable. The best performance was that of Herr Uhlrich in a Lipinski concerto,—in D major, if I am not mistaken,—the Sarmatian wildness of which our virtuoso humanised, so to say; indeed, he played it more tenderly than the com-

poser himself, who, however, has also his own peculiar and other excellences. In the concert compositions of others, we are always annoyed by vulgarities, but a very noble tone is often audible in those by Lipinski; this difference is worthy of remark, although the works in which it does or does not exist may otherwise occupy an almost equal artistic rank.

The quartettes in the small Gewandhaus hall, by Messrs. David, Uhlrich, Queisser, and Grenser, also gave us many artistic treasures this winter. We had four evenings and twenty numbers, among which the brilliants of first water were Beethoven's quartettes in E flat major (opus 127), and C sharp minor, the grandeur of which no words can express. They seem to me to stand, with some of Bach's choruses and organ pieces, on the extreme boundary of all that has hitherto been attained by human art and imagination; but verbal analysis and description would shipwreck them. Then two quite new quartettes by Mendelssohn wandered through a finely human sphere; just as we might expect from him as man and artist. And in such a sphere we must award the palm to him among all his contemporaries, and only Franz Schubert, had he lived, would have been worthy to award Mendelssohn that palm without disputing it; two such individualities can exist side by side. Only the excellence of a work like Schubert's D-minor quartette — and of many other things—can in any way console us for the early death of this eldest son of Beethoven; in a

short time he accomplished and perfected more than any one before him. Finally, we meet, in this year's cyclus, with a new composition by C. G. Müller, thorough, clear, interesting, displaying true quartette taste, and truly worthy of publicity.

And now we draw the curtain over the rich, enlivening scene. Aspiration everywhere, strength of fulfilment, the worthiest of aims; all things repeat themselves in higher transformations!

MUSICAL LIFE IN LEIPSIC DURING THE WINTER OF 1839-1840.

IT will be allowed, that though nature has treated Leipsic too much as a stepmother, yet German music blooms so finely here, that, without arrogance, our city may venture to compare its productions to those of the richest fruit and flower gardens of other cities. What a multitude of great works of art were produced for us last winter, how many distinguished artists charmed us with their skill! And though the vitality of musical art among us is in a great measure due to our existing concert establishment, yet, as compared with other cities, we find much that is encouraging in other directions. The theatre, like some good exhibition of fashions, provides us with the latest Parisian novelties; and its company possesses a few very valuable members. Nor is the

church idle, though, with the means at its disposal, finer things might be accomplished. But our concert music stands at the most brilliant summit of all. It is well known that a worthy home for German music has been secured in the now fifty-years-old Gewandhaus concerts, and that this institution accomplishes more at present than it ever did before. With a famous composer at its head, the orchestra has brought its virtuosity to still greater perfection during the last few years. It has probably no German equal in its performance of symphonies, while among its members many finished masters of the several instruments are to be found. This year, too, the direction made such satisfactory engagements with vocalists, that we scarcely felt the absence of the famous English singers who visited us last year. Variety was never lost sight of, either, both in regard to the selection of compositions and the appearances of foreign or native artists. We shall first allude to the former, the more lasting, element of our concert programmes; and again, as before, we find preference given to works of the older classic school. We find Beethoven's name most frequent on the bills, and, next to his, those of Mozart and Haydn. A taste for Weber, Cherubini, and Spohr, is manifest. Bach, Handel, and Gluck each appeared once, and most frequently among the singers, the opposite extremes Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti; nearly all distinguished German composers of the present day were represented, such as Marschner, Schneider, Kalli-

woda, Onslow; though Lachner and Löwe were entirely, perhaps accidentally, missing. Finally, a few compositions by hitherto unknown writers were produced, and of these, as well as of the works brought out in Leipsic for the first time this winter, we shall first speak, though briefly and sketchily, since we heard these works only once, and must necessarily also mention others.

In the highest style of instrumental music, the symphony, we heard three new works for the first time, by Lindblad, Kittl, and Kalliwoda, of which composers the first obtained the least, and the last the most applause. The author of the first—already published—composition is a Swede, who has often been favourably mentioned by us as a song composer. I was able to study his work before hearing it; it contains much labour, order, and thought, and possesses all those good, yet modest qualities, which the public is indifferent to. The foreign author certainly won the sympathy of connoisseurs for his work; to obtain that of the public also, he only needs to add certain qualities to those he already possesses, which tact will enable him to do, without sacrificing his artistic principles. The "Hunting Symphony," by Herr Kittl, a young Prague composer, displays a more lively and sanguine temperament; it obtained a popular success that increased with every movement, as indeed every movement increased in effect. The first is entitled "Summons to, and commencement of the Hunt;" the andante is a "Rest from

Hunting," the scherzo is termed an "Encampment," followed by the "End of the Chase." The subject seems to bring with it, and the music certainly possesses, a thoroughly cheerful colouring, and the horns rang out in a thoroughly sportsmanlike way. And the composer has rendered himself still more acceptable by such originality of style as is rarely betrayed by young symphony writers, and which causes us to look forward with pleasure to his future symphonies, when we hope to meet the merry hunter in another sphere of feeling, if such a one is not too contrary to his natural disposition. By the by, the symphony will appear in print this very day.

We have already spoken, in a short notice, of the pleasure Kalliwoda's fifth symphony afforded us; it is a peculiar one, and in respect of tenderness and charm, which it displays from beginning to end, quite unique in the symphonic world. Had the composer intended to give us something like music to "Undine," such qualities might have been expected; but as he did not, we only prize his symphony the higher. How delightfully he has disappointed us with this work! We believed that this composer, dwelling in a small retired place, had grown indifferent to his own talent, and that he was rusting in repose, when his symphony, especially in its instrumentation, betrays the highly progressive master, and leads us into one of those rarely entered regions of imagination from which sprang the fairy above mentioned! Then the four movements accord

so perfectly with each other, that they seem to have been created in a single day; and the symphony is full of artistic, finely worked out details, which the master seems to have half connected from the ear, that the eye might first become fully aware of them. We greet in Kalliwoda a still fresh and evergreen branch of the German wood of poet-musicians; and we hope to meet him soon again on the field where he has already sustained himself honourably on five occasions. As he is a modest master, I shall relate the following anecdote, too characteristic of him to be forgotten, for the benefit of his future biographers:—Only a few years ago, he took it into his head that he did not yet know enough, so he addressed himself to a composer in Prague (Tomaschek), in order to obtain instruction from him in double counterpoint, the fugue, &c. If any one supposes the Prague artist answered, "Teach me first to make such symphonies as yours, and then you will be welcome to all that I know," he is mistaken. The brother in Apollo—as Beethoven often used to term his friends among the chapelmasters—was quite willing to instruct, but demanded such enormous terms for doing so, that the excellent conductor, whose income is not large, very properly withdrew, and went on composing as before. This pretty little story ought not to be overlooked by future biographers, as I said before.

These were the three new symphonies; we heard the same number of new overtures, one by Benedict

to "The Gipsy's Warning," to "The Genoese," by Lindpaintner, and one by Julius Rietz of Düsseldorf. The two first, which have been already printed, cannot be regarded as art works of the first rank, but rather as theatrical overtures, such as are to be found by the dozen, and written wholly with an eye to applause. But the third seems to me a work of consequence, thoroughly German, highly artistic, almost overladen with finished detail that cannot be appreciated on a first hearing; in character, an orchestral romance, excellent to open a Shakesperean play. The title, "Concert Overture," does not betray its having been intended for any special subject, but we have our suspicions about Shakespeare. We trust it may soon be published; it deserves to be so, more than its sisters above mentioned; indeed, compared to these, it deserves to be printed on vellum.*

Our readers have already been informed that we heard all the overtures which Beethoven wrote to "Fidelio," performed on a Gewandhaus concert evening; we then gladly recognised this great undertaking on the part of our orchestra. For the further information of our readers, respecting these overtures and what concerns them, we may observe—that performed on the evening in question as No. 1, has already appeared in score, published by Haslinger of Vienna, with this note on the title page, "From the posthumous works;" it is in C major, is the first Beethoven wrote to this opera, and pleased but little

* This is the overture, since published, in A Major.

on its first performance. That played as No. 2 is at present still in manuscript, in the possession of Mèssrs. Breitkoff & Haertel, is also in C, and plainly the original from which Beethoven afterwards worked out his well-known great one (No. 3), published in score by Breitkoff & Haertel; the fourth is that light one, in E major, which is so often heard in theatres. The different editors should agree to publish the four overtures in one volume; for masters and scholars such a work would be a memorable example on one side of industry and conscientiousness, and on the other of the almost playful creative and inventive power of this Beethoven, in whose mind nature prodigally poured the gifts that she is accustomed to distribute among a thousand. To the multitude it is, of course, a matter of indifference that Beethoven wrote four overtures to one opera, as it is whether or not Rossini gives one overture to four operas. But the artist should endeavour to follow every trace that leads him to the more secret workshop of a master; and that this may be facilitated, since it is not possible to find an orchestra able and willing to play all four overtures for him, I trust the idea of a collective edition of them may be considered, and that I may not have expressed such a wish in vain.*

Every one knows, from earlier reports, that, besides old and new symphonies, great concerted operatic pieces, sacred choruses, and similar works were per-

* This wish has been since fulfilled.

formed at the Gewandhaus concerts. And, first among the interesting novelties, we must mention a composition by Chapelmaster Chelard, an overture, the second act, and finale to his opera, "The Hermanns-schlacht." It is quite unnecessary to inform any one, we should suppose, that this music was not written for the concert-hall, and that its effects were calculated for the stage. The instruments and voices seemed almost smothered in this narrow space, and the little concert-hall might have been compared to an old Silbermann piano under the hands of a Liszt. In the theatre, the opera would produce its proper effect, and has already done so, as we have been informed by advices from Munich, where the entire opera was performed. This composer's path in progress may be regarded as quite interesting; he is a reversed Meyerbeer, a French musician transplanted to German ground, with an unmistakeable striving towards deeper characteristics, and with a remarkable talent for instrumentation, as these fragments clearly proved. The overture, especially, contains a great deal of originality and beauty. The composer conducted the work himself, and was often greeted with applause by the public. As this amiable artist has approached us more nearly since his appointment to Hummel's situation, we hope he will speedily give us opportunities of becoming familiar with his works in many ways.

Another novelty was the prayer, "Grant us peace, in Thy mercy," by Mendelssohn, to words by Luther,

which was heard here for the first time on the eve of the Reformation festival; a composition unique in its beauty, of the effect of which it is scarcely possible to form an idea from a mere reading of the score. The composer wrote it during his residence in Rome, to which we owe several of his other church compositions. How I wished that our Gottschalk Wedel could have heard this prayer. His article on the "Transformation of Church Music" would have been quite different. The little piece deserves, and will attain, a universal fame; Raphael's and Murillo's Madonnas cannot long remain concealed.

The same master gave us, on New Year's Day, a lately completed Psalm in larger form, to the words of the 114th, "When Israel went out of Egypt." He who writes many works successively, in the same style, naturally suggests comparisons with himself. And so it was here. Mendelssohn's beautiful older Psalm, "As the hart pants," was yet fresh in the memory of all. There was some difference of opinion regarding the merits of the two works, but the majority of votes was for the older one. We point to this as a proof that our public here, in spite of its admiration for the composer, does not blindly admire him. No one entertains any doubt respecting the special beauties of the new Psalm, though I cannot deny that, in regard to freshness of invention (particularly in the latter half), it falls somewhat behind the other, and even reminds us of some things we have already heard by Mendelssohn.

And finally, the last concert introduced us to another novelty in the shape of the overture, judgment scene, and finale, from Cherubini's "Les Abencerrages," which I was prevented from hearing. The music must have been superb; but no connoisseurs acquainted with this master's music need to be told this.

In gratitude, we must mention the artistes and artists who embellished the Gewandhaus concerts by their performances. Fraülein Elise Meerti of Antwerp was engaged as first songstress, Fraülein Sophie Schloss of Cologne as second. The sympathies of the public for the first-named lady increased visibly with every evening; she is not one of those brilliant bravura singers who subdue the public on their very first appearance; her good qualities are only thoroughly appreciated after she has gradually revealed them in all their charm. When she first arrived, she understood too little German to sing to us in our own language, and, therefore, her selections were principally of the Italian and German-French schools (Spontini, Meyerbeer, Dessauer). She sang in German—a song by Mendelssohn—for the first time in her farewell concert, and we shall remember this more than all the rest, for it seemed to come from the very depths of her soul; indeed, there is something essentially noble and modest in her voice and performance. She left us at the end of January, to return again next winter, however, as we hear with pleasure. After her departure, the other songstress,

Fraülein Schloss, was more frequently occupied; of course she had been at first embarrassed by our—to her—new public, as well as by the proximity of Mdlle. Meerti. But now, without a competitor, possessed, as she certainly is, of a true concert bravura voice, she made incredible progress in a short time. Her intonation, which had been at first uncertain, seemed to improve every time she appeared, while her execution gained in smoothness, and her voice in power, until our public received her with continually increasing favour, making full amends for its earlier coldness. We believe that we do not err in predicting a fine future career to this songstress, who is industrious, still young, and appears, besides, to possess a strong healthy constitution. We venture to prophesy a not less brilliant future for another artist, a violinist named Christopher Hilf, who was heard twice in the subscription concerts, and whose execution appeared to us the most extraordinary we had heard for some time. We had already learned, through other papers, that he was born in the little town of Elster in Saxony, and was by trade a linen weaver; for many years he played at dances, &c., in taverns; but, about a year and a half ago, with his violin on his shoulder, he turned towards Leipsic, drawn thither by his irresistible love for music, which, ever since his childhood, had led him to look forward to this city as the shining goal of his wanderings. And so he came here, rough and unhewn as a block of marble, and awaited his

destiny. He fell into the best hands, those of our Concert-master David, who at once perceived that to lay bare the inner beauty of this remarkable talent, he needed only to remove the rough outside, and that this must be executed with precaution, lest injury should be done to the material. In the seventh concert he allowed his pupil to try his powers in the arena. Happy fellow! He seemed not to feel one pulse of the fear that paralyses so many other incipient or fading artists, who play as though the sword of Damocles hung over them; he lost himself in the good violin that has so far helped him through the world, and will, apparently, carry him much further; he did not seem to play from the notes opened before him, but rather, freely out into the public, as it ought to be. He had selected De Beriot's Swedish concerto, and in his powerful hands the work seemed to gain in strength and sap, to the great delight of all listeners,—though perhaps about a hundred of them would have preferred to hear the concerto played in a more gallant and Parisian style; but I have rarely heard such original freshness and *naïveté*, or such a vital tone. Did he but possess talent for composition, he would soon be talked of far and wide. I half believe that he must eventually fall back on his own invention, for few published compositions will suffice to such execution as his. At a subsequent concert, he played variations by David with the same virtuosity, earning the same brilliant success. We consider that the above ex-

tended descripton of this otherwise unassisted artist is simply his due. We shall speak more briefly of the many already famous artists, who appeared in the subscription concerts.

Among foreign and non-resident artists we had Madame Camilla Pleyel, Prume, Chapel-master Kalliwoda, Herr F. A. Kummer, violoncellist to the Dresden orchestra, all of whom have been frequently mentioned in our pages. Messrs. Tretbar and Nehrlich, chamber musicians, one from Brunswick, the other Prussian, proved themselves excellent clarionette players; Messrs. Hausmann from Hanover, and Bernhard Schneider from Dessau (a son of Chapel-master Fred. Schneider), displayed their powers as violoncellists. Hausmann is a talented composer for his instrument also; and the Saxon chamber musician G. H. Kummer, though now more than sixty years old, is still an admirable master on the fagotto. All these artists were warmly received, the three first mentioned were enthuiastically applauded. On the other hand, we were all bored by a violinist from Weimar. We also heard a few other songstresses from other cities, such as Madame Johanna Schmidt from Halle, whose name is favourably known to our readers; Fräulein von Treffz from Vienna, and Fräulein Augusta Loewe and Fräulein Caspari from Berlin; among these, Fräulein Treffz seemed to be the most gifted, musically, and Fräulein Loewe possesses the best voice—if we may venture to judge after only one or two hearings.

Among artists residing here, besides our Madame Schmidt (wife of the operatic tenor), who gave us some masterly performances, we heard Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy in his G-minor concerto, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller with him in Mozart's concerto for two pianofortes (never heard here in public before), and in Moscheles' "Hommage à Handel;" Concert-master David in variations and in a concerto; the above-named C. Hilf twice; C. Eckert, from Berlin once (a pupil of Mendelssohn and David, in a violin concerto, displaying industry and talents); and the principal members of our orchestra, Queisser (trombone), Uhlrich (violin), Grenser (flute), Haake (flute), Heinze (clarionette), Grabau (violoncello), Diethe (oboe), and Pfan (horn). Messrs. Pogner, Anschütz, and Weiske, assisted in several vocal *ensemble* pieces.

The concert for the benefit of the institute-fund for old and invalid musicians, gave us this winter, as usual, very attractive selections; among them a symphony by Weber, now first published, a fresh and clear work of the master's youth. Mendelssohn played his serenade and allegro enchantingly on the same evening, and the other assistants, Madame Bünau, Misses Meerti and Schloss, and Herr David, also performed with remarkable *anima.*

At the concert for the poor of the city, F. Hiller's oratorio, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," was performed, as I have already mentioned in a former article.

By frequent study and comparison of the vocal and orchestral pieces performed at the subscription concerts, we find that the direction is obliged to make out its répertoire principally from old and frequently-heard works; and it must necessarily do so, as there is an evident lack of new works suited to concert programmes, especially of symphonies and vocal compositions. We trust that our composers will not hear this said in vain. We have wholly missed Berlioz from the répertoire. It is true that only a few of his overtures are printed; but it would certainly not be difficult to obtain one of his symphonies—only a hint is wanting for this. But he should no longer be absent from our programmes. It will be as impossible to cause him to be forgotten, by ignoring him, as to sink a historical fact in oblivion by passing it over. And the hearing of his music is a positive necessity to all who would obtain a correct judgment respecting the development of modern music. The extra requirements which his compositions demand should be obtained by the Gewandhaus concert management, or else, where these become too daring for us, they might be carefully simplified, and we enabled to gain at least an idea of the principal points.

And would that the idea of giving, in historical concerts, a general view of different musical epochs, might be again resumed in the year to come!

Besides the Gewandhaus and Euterpe concerts, we had, in the second half of the winter, six evening entertainments, established by the direction of the

Gewandhaus concerts, and which took the place of the earlier Matthai and later David quartettes. Concurring, to a certain extent, with the wishes of the public, the directors widened the former limits so far as to admit large *ensemble* pieces and solos in these concert programmes. And, to the further advantage of the music and the listeners, the small antichamber in which the quartettes were formerly played was abandoned, and the large concert hall was used. The promise of masterworks and performances always attracted a large and select audience; it would be difficult to find better things performed in a better manner. Those who played in the quartette were Concertmaster David, Messrs. Klengel, Eckert, and Wittmann; the quartettes chosen were by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Cherubini, Franz Schubert, and Mendelssohn. Besides these, we had a nonette and a double quartette by Spohr, an octette by Mendelssohn, a quintette by Onslow, trios by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Hiller, a double sonata, and some other things of that kind, by Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr. Among these pieces, those that were either new here, or that had not yet been publicly performed among us, were a trio, by Mendelssohn, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which was received most warmly; an interesting youthful work, by Hiller, a trio that has already been described in our paper; and a rondo à la Spagnuola for violin and pianoforte, by Spohr, a very tender and impulsive miniature piece, that is

already published. Mendelssohn also played, with his ever fresh mastership, Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue, as well as his five-part fugue in C sharp minor; and Concert-master David gave us, in the most admirable manner, accompanied by Mendelsshon, two pieces—priceless as compositions—from Bach's sonata for violin alone,—the same of which it has been said that "no other part could even be imagined to it," a declaration which Mendelssohn contradicted in the finest manner by surrounding the original with many parts, so that it was a delight to listen.

We trust that these evening entertainments, conducted by a truly artistic spirit, may be continued next year. Singing was this time excluded. But an occasional song would be gratefully listened to.

If we now consider the performances of the different institutions devoted to our art which we possess, the opera, the churches, the different societies not mentioned above, such as the Sing Academy conducted by Dr. Pohlenz, the "Orpheus" under Organist Geissler's direction, the Liedertafel, the Pauliner Singing Union, and others, our readers will probably agree with us in what we said at the commencement of this article: that, in our little Leipsic, music, above all, good German music, flourishes to such an extent that it need not fear comparison with what is produced in the largest foreign cities. And may the genius of music long keep watch over this little corner of earth, once consecrated by the presence of Bach, and now by that of the famous younger

master, who may, we trust, with all those who stand near him, be preserved to us many years, for the benefit of true art!

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR YOUNG MUSICIANS.

THE cultivation of the ear is of the greatest importance. Endeavour, in good time, to distinguish tones and keys. The bell, the window-shutter, the cuckoo—try to find out in what key are the sounds these produce.

You must industriously practise scales and other finger exercises. There are people, however, who think they may attain to everything in doing this; until a ripe age they daily practise mechanical exercises for many hours. That is as reasonable as trying to pronounce a b c quicker and quicker every day. Make a better use of your time.

"Dumb key-boards" have been invented; practise on them for a while, in order to see that they lead to nothing. We cannot learn to speak from dumb people.

Play in time! The playing of some virtuosos resembles the walk of a drunken man. Do not make such your models.

Learn the fundamental laws of harmony at an early age.

Do not be afraid of the words, theory, thorough-bass, counterpoint, &c.; they will appear friendly enough to you when you are familiar with them.

Never strum! Play carefully always, and never try a piece half through.

Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

Try to play easy pieces well; it is better than to play difficult ones in a mediocre style.

Take care that your instrument is always in perfect tune.

It is not enough to know your pieces with your fingers; you should be able to remember them, to yourself, without a pianoforte. Sharpen your powers of fancy, so that you may be able to remember correctly, not only the melody of a composition, but its proper harmonies also.

Try to sing at sight, without the help of an instrument, even if you have but little voice; your ear will thereby gain in fineness. But, if you possess a powerful voice, do not lose a moment, but cultivate it immediately, and look on it as the best gift Heaven has bestowed on you.

You should be able to understand a piece of music merely on reading it.

When you play, do not trouble yourself as to who is listening.

Yet always play as though a master listened to you.

If any one places a composition, with which you are unacquainted, before you, in order that you should play it, read it over first.

If you have finished your daily musical work, and feel tired, do not force yourself to further labour. It is better to rest than to practise without pleasure or freshness.

When you are older, avoid playing what is merely fashionable. Time is precious. If we would learn to know only the good things that exist, we ought to live a hundred human lives.

No children can be brought up to healthy manhood on sweetmeats and pastry. Spiritual, like bodily nourishment, must be simple and strong. The masters have sufficiently provided for this; hold to it.

Executive passages alter with the times; flexibility is only valuable when it serves high aims.

You should not aid in the circulation of bad compositions, but, on the contrary, in their suppression, and with all your powers.

You should never play bad compositions, and never listen to them when not absolutely forced to do so.

Do not try to attain mere technical facility, the so-called bravura. Try to produce the same impression with a composition, as that which the composer aimed at; no one should attempt more; anything beyond it is mere caricature.

Look upon the alteration or omission of anything, or the introduction of modern ornaments, in the works of good composers, as a contemptible impertinence. This is perhaps the greatest injury that can be offered to art.

Question older artists about the choice of pieces for study; you will thus save much time.

You must gradually learn to know all the most remarkable works by all the most remarkable masters.

Do not be led astray by the applause bestowed on great virtuosos. The applause of an artist should be dearer to you than that of the masses.

All that is fashionable again becomes unfashionable; and if you cultivate fashion until you are old, you will become an imbecile, whom no one can respect.

Playing in society is more injurious than useful. Study your audience; but never play anything of which you feel ashamed in your own heart.

Lose no opportunity of playing music, duos, trios, &c., with others. This will make your playing broader and more flowing. Accompany singers often.

If all were determined to play the first violin, we should never have a complete orchestra. Therefore respect every musician in his proper place.

Love your instrument, but do not vainly suppose it the highest and only one. Remember that there are others equally fine. Remember also, that there are singers; and that the highest expression possible to music, is reached by chorus and orchestra.

As you grow older, converse more with scores than with virtuosos.

Practise industriously the fugues of good masters; above all, those of J. S. Bach.

The "well-tempered pianoforte" should be your daily bread. You will then certainly become an able musician.

Seek, among your comrades, for those who know more than you do.

Rest from your musical studies by industriously reading the poets. Exercise often in the open air!

A great deal is to be learned from singers and songstresses. But do not believe everything they tell you.

People live on the other side of the mountain too. Be modest! You never thought of or invented anything that others had not already thought of or invented before you. And even if you had done so, you should consider it a gift from above, which you ought to share with others.

The study of the history of music, and the hearing of masterworks of different epochs, will most speedily cure you of vanity and self-adoration.

Thibaut's work "On the Purity of the Tone-art" is a fine book about music. Read it frequently when you are older.

If you pass a church while the organ is being played, go in and listen. If you long to sit on the organ-bench yourself, try your little fingers, and wonder at this great musical power.

Lose no opportunity of practising on the organ; there is no instrument that so quickly revenges itself on anything unclear or impure in composition or playing as the organ.

Sing in choruses industriously, especially the middle voices. This will make you a good reader, and intelligent as a musician.

What is it to be intelligently musical? You are not so when, with eyes painfully fastened on the notes, you laboriously play a piece through; you are not so when you stop short and find it impossible to proceed, because some one has turned over two pages at once. But you are so when, in playing a new piece, you almost foresee what is coming, when you play an old one by heart; in short, when you have taken music not only into your fingers, but into your head and heart.

How may we become musical in that sense? Dear child, the principal requisites, a fine ear and a swift power of comprehension, come, like all things, from above. But this foundation must be improved and increased. You cannot do this by shutting yourself up all day like a hermit, and practising mechanical exercises, but through a vital, many-sided musical activity, and especially through familiarity with chorus and orchestra.

You should early understand the compass of the human voice in its four principal kinds; listen to these in the chorus, try to discover in which intervals their principal strength lies, and in which they best express softness and tenderness.

Listen attentively to all folk songs; these are a treasure of lovely melodies, and will teach you the characteristics of different nations.

Practise reading in the old clefs, at an early age.

Else many precious relics of the past will remain unknown to you.

Observe the tone and character of the different instruments; try to impress their peculiar tone-colours on your ear.

Never omit hearing a good opera.

Honour the old, but bring a warm heart to what is new. Do not be prejudiced against unknown names.

Do not judge a composition on a first hearing of it; that which pleases most at first is not always the best. Masters must be studied. Many things will only become clear to you when you are old.

In judging compositions, make a distinction between them, as to whether they belong to art, or merely serve as the entertainment of amateurs. Stand up for the first! But it is not worth while to grow angry about the others.

"Melody" is the amateur's war-cry, and certainly music without melody is no music. Therefore you must understand what amateurs fancy the word means; anything easily, rhythmically pleasing. But there are melodies of a very different stamp, and every time you open Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., they will smile out at you in a thousand different ways; you will soon weary, if you know these, of the faded monotony of modern Italian opera melodies.

It is a pleasant sign if you can pick out pretty melodies on the key-board; but if such come to you unsought, and not at the pianoforte, rejoice, for it proves that the inward sense of tone pulsates within you. Fingers must do what the head wills; not the reverse.

When you begin to compose, do it all with your brain. Do not try the piece at the instrument until it is finished. If your music proceeds from your heart it will touch the hearts of others.

If heaven has gifted you with lively imagination, you will often, in lonely hours, sit as though spell-bound, at the pianoforte, seeking to express the harmony that dwells within your mind; and the more unclear the domain of harmony is yet to you, the more mysteriously you will feel yourself attracted, as if into a magic circle. These are the happiest hours of youth. But beware of giving yourself up, too often, to a talent that will lead you to waste strength and time on shadow pictures. You will only obtain mastery of form and the power of clear construction through the firm outlines of the pen. Write more than you improvise therefore.

You should early learn to conduct; observe good conductors; when alone, practise conducting occasionally. This will help you in becoming clear regarding the compositions you are studying.

Closely observe life as well as the other arts and sciences.

The laws of morality are also the laws of art.

You are certain to rise through industry and perseverance.

From a pound of iron, that costs only a few pence, many thousand watch-springs, the value of which runs into the hundreds of thousands, may be made. Faithfully use the pound heaven has entrusted to you.

Without enthusiasm you will never accomplish anything correctly in art.

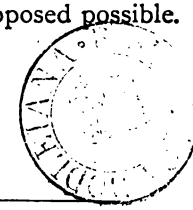
Art is not a means of amassing wealth. Become a continually greater artist; the rest will happen of itself.

Your mind will only become clear when form has become clear to you.

Only genius wholly understands genius.

Some one has said that a perfect musician should be able to imagine a complicated orchestral work, which he listens to for the first time, in the written score before him. This is the most complete musicianship that can be supposed possible.

Study is unending.



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